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GRAY'S LETTERS

VOL. II

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THE LETTERS  
OF  
THOMAS GRAY

INCLUDING THE CORRESPONDENCE  
OF GRAY AND MASON

EDITED BY  
DUNCAN C. TOVEY  
EDITOR OF "GRAY AND HIS FRIENDS," ETC.

VOL. II  
WITH REMINISCENCES BY NORTON NICHOLLS



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## PREFACE.

[Preliminary.—Coronation of George III.—Gray's relations with his juniors at Peterhouse and Pembroke.—Lord Strathmore and the Lyons.—William Palgrave.—Norton Nicholls.—Mason.—de Bonstetten.—Wharton.]

I HOPE that I have acknowledged in the notes to this volume my obligations to my several correspondents, but I must not omit to mention the help which I have received from Mr. Walter Jerrold and my son, Mr. Duncan Tovey, who have made extracts for me from works of reference to which I had no direct access. From Mr. Henry Davis, of the Camera Club, I have received several very interesting communications, of which I have made or shall make use. I ought to have recorded in vol. i. my debt to Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill; and now to the regret of all who have profited by his services to eighteenth-century literature he rests from his labours, and I am compelled "*mutae vana haec jactare favillae*."

This edition, as far as it has gone, has been favourably received, especially in the United States. Of the preface to the first volume one English critic has, indeed, said in effect that the editor might possibly be found to have a meaning, if he knew how to make it clear. Of the Appendix the same critic has said (again in effect) that the public was not at all interested in the question there raised. If this writer could not understand the Preface, he certainly could not understand the Appendix; otherwise he would have discovered that it deals with a question of morals, and only to that end with minutiae.<sup>1</sup> It may be added that the

<sup>1</sup> This is no question of "exact reproduction" as the phrase is commonly understood. Whether an editor chooses to modernize spelling or not is a matter of very subordinate importance.



public cannot follow the details of many an analysis in the results of which it may nevertheless be concerned; it was highly indignant for example when it discovered that it had been devouring margarine instead of butter. With the unjust buttermen of literature, however numerous and prosperous they may be, the present editor has no ambition to be classed. I had more to say upon this subject, but I forbear, for, with a sense of relief not unmixed with pain, I have discovered that the offence of which I thought it necessary to clear myself has little or no place in the statute-books of modern criticism.

The present volume contains letters from the beginning of 1758 to the end of 1762, including those of Mason during that period. Gray spent much of his time in London, near the British Museum, busied in researches there, but all the while an amused spectator of current events. Readers will be interested in comparing his account of the coronation of George III with their own very recent memories, and perhaps even the notes with which I have illustrated the letter of September 24th, 1761, may help them the better to contrast the then and the now. These great occasions bring into focus our otherwise vague estimates of progress in certain of its aspects. They are to the historian what the rarer phenomena of the heavens, the transits of Venus, or the reappearances of comets, are to the astronomer. In both cases the spectacle, after the lapse of centuries, is essentially the same; in both cases the inferences reach far beyond its limits, and, at every repetition, are of wider scope and import. We still reckon our epochs by our kings:

"The People is the foliage of mankind,  
The People fluctuates, perishes, revives;  
Kings are the trunks. The tree is chronicled  
Not by its foliage; as the trunk, the tree:  
So many rings are reckon'd to the trunk,  
And to the tree as many years. To prove  
Its own antiquity the People counts  
The number of its kings."<sup>1</sup>

In some of their incidents the pageants of 1761 and 1902 strongly resemble one another, but their points of contrast

<sup>1</sup> "King Poppy." Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith).

are yet more striking. In 1761 the shadows of '45 and '46 still haunted the great Hall of Westminster, and to the minds of some of the spectators it must have seemed as if

“Gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall came sweeping by.”

Some such thought at least came to the mind of Horace Walpole—the man of all others in that age whom we are taught to regard as lacking in moral earnestness. Whilst both he and Gray distinguish the young Earl of Errol as the most striking figure in all that brilliant crowd, it is Walpole who remembers that he was playing an honoured part in the hall where but a few years before his father, a no less noble presence, was condemned to die, “pitied by gentle hearts,” leaving a young wife, born and wedded to such sorrows, to survive him scarcely a year. It was not wonderful that the son of Kilmarnock forgot to remove his cap before the grandson of George II. We find something of romance and chivalry in the young Chief’s respectful apologies and the young King’s very reassuring answer. Yet the incident is tainted with a suspicion of calculation and policy; and we are happily conscious that in our days such wounds could neither be so unsparingly inflicted, nor so speedily healed. It is quite in keeping with the rest of Gray’s correspondence that he treats the coronation simply as a spectacle and a comedy with the details of which he can amuse his little friend Brown of Pembroke, who will be delighted to hear how the Bishop of Rochester would have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned on to the cushion; how the King (schooled already to a royal expertness in such things) was often obliged to call out and set matters right; how the old Bishop of Lincoln with his stick went doddling by the side of the young Queen; how the three noblemen on horseback pranced and curveted about Westminster Hall, like the hobby-horses in the “Rehearsal”; how cavalierly the Lord High Steward treated the Barons of the Cinque Ports; how ravenously hungry everybody was, and how even the King and the Queen proved to be mere mortals and ate like farmers. It is probable that this light and airy treatment of a great occasion will be interpreted as an instance of the tendency of

melancholy to find relief in jest; I am content to note it as a sample of Gray's almost invariable attitude, wherever antiquity, or aesthetics, or his own private affections are unconcerned.

The close study which I have given to his letters has brought into greater distinctness one trait which has an important bearing on our estimate of his disposition—I mean his relation to his juniors. The story of his treatment by the young fellow-commoners of Peterhouse has been absurdly exaggerated;<sup>1</sup> but there is a residuum of truth in it. The younger aristocracy of England, like the elder, was divided into two sections, with a line of demarcation, not of course impassable, yet very distinguishable. Perhaps the difference was rather one of taste than of intelligence. It was the difference between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chesterfield transmitted to the next generation, though so little by way of heredity that perhaps we realize it best when we contrast Sir Robert with Horace, or Chesterfield with his son or successor. With the common advantage, in many instances, of foreign travel, some of these young people remained British and insular, whilst others returned extravagantly foreign, others with minds really enlarged, though even of these last few escaped that *penchant* for the trivial or vicious parts of French literature which is still with us to the wrath or wonder of our despised but wholesome-minded Philistines. It was Gray's misfortune on his return to Peterhouse from the continent to find himself, as a fellow-commoner, amongst the least promising of these as yet untravelled cubs; and it was perhaps with some inkling of what he might suffer at their hands, that he had thoughts of deserting the college with which he had a previous connection and a sort of family tie. In July, 1742, he tells Chute that he in earnest intends to go back to Cambridge to *Trinity Hall*; he implies, if I understand him rightly, that he will pretend to be

<sup>1</sup> The note by Professor Kittredge which is given in the Appendix should prove this finally; but such tales outrival Napoleon's Guard at Waterloo, they never surrender, and they never die. The letter of Mr. Sharp there quoted is a re-discovery. It was quoted (though Professor Kittredge did not know this) as far back as 1855 by the Rev. R. A. Willmott in his edition of the *Poetical Works of Gray and others*, published by Routledge.

studying for the bar, but the real motive for this choice, of which however nothing came, may have been that he would have found at the Hall a more congenial society. Unless thirty years had made a difference it may still have retained some of the advantages which the young Chesterfield caustically described to his French correspondent, M. Jumeau in 1712—"I find," he says, "this college infinitely the best in the whole university, for it is the smallest, and it is filled with barristers, who have been in the world, and know how to behave themselves. We have but one clergyman, and he is the only drunkard in the college." These attractions, if they still existed, Gray for some reason or other had to forgo, and he went back to a place where his table-companions were the riotous "Bucks" who made the streets a danger to respectable people even at mid-day, and the subservient and place-hunting dons who winked at their excesses. Meanwhile, with Pembroke over the way (his earliest destination at Cambridge), he maintained a very close connection, though the state of things there was not at first much better, and the eccentric Doctor Long, scientist, mechanician, and poetaster, mimicking there the despotic part which Bentley had played at Trinity, was at feud with the Fellows, to the great detriment of the numbers and reputation of the college. Nevertheless, Gray interests himself keenly in the fortunes of that house, and his indirect influence must have been very considerable, since, even before he himself resided there, he procured the election to a Pembroke fellowship of Mason of St. John's. He beats up for recruits for them when "they have very few boys." I may be wrong in conjecturing that he was to some extent instrumental in determining the choice of Pembroke for the young Lord Strathmore; but it is certain that there Gray formed a friendship with him and visited him at Glamis in 1765. This youth was a good classical scholar of an inquiring mind. He had mild manners and a turn for romance; these qualities indeed he pushed for a time to excess in an effusive politeness and the languishing air of a lovesick swain.<sup>1</sup> Such "gentle

<sup>1</sup> "Too *doucereux* and *Celadonian*," says Walpole. Celadon is the amorous shepherd in D'Urfé's pastoral romance of "*Astrée*"; he became a typical figure.

creatures" were more to Gray's taste than the young barbarians of Peterhouse. Strathmore's brother, James Philip Lyon, came to Pembroke as a fellow-commoner at the same time that Gray migrated thither, and after leaving Cambridge was in the East India Company's service, in exactly what capacity I am unable to discover; certain it is that he perished a victim to the consequences of the greed and mismanagement which the temporary withdrawal of the strong hand of Clive left to rage unchecked. He was slain, after the terrible massacre of the sepoys at Patna, among the prisoners from the factory at Cossimbazar.<sup>1</sup> It is strange to note that Warren Hastings, the school-fellow of Cowper at Westminster, and James Lyon, fellow-commoner with Gray at Pembroke, were both in Bengal in the service of the Company at this crisis, Hastings already well launched on his career of glory and shame, Lyon destined to find too soon, in a horrible fate, the end of his young dreams of opulence and distinction. But it may be conjectured that, like Hastings, Lyon was in taste and culture a superior being to most of his associates, those adepts only in rapacity, who were seeking through extortion and oppression of the Bengali the shortest way to luxury and vulgar display. Both these adventurers in that distant and then almost unknown world were tenderly remembered by the gentle and home-staying poets with whom they are so strangely linked. Cowper, in memorable lines, refuses to believe any ill of the playmate whom he knew so affectionate and kind. Gray's brief notice of Lyon's death has, to those who can read it aright, the suggestion of some pathetic romance. "Ah! poor James Lyon!" he writes to Wharton, "how do the ——<sup>2</sup> Family

<sup>1</sup> The Company's servants in India had deposed Meer Jaffier (Clive's creature) and set up Meer Cossim at Moorshedabad. He revolted, and massacred two thousand of the Company's sepoys at Patna, and there imprisoned the English officers and civilians from Cossimbazar. He was defeated and fled to Oudh, but not before he had wreaked vengeance on these unhappy captives, who were slain, and their corpses thrown into a well. It was thus that James Philip Lyon met his fate.

<sup>2</sup> This *dash* is omitted by Mitford and (independently) by Mr. Gosse, as if Wharton were asked about the feelings of the house of Strathmore, which Gray himself had far better opportunities of ascertaining than his correspondent.

bear it?" It is obvious that in Wharton's neighbourhood there was a house with which "poor James Lyon" was connected by some tender tie, no longer discoverable. A third brother, Thomas, passed from the status of fellow-commoner to that of fellow of Pembroke, with the interest and support of Gray, who accompanied him to Glamis.

Another interesting figure is "Old Pa," who turns out to be quite a young man; and Gray's name for him tells its own tale. This was William Palgrave, an undergraduate when Gray knew him first; a quaint creature, with his head permanently awry, a peculiarity of which one thinks as adding pungency to the lively repartees with which he is credited. At some time in his life, perhaps even in the character of a "sporting parson," he had a fall in the hunting-field, and it was thought from the look of him that he had broken his neck. This at least is how I interpret an incident at which Mitford only hints, deeming it, I suppose, too undignified for biography. Gray gives him both in English and Latin useful suggestions for foreign travel, and is keenly inquisitive about all that he brings back from his excursions at home and abroad.

Then there is Norton Nicholls, to whom, on hearing him quote Dante, our poet turns with that lightning glance which perhaps was the one sign of genius in a face otherwise suggestive of primness rather than force. This lad of eighteen never forgot that moment; thirty-four years after Gray's death he recorded it with pride and affection. Thus began an intimacy part brotherly, part filial and paternal. Gray directs his studies, especially in Greek, and fortunate was the youth who could procure such guidance at a time when any but a most superficial acquaintance with Greek was rare even among the dons of Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> The pair read together, it is true, with their feet on the fender, as Macaulay would say, and with no Classical Tripod in view to keep them in order, skipping nimbly over every difficulty in Plato, and treating the dialogues as literature, not philo-

<sup>1</sup> "One may write Greek to *you* without scandal," writes Gray to Wharton. Yet it was only after his graduateship that Wharton read Thucydides. The day of Bentley was over, the day of Porson had not begun, and Bentley at Cambridge had been a Triton among minnows.

sophy. In the mind of Nicholls Gray loomed as large as Johnson did in Boswell's. "I thought only of him, built all my happiness on him, talked of him for ever; wished him with me whenever I partook of any pleasure, and flew to him for refuge whenever I felt any uneasiness; to whom now shall I talk of all I have seen here? Who will teach me to read, to think, to feel? I protest to you that whatever I did or thought had a reference to him. 'Mr. Gray will be pleased with this when I tell him. I must ask Mr. Gray what he thinks of such a person or thing. He would like such a person, and dislike such another.'"—So Nicholls writes from abroad to his mother, to whom he can safely speak of Gray as "a second parent"; happier in this than Boswell, that he found in his own home circle love and reverence instead of antipathy towards his master. His "Reminiscences of Gray," scanty and belated and ill-arranged as they are, make me think that he might have produced a worthy counterpart to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," if youth and modesty, and perhaps a disinclination to literary labour, had not prevented him—and if Mason's work had not pre-occupied the field. His aptitude in seizing on the characteristic fact which vivifies the past and the dead; the story of his first acquaintance with Gray's flashing eyes; the "surly, nasal tone" of Mason when displeased; or a scene like this:

"One morning, when I went to Mr. Gray as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed with a loud voice:

'Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground.'

I was so astonished, that I almost feared he was mad: but this was the beginning of the ode which he had just composed"—these surely are Boswellian touches. What was lacking was the almost canine fidelity, the constant observation, the faithful and minute record-keeping from day to day, and often from hour to hour, the self-sacrificing spirit passing at times to self-abasement, which makes us both love and laugh at Bozzy. Still, within the same compass, it would be difficult to find a set of jottings which convey to us a clearer conception of the mind and character with which they are concerned, than these by Nicholls.

They confirm the impression which we get from the letters, of Gray's impartial and catholic taste in literature. We learn from them that Gray admired the "Deserted Village," as we know he admired "London"; in spite of a bias which to some extent he shared with his own clique of worshippers, and which Horace Walpole exhibited in an exaggerated form, against Johnson and Goldsmith. What is more to the present purpose, we are struck by his solicitude—a note of his own matured seriousness—to keep his young friend from moral evil. "Do not go to see Voltaire," is his one entreaty before Nicholls left him for the last time.—"Every tribute to such a man signifies." He is keenly anxious to guard him against a cynicism which, however brilliant, he knew to be degrading.<sup>1</sup>

Upon the whole, this friendship with Nicholls is more pleasant, if less amusing to contemplate, than the friendship with Mason. Mason was but eight years younger than Gray; and was blessed with the pushing and pretentious spirit which soon brings mediocrity to the fore. He owed to Gray his academic position; and two years after his return to Cambridge was selected by the Vice-Chancellor to write the Installation Ode in honour of Gray's pet aversion, "Fobus," Duke of Newcastle. This was in 1749, and the Elegy had not yet seen the light. Gray's estimate of him at this date is good-natured and discerning; "he is a little vain, but in so harmless and comical a way that it does not offend one at all: a little ambitious, but withall so innocent of the world and its ways that this does not hurt him in one's opinion. He reads little and writes much," says Gray, who when he calls him "indolent" must be understood to mean that he does not cultivate his mind; but he writes assiduously, hoping to make money by it. All this and more Mason publishes; he prints Gray's estimates of other authors, and therefore (he declares) he will not suppress what concerns himself; and he confesses that his amiability and freedom from malice have suffered con-

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps when Nicholls attributes to his friend a prophetic eye, in the saying, "No one knows the mischief that man [Voltaire] will do," he reads into it more than was distinctly intended. He wrote after the event. But it is fair to quote this as set-off to the doubts I elsewhere express, as to Gray's capacity for political forecast.



siderable abatement in the course of twenty-five years. For all that, if he had given us this correspondence as it really stood, the world would have seen at once that Gray's affection for "Scroddles" was tinged with a whimsical contempt for his ambitions, his greed for preferment, his slipshod English, and his sham erudition. In truth, Mason was capable of solecisms which would disgrace a schoolboy. But he would bore Gray with his Greek, and was especially interested in that study of classical archaeology which, stimulated by the achievements of "Athenian" Stuart and "Palmyra" Wood, proved then, as some forebode that they will prove again, a welcome substitute for an accurate acquaintance with the learned tongues. A brilliant Oxonian, on whom has fallen the mantle of Calverley and J. K. S., makes the Modern Tutor say:

"This be then your chief endeavour,—not to construe, parse or scan,

Not to have the least conception what the aorist means with *ἀν*—  
But by study of the relics disinterred in various spots  
Pans Arcadian to distinguish clearly from Corinthian pots."

Such counsels would have suited Mason. Gray who, in France and Italy, was, as Walpole says, "all for antiquities," and devoured at home all literature, ancient and modern, bearing on the subject, treats his communications on such topics with very unceremonious banter. Thus Mason has met with "an ossuary of exquisite sculpture," is puzzled as to part of the inscription on it, and would be obliged if Gray would make it out for him. Gray looks for the solution in Sertorius Ursatus, and cannot find it there, but adds:

"I have lately dug up three small vases, in workmanship at least equal to yours; they were discovered at a place called Burslem in Staffordshire, and are very little impaired by time. On the larger one is this inscription very legibly ; ; and on the two smaller thus,  $\frac{s}{7}$ . You will oblige me with an explanation, for Ursatus here too leaves us in the dark."<sup>1</sup>

It is the same everywhere; Mason's uncritical flounderings among Northern antiquities become almost amusing

<sup>1</sup> There is a less quotable instance in this vein, vol. i., letter 30.

when we consider them as ostentatiously exhibited to his friend, with scarce an inkling that Gray had been there before him. We can smile at all this; but even at this distance of time one feels something like disgust at the conceit which could prompt him to say to the man who had written the "Elegy" and begun "The Bard":

"Pray why, M<sup>r</sup> Gray, must I write, and you not? Upon my word, Sir, I really do not mean it as flattery or any thing of that sort; no, Sir, I detest the insinuation: but *blast* my laurels, Sir, if I do not think you write vastly better than I do. I swear by Apollo, my dear Sir, that I would give all my Elfrida (Odes included) to be the author of that pretty Elegy that Miss Plumtree can say off book. And I protest to you that my Ode on Memory, after it has gone through all the *limae labor* that our friend Horace prescribes, nay, Sir, *prematur nonum in annum* (above half which times it has already, I assure you, been concealed malgré my partiality to it),—I say that that very Ode is not, nor ever will be, half so terse and complete as the fragment of your Welsh Ode,<sup>1</sup> which is, as one may say, now just warm from your brain, and one would expect as callow as a new-hatched chicken (pardon the barn-door simile)."

With our perspective, this is much as if Tupper told Tennyson that he would rather have written a page of "In Memoriam" than the two volumes of "Proverbial Philosophy." Yet Gray's over-generous appreciation of "Caractacus," and the common judgement of the age, supported Mason in this vanity; criticism and parody shoved him and Gray up or down Parnassus side by side; there was, between them, in a certain pomp of diction, one of those superficial resemblances which are so misleading.<sup>2</sup> Mason, as a Court Chaplain, and somewhat busy person, was before the public eye; the volume of his published work is incomparably larger than Gray's; he lived to see his plays represented on the stage by eminent actors; his "Elfrida" at the

<sup>1</sup> He means "The Bard."

<sup>2</sup> I think it misled even Coleridge, who testifies to Mason's *vogue* when he says: "All those passages in the 'Caractacus' which we learn to admire at school, now seem to me one continued *false*." But his judgement of Gray is scarcely less dispraging.

request of royalty, by Mrs. Siddons.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Gray himself at last became conscious that his friend's failings were not altogether amiable.<sup>2</sup> Of Mason's egregious vanity Mant<sup>3</sup> gives a notable instance. At the age of twenty-four he had attacked the University of Oxford in his "Isis," which is neither better nor worse than the rest of his writings, and Thomas Warton, at the age of twenty-one, had retorted in the "Triumph of Isis," with considerable spirit, and with a tribute to the aggressor's merits which he little deserved. At that time the Jacobitism of Oxford had been greatly stirred by the events of 1745 and 1746, and at length manifested itself in some turbulent proceedings which increased the disfavour with which the University was regarded by the Court. It did not occur to Mason that there was something ignoble and ungenerous on the part of a son of Cambridge—the Cambridge of that day, pampered, surfeited and vulgarized by a patronage often unworthily bestowed, in thus attacking the venerable "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties" at a time when her devotion to the Stuarts, however misguided, was at least unselfish.<sup>4</sup> But he flattered himself that he had inflicted a wound not easily healed, and, at a later date, riding over Magdalen Bridge with a friend, he expressed his satisfaction that it was dusk, so that they could enter Oxford

<sup>1</sup> See Boaden's "Memoirs of Kemble," vol. i., c. x., p. 264, *sq.* He justly remarks that "the conduct of this regular drama is the most irregular thing in the world," and exposes some of its absurdities very sensibly. But he quotes one passage as rendered by Mrs. Siddons with unapproachable expression:

"I call not heaven  
T'avenge my wretchedness. I do not wish  
This tyrant's hands may wither with cold palsies;  
No, I am very patient."

Unfortunately, as he points out, it is but a poor paraphrase of Lear to Goneril (Act II., 4, 225, *sq.*).

<sup>2</sup> Thus he notes that when the loud-voiced Delaval fell upon him for undertaking the "Installation Ode" and prophesied the obloquy which awaited him in consequence, Mason (the chosen bard on the previous occasion) sat by and heard it all with a world of complacency.

<sup>3</sup> "Life of T. Warton."

<sup>4</sup> "Isis" was written in 1748; Warton's "Triumph of Isis" in 1749.

unnoticed. His puzzled companion asked him to explain: "What!" said Mason, "do you not remember my 'Isis'?" He seriously believed that if he had been seen in broad daylight he would have been surrounded by a mob of hooting undergraduates.<sup>1</sup>

The prominence which Matthew Arnold's brilliant criticism has given to Gray's almost passionate attachment to de Bonstetten has somewhat obscured the more homely and sober friendship with Nicholls. It was through Nicholls that the poet became acquainted with the "mercurial Swiss," and it is to Nicholls that he confides his feelings and solitudes about him. Both to the older and the younger friend the brilliant young foreigner is at once a delight and a perplexity, and he in his turn finds himself at Cambridge in a world on the anomalies of which after sixty years he still looked back with amazement. The aspect of the University was to him almost mediæval and monastic, and he never quite appreciated the pleasant incongruities of which Oxford and Cambridge offer the most striking examples, and our insular fashion of retaining amid gradual but very real transformations our links with the past. He saw in Cambridge, as he tells us in his retrospect, "an assemblage of monasteries, with long and silent corridors; solitaries in black gowns, young *seigneurs* travestied as monks with square caps, everywhere *souvenirs* of monks, side by side with the glory of Newton." Gray could have assured him that the "young *seigneurs*" were anything but ascetic in spite of their garb, and he would

<sup>1</sup> Mason had considerable skill in music, and to this he owed his Precentorship in York Cathedral. He is said also to have invented a musical instrument, the *Celestinette*. Gray writes to him, May 23, 1763: "You will tell me what to do with your *Zumpe*, which has amused me much here." This *Zumpe* Mitford would identify with the *Celestinette*, and adds: "Does Gray call it a *Zumpe* from the *Zampogna*, an *strumento pastorale*, mentioned by Bonanni in his 'Descrizione degli Instrumenti Armonici,' 1806, 4to, pp. 85, 86, fig. xxvi, xxvii? But that was a wind instrument." To which Mr. Gosse subjoins: "Was it not rather a noun derived from the sound of the verb '*Zombare*' to thump or bang, Mason's instrument being one, the keys of which had to be struck?"

It is a pity that all this erudition should be thrown away. *Zumpe* is simply the name of a pianoforte maker. People said "a *Zumpe*" as they now say "a Broadwood," or "an Erard."

have been still more astonished if he could have foreseen that the monastic gown would be worn by such heirs to the scientific spirit, "the glory of Newton," as Adams and Stokes and Rayleigh and the Darwins and Francis Balfour. Yet he does but repeat, after this long interval, the impressions received on the spot, and conveyed by him to Nicholls in that quaint letter, "prettier," says Gray, "by half than English," in which he writes:

"Hence vain deluding Joys is our motto hier [here] written on every feature, and ourly spoken by every solitary Chapel bel; So that decently you can't expect no other but a very grave letter. . . . Tho' I wear not yet the black gown, and am only an inferior Priest in the temple of Meditation, yet my countenance is already consecrated. I never walk but with even steps and musing gate, and looks comencing with the skyes; and unfold my wrinkles only when I see Mr. Gray, or think of you. Then notwithstanding all your learnings and knowledge, I feel in such occasions that I have a heart, which you know is as some others a quite prophane thing to carry under a black gown."

He goes on to say that he is in a hurry from morning till evening; is roused at 8 o'clock by a young square Cap (probably a sizar) with whom he follows "Satan through Chaos and night." Then Gray succeeds to the young sizar, for it is obviously under his superior shadow that "Shakispair and old Liñeus strugle together as two ghost would do for a damned Soul, and sometimes the one get the better, sometimes the other." De Bonstetten's only amusement, says Gray, is to change one study for another; and according to his own account, they were together from five till midnight every evening. The disciple of a few weeks bade fair to become as his master, distracted by a variety of studies all pursued with equal industry, but, in the case of de Bonstetten, without that distressing passion for accuracy which is supposed to exercise the souls of Cambridge men.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> De Bonstetten had acquired some facility in speaking English before he came here, but, as we see, without mastering the language. Like most continentals he studied in a practical but not minute fashion, which may explain why he went so far, and acquired so much.

We might almost infer from his expression, "though I wear not yet the black gown," that he had some thoughts of matriculating at Cambridge; if there was any such design, his father stopped it; and this may account for the poet's extraordinary outburst on the subject of that cautious and conservative old gentleman, the Bernese aristocrat, who had already fetched his son from Geneva and Bonnet, and now fetched him from Cambridge and Gray. For the amiable Bonnet was at once a naturalist and a Christian philosopher,<sup>1</sup> and did something no doubt to moderate the enthusiasm and settle the mind of the youth who, before he visited England, had seen Rousseau,<sup>2</sup> and become enamoured of his writings, and had talked with Voltaire in the *salons* of Geneva. But much as Bonnet had done, it was not enough in the judgement of Bonstetten *père*, who, though once a disciple in the unexplosive<sup>3</sup> school of Wolff, scented combustion in these more modern *philosophes*. But his interference might easily have proved fatal, if, as we are told, the young man, in the uncongenial atmosphere of his native Berne, actually attempted suicide, and was only diverted from his purpose by a ray of the moon (!) which attracted his attention as he was about to fire the

<sup>1</sup> De Bonstetten's poet-friend Matthisson in his "Genfersee" praises the scene

"Wo Bonnet, der nicht früher als sein Ruhm,  
Nicht früher als der Erdball sterben sollte,  
In seines Tempels lichtem Heiligthum  
Das grosse Buch der Wahrheit mir entrollte."

[Where Bonnet (as his fame his life should be,  
Enduring with the globe's perennial age),  
Within his temple's hallow'd shrine to me  
In clearest light "unroll'd" Truth's "ample page."]

<sup>2</sup> "Dans ses promenades vagabondes il lui arriva plus d'une fois de rencontrer un homme 'dont l'air pensif et le regard de feu le frappait singulièrement'; il apprit plus tard que c'était Jean-Jacques Rousseau, un de ses futures idoles."—*Sainte-Beuve*.

<sup>3</sup> It is true that the mad father of Frederick the Great was induced by Wolff's enemies to believe that according to the Wolffian doctrine of necessity, if one of the King's Potsdam grenadiers should revolt, it would not be right to punish him. The furious monarch in consequence ordered the philosopher out of Prussian territory, on pain of the halter. But the sentence was reversed, on better knowledge.

pistol. The alarmed father sends him first to Leyden, then to England, then summons him home again through France. And so Gray writes to Nicholls (March 20th, 1770: "On Wednesday next I go (for a few days) with Mons: de Bonstetten to London. His cursed Father will have him home in the autumn, & he must pass thro' France to improve his talents and morals."

During these few days in town occurred one of those accidental moments on which the mind likes to fasten. These two little men, Gray, neat, precise, almost foppish in his attire, and a young companion with a dress and distinction unmistakably foreign, are walking along a crowded thoroughfare (probably Fleet Street), when they see rolling before them, with convulsive gestures, a huge ill-dressed figure. "Look, look, Bonstetten," exclaims Gray, "the great bear! There goes *Ursa Major!*"<sup>1</sup> It was Johnson, whom he disliked, and whose acquaintance, as we are told, he declined; biassed herein, doubtless, by the superficial and social prejudices in which he imitated Walpole. Yet the two Englishmen were much more alike than they supposed, both in their judgements and in the happy limitations which kept the Briton, whether Whig or Tory, from thinking too precisely on the event, or pushing his ideas to their logical consequences, or nursing his discontents very zealously. Of this trio the only *Weltkind* was the brilliant stranger whom Gray loved but scarcely understood, and whom Johnson would neither have understood nor loved. But if de Bonstetten could have lived a little longer in contact with the strong sense and restricted sensibilities of Englishmen, it is possible that the transformation might have taken place earlier, which made him a wise moderator in middle life, the most cheerful of exiles, and the most miraculously brilliant and vivacious of old men. As it is, one is tempted to liken Gray's apprehensions about him to the solicitude of a hen which has hatched a duckling, and of all our poet's letters<sup>2</sup> none are

<sup>1</sup> Sir Egerton Brydges heard this from de Bonstetten. It could not have happened later than 1770; Boswell claims that the epithet was first bestowed by his father in or after 1773.

<sup>2</sup> These letters are given by de Bonstetten's friend, the poet Friedrich von Matthisson, in a note on his verses "*Der Genfersee*"

so unlike his usual manner as the three which he addressed to his charge of so short a time, after he had crossed the water. In writing to him he adopts a style almost French in its unreserve, and yet we cannot smile at him, so unmistakably sincere is he, so genuine his sadness at the disappearance of the brilliant meteor which has brightened for a moment the night which is closing in upon him. "Here am I again to pass my solitary evenings which hung much lighter on my hands before I knew him," he writes to Nicholls, discovering, as a man often does after these martin-summers of the soul that he ought to have been miserable before they came. And to de Bonstetten himself, "I cannot bear this place *where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me.*" And again: "My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa." All this is plaintive enough; but most significant of all is his feeling that he has "grown old in the compass of less than three weeks"—a symptom of the failing vitality which these disappointments more often announce than cause. His counsels to Bonstetten after their separation are good, but grandmotherly; one feels that the remedies do not touch the disease. He epitomizes for his benefit all the characteristics which Plato in the sixth book of the "Republic" enumerates as belonging to the genuine philosopher, the proper Guardian of the state; he tells him, as one whom flattery cannot spoil, that all these qualities are his, but he warns him against the temptations to which, when joined to wealth, nobility, strength and beauty, they will expose him. Excellent advice, and such as the sage Mentor might have given to his Telemachus; but surely the young man, whose mind was beginning to be preoccupied with the problems of a new age, must have smiled when he was thus offered a *réchauffé* of Fénelon. Young and impulsive, he probably needed Gray's warnings; but a passage from his letters which Gray quotes to Nicholls without comment shows that his dis-

(L. of Geneva). They appear there in English; and this disposes of the very natural suspicion that Gray wrote them in French.



quietudes had a worthier origin than any ephemeral passions. On his way to Paris he sees silent deserts which announce everywhere a master; villages smaller and more scattered than those of England, and villagers in rags; he feels inclined to ask them who has taken their clothes, their dwellings? what pestilence has made havoc with the nation? That the peasant is gay in the midst of his misery disgusts him, as much as it delighted Goldsmith, who does not notice the misery. "Ils ont le bonheur de ne penser point, et de jouer jusqu'au moment qu'on les égorge." "But," he adds: "gardons notre indignation pour ceux qui sont si stupides, qu'ils prennent de pareilles moeurs pour modèles."

This is the language of one to whom the hard facts of life are beginning to be more important than fancies or philosophies. A letter from Paris Gray describes as "lively and sensible"; to other correspondents de Bonstetten wrote in the same vein, with a piquant contempt for the literary pretences and very genuine ignorance and frivolity which distinguished the fashionable *salons*, and—already well pronounced—that aversion to the *bore* which inspired him, at the mature age of seventy, to escape from the pursuit of one of these terrors by leaping from the window to the garden. Already he has become what Sainte-Beuve calls the *natural* and *habitual* Bonstetten, but he has a not very surprising relapse on returning to the *triste* society of Berne, and writes to Gray that he has been "le plus malheureux des hommes," that he means to come to England again, that he cannot bear "la morgue de l'aristocratie<sup>1</sup> et l'orgueil armé des lois," and talks of "un pistolet" and "du courage." One wonders whether, among his many confidences to Gray, he ever mentioned that *coup de pistolet* so strangely averted by a ray of the moon. Probably not; else Gray would have wondered less at those "strong expressions of uneasiness, all without a shadow of reason assigned." A true Englishman, even in the character of his melancholy, he cannot conceive a dejection which is neither physical nor traceable to any very distinct and tangible affliction. He can understand his own despondent fits; and he could

<sup>1</sup> One of the minor sorrows of the young Werther was this same *morgue*. See "Werther," B. II., *ad in*.

understand the misery of his poor friend West; and it is very noticeable that his conjectures fly at once to some domestic trouble as the only solution, short of lunacy, of these aberrations in a strong and healthy young man. "He is either disordered in his intellect," he writes, "(which is too possible) or has done some strange thing that has exasperated his whole family and friends at home, which (I'm afraid) is at least equally possible." Evidently *Welt-schmerz* is a disease completely unknown to Gray; yet the truth is that, like many others, de Bonstetten was a Wertherian before Werther<sup>1</sup> was invented; and suffered and survived one of those strange epidemics of feeling, of which perhaps no science will ever discover the *bacillus*. The death of his good father—whom Gray seems to have misjudged in his haste—brought upon him, after some further travel, this time in Italy, practical responsibilities both economic and political, which he discharged upon the whole admirably, leaving "Responsibility for the Universe" alone. He plays his part as a Bernese magistrate and as *bailli* of Nyon in the spirit of a citizen of the world and a liberal-conservative, standing by his own order, yet making his authority loved rather than feared, until the fierce spirit of revolution became too strong for his control. It is reasonable to believe that his English experiences were here of

<sup>1</sup> "Werther" appeared in 1774. I do not forget that Goethe ("Aus Meinem Leben") attributes the tendencies to which this book gave expression in great part to the melancholy cast of English poetry, at that time so stimulating in Germany; but this is but one of several instances, in which what with us were slight and superficial ailments became virulent abroad and returned to us at last in the form of acute diseases. Goethe quotes lines, written before the appearance of "Werther," which show, he says, how accurately Englishmen were acquainted with the secret of a distempered youthful fancy. They are these:

"To griefs congenial prone,  
More wounds than Nature gave he knew,  
While misery's form his fancy drew  
In dark ideal hues and horrors not its own."

But they are from "The Suicide" of Thomas Warton, the most easy-going and robust of mortals, who could perhaps for that very reason observe and describe deliberately symptoms which he never felt, and which, however common with us, were, in Lowell's phrase, "in the individual, not in the air, sporadic, not epidemic."

some account; he was finding a ready relief from all vague broodings in the business which came to hand, in accordance with Gray's favourite maxim: "To be employed is to be happy." The only trace of his youthful *étourderie* which he retained was a whimsical absence of mind. Thus he received a group of distinguished *émigrés*; they were to dine with him; he was suddenly called away to some distant place upon an affair of importance, and inadvertently locked them all in his *salon*, where they remained alarmed and hungry, yet not daring to stir until his return the next morning. Worse still—he is giving two passports at the same time, one is for some cattle, the other for some refugee nuns, and he interchanges the documents. The mistake, discovered on the frontier, is hailed with sardonic glee as the unseemly jest of a mocking *philosophe*, and de Bonstetten humorously complains that his reputation was ruined for ever in the convents of Savoy. That these eccentricities were generally attributed to his devotion to various studies, is a proof that those studies were not neglected, and we are forbidden to look upon this long period of his life as one of mental *inertia*. He very wisely disregarded the importunities of the *dilettanti* in Paris, and of Johann von Müller in Switzerland, that he should plunge at once into letters; and on von Müller's rhapsodical exhortations to this effect Sainte-Beuve justly remarks that the ancients whom he invokes owed the superior intelligence which appears in their writings to their practical acquaintance with affairs. We have an interesting proof of the abiding place which Gray held in the mind and memory of Bonstetten. More than eighteen years after he had parted with his English friend for ever, when the young man's prophecy on leave-taking had long been fulfilled for Gray, "*la mort peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés*," there came as a welcome guest to Nyon, the young enthusiastic poet Matthisson, with whom the middle-aged senator reverted to sentiment and poetry, while they moralized together and drew pretty similes from Alpine streams. Sixteen years younger than de Bonstetten, he proved, as was natural, more expansive than the other poet-friend, who was thirty years older; a circumstance which ought to count for much, though with Bonstetten it counts for very

little, as explaining Gray's comparative reticence; but indeed at no time of his life was Gray much given to the *Schwärmerei* which is more of Continental than of English growth. But Matthisson also had his periods of seclusion and of silence, when not a word, not an answer, could be got from him, and he would shut himself up in the pleasant rooms assigned him in the Château de Nyon, looking down upon Lake Lemán, and emerge thence with one of those graceful but distinctly imitative poems in which the influence of Goldsmith or of the "Elegy," or the "Reliques," or the romantic vein of Thomas Warton can clearly be traced. And among these are the lines in which he celebrates the "Genfersee," as the scene where de Bonstetten welcomed him as the beloved English poet's *avatar*:

"Where Agathon the Muses', Graces' pride,  
The palace's delight; the peasant's stay,  
E'en hence to distant Jura's shaggy side,  
In warmest friendship clasped me as his Gray."<sup>1</sup>

It is a pleasure to turn to one of the least alloyed of all Gray's friendships: that with the "dear dear Wharton," who receives from him, even when West is alive, a "dear" more than any one else. In this intimacy of more than thirty years his pride received no shocks and his love no disappointments. Gray's letters to him have not all been preserved by Wharton's family; they were at first the letters of a young man, and therefore sometimes unedifying; some of these were destroyed upon a hint, I think, from Mitford, but what remains is a very substantial volume. It was not until Mitford edited the correspondence that the good Wharton found his proper place in the biography of the poet. He was a Fellow of Pembroke, but only an occasional resident there, and must have vacated his fellowship upon his marriage early in 1747. The medical profession was almost hereditary in his family. The interesting part

<sup>1</sup> "Wo Agathon, den Grazien vertraut,  
Der Musen Stolz, bewundert im Palaste,  
Des Volkes Lust bis wo der Jura blaut,  
Wie seinen Gray, mit Liebe mich umfasste."

The version in the text is, I believe, that of Miss Plumptre, who translated Matthisson's letters. I find it in Mitford's "Gray."

of his pedigree begins with the Thomas Wharton of the county of Durham, and of Pembroke, Cambridge, and Trinity, Oxford, who is known to science as the discoverer of "Wharton's duct," which, we are informed, is "the excretory duct of the submaxillary gland." He deserves a place in the memory of all men as one of the few physicians who remained in London during the whole time of the Great Plague. He was six times appointed Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, and held the office when he died in 1673; and twenty-four years later Garth, in "The Dispensary," makes the shade of Harvey lament that the fame of "our Wharton" is already obscure now that what was once a science has become a trade. His son either acquired or inherited Old Park, Durham, and there in 1688 a George Wharton was born, who almost rivalled the fame of his grandsire. He was four times Censor<sup>1</sup> of the College, and treasurer from 1727 till his death in 1739, and as, though married, he was childless, the estate passed to his brother Robert Wharton, an Alderman of Durham, and the father of Gray's friend. Where Gray's Wharton was educated I do not know; he was not an Etonian, and they first became acquainted at Cambridge, before the Continental tour with Walpole. In 1744, as I gather from the correspondence. Wharton was with his father at Durham, deliberating whether to settle as a physician in London or in the provinces. In 1745<sup>2</sup> he has lodgings in London, in Leadenhall Street near the Royal College of Physicians, and these Gray occupies now and then in his absence; and we discover also that there is a brother in town at this date (November 16th), the "Mr Jonathan," who has been an enigma hitherto to editors. But I think that for the most part Thomas Wharton resided at Cambridge on his fellowship both in this and the following year, though his books (or some of them) are in London, in earnest of a future settlement there. In 1746 he seems to have been interest-

<sup>1</sup> It is no doubt with reference to the fact that this office had been so often held both by the uncle and the great-grandfather, that Gray asks why he does not find his friend's name among the censors.

<sup>2</sup> I now incline to think that letter LXI., vol. i., which Wharton did not know whether to assign to 1744 or 1745, belongs to the latter year.

ing himself in the library of Pembroke College, getting from Gray a list of good editions of the classics. But towards the end of that year he was back in Durham, very busy there, but very uncertain in his plans. Yet there is the shadow of coming events; for Gray writes (December 27th):

“For your Ears, don’t let ’em think of marrying you! for I know that if you marry at all you will *be married*. I mean passively. And then (besides repenting of what you were not guilty of) you will never go abroad, never read any thing more but Farriery-Books and Justice Books and so either die of a Consumption, or live on and grow fat, which is worse.”

A man who is liable to “be married passively” may be presumed to be a “son of peace”; and in the letter before this, Gray, after telling his friend about the miserable bickerings at Pembroke, says, “if you were here, all would be right.” Evidently Wharton’s presence during the past two years had made for tranquillity and good manners in that “Parlour,” where they abuse the master to his face, and even sit in his presence in his own magisterial chair. Gray’s forebodings are fulfilled, with a due allowance for banter; and he has been so far in his friend’s confidence that he can readily guess the name of the particular goddess who in this case fixes destiny. So, early in 1747, Wharton married a Miss Wilkinson; and for a time they were settled (apparently with a maiden sister of Wharton’s), in the Elvet-House at Durham, in the aristocratic quarter of that provincial capital, where noblemen and gentlemen lived in stately mansions, which are now “tenements” housing the poorest of the poor. I imagine that the Whartons, father and son, held their own in that dignified society, in which wealthy prebendaries kept a state unknown to their more zealous but less pampered successors. Yet the Elvet-House, whatever its associations may have been, does not please. According to Gray it is haunted by “Spirits and Hobgoblins,” though it is impossible to determine whether these are “spooks” or only figures of speech. But there is lack of air and space, and, very characteristically, Wharton is recommended to seek in books that “Prospect of the World” which “the cruel

Architect has hid from his corporeal eyes." In August of 1748 is born "the little Doctress," perhaps in this Elvet-House. And there is a family of "little Gentry" by October of 1751, and Wharton, still at Durham, is thinking of settling seriously to his profession, meaning to work his way to London by practising either at Bath or Cambridge; the objection to the latter place according to Gray being that the Heads of Colleges require a certain deference, not to say servility, in a physician, and that Mrs. Wharton would find the women of the place "squeazy (?) and formal, and little skill'd in amusing themselves or other people." In April, 1752, Wharton is in Cambridge, and Gray in town; the friends, such faithful correspondents, have not met for many years.<sup>1</sup> They saw one another again at last in London after the death of Gray's mother at Stoke in March, 1753; and in June of that year was born at Durham the little Robin, the hope of the house, who was so soon to die. And at Studley Royal, near the lovely ruins of Fountains Abbey, in July of this year, Wharton and his wife meet Gray, and escort him through Ripon and Richmond to Durham, and we discover that they make more than a two-days' journey of it. At Durham, Gray, now famous as the author of the "Elegy," dines with Bishop Trevor, who has succeeded Butler of the "Analogy" (lately dead), and has entered the cathedral city with princely pomp and circumstance a short time before. For Gray these are festive moments; fresh from the joys of the Cambridge Commencement, including an affectionate but unpleasant handsqueezing and a fine compliment from the grotesque Duke of Newcastle, he goes twice to the races, and once to the assembly at Durham; and we imagine him at such scenes acting the Addisonian part of the "Silent Gentleman"—the observant and not unamused "Spectator" of frivolous delights. But this visit has significance for us as marking an epoch in Gray's poetic development. It is a re-awakening for him of impressions long dormant, and which, when they were first received, were perhaps too tremendous for a muse never at any

<sup>1</sup> It was over six years since Wharton left Cambridge [hence correct note, vol. i., p. 223], but probably more than that interval since he and Gray were together.

time spontaneous in her utterances, and in those early days only facile in familiar correspondence or in Latin verse. A few striking passages in his letters to West and hexameters, elegiacs, sapphics and alcaics culminating in the majestic ode on the Grande Chartreuse, alone preserve for us thoughts and images which never indeed left him, but were easily set aside by change of circumstance. When he versifies in English, the environment of his reflections, as far as he reveals it, is for a long time the actual scene in or near which he is living—we know where to find the churchyard, or the “nodding beech,” or “the fields beloved in vain.” But in the interval between the “Elegy” and the “Progress of Poesy” Gray’s mind receives another bias. He is slowly making his way to themes less subjective and personal, more spacious and heroic and destined to be associated with a scenery more bold and majestic; the southern lawns and glades so dear to gentle meditation are to be succeeded by crags and cloud-capped peaks and mountain torrents. And it is at least interesting to note that these tendencies coincide approximately both in date and character with that craving for the bolder aspects of nature, which makes him risk, or fancy he risks, his nervous little person in quest of them. Let us refer, therefore, once more to his letter of July, 1753, written from Wharton’s home at Durham. “I have,” he says, “one of the most beautiful vales here in England to walk in, with prospects that change every ten steps, and open something new wherever I turn me, *all rude and romantic*; in short, the sweetest spot *to break your neck or drown yourself in* that ever was beheld.”

From this date Britain supplies him with images in little of those Alpine wonders which he admired with much trepidation. Once more with childlike ecstasy he looks and admires and shudders; like his Eton truants, disdaining, when he can, the limits of his little reign to descry unknown regions, but always “snatching a *fearful joy*.” And already, perhaps,<sup>1</sup> he has been awakening the echoes of early days when he pictures the stream of music as a headlong impetuous cataract and makes the mountains

<sup>1</sup> Assuming that the “Progress of Poesy” was almost completed at the close of 1752.



breathe inspiration.<sup>1</sup> Henceforth his choice, as in the "Bard" and the "Norse Odes," is to fill wild and rugged scenes with forms spectral and gigantic; and that literary effort corresponds with his endeavour to seek out the regions accessible to him which shall give a kindred stimulus to his imagination. Herein he finds a sympathetic friend and, when possible, a companion in his faithful Wharton.

But they have other tastes and pursuits in common of a practical or scientific kind. They compare notes like two farmers or market-gardeners; their talk is of the state of the crops, of fruits and vegetables. On his way back to Cambridge from Durham Gray observes all such things with extraordinary minuteness; "so ends," he says at last, "my Georgick in prose." There are several of such "Georgicks." And these careful Clerks of the Weather come at last to keep "sister" thermometers, which they tune to play in concert like two pianos; and Gray in London sets his in the yard, and urges Wharton, at Old Park, Durham, to do the same; for such is the advice of Mr. Stillingfleet, whose acquaintance he has made,—a gentleman of beautiful and unselfish character, brimful of science and benevolence, who can relieve his feeling heart in a sonnet, and is the indispensable referee in all assemblies of learned ladies, and in fact the real original blue-stocking. This valuable man spends his summers with a friend at Stratton Strawless in Norfolk, and keeps a botanic calendar there, and far away at Upsala in Sweden, where the great Linnaeus sits as a King of Science drawing admirers from all Europe to his feet, a young disciple of Linnaeus has done the like; and so, less perfectly, has Gray at Cambridge; and thus he is able to send Wharton a triple record for 1755, at which date we note that Gilbert White is settled in his native Selborne employed in the same gentle fashion in

<sup>1</sup> Compare his letter to West of November 16th, 1739: "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry." This is of the Grande Chartreuse; and he could, in 1741, say the same thing in *Latin* verse:

"Praesentio rem et conspiciamus Deum  
Per invias rupes fera per iuga  
Clivosque praeruptos sonantes  
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem," etc.

the observations which are to make him and his home so memorable to lovers of natural history.

There is, moreover, much of the *virtuoso* in Wharton's composition; and he reverently looks to Gray for advice and help in this direction. As becomes the prospective heir to Old Park, he likes to have "everything handsome about him," and when he has a house in London in view, he makes trips to the country round under Gray's advice, and visits the seats of the gentry, about which the poet has many things to tell him, and is fairly bitten with the mania for Gothic in domestic architecture after the manner of "Strawberry Castle"; so much so, that Gray has to advise him to keep his Gothic ornaments within doors in town. "Don't let me," he begs, "when I come gaping into Coleman-street, be directed to the Gentleman's at the ten Pinnacles, or with the Church-Porch at his door." Later on, when for the sake of "country" air he migrates to Southampton Row (where his brother Jonathan and Mrs. Jonathan were his neighbours in Boswell Court), Wharton begins to indulge in that fascinating but perilous game of hazard, the purchase of old Masters, and believes, though Gray is sceptical about it, that he has secured an "Old Frank" and a *Pietà* by Palma. But by the midsummer of 1759, Wharton is at Old Park, Durham; his health has suffered in London, and he has left the capital for good. Old Park, it would seem, is in a bad way; it is dilapidated, it is in "a Bog"; here is a splendid opportunity for a man of taste with money. Accordingly Gray in town is besought, through Jonathan Wharton, to make inquiries about painted glass; and he does so with that minute painstaking which only pretenders to genius despise. Here again Strawberry Hill seems to be the model of perfection, perhaps unattainable to ordinary mortals; Gray, we conjecture, has a true feeling for colour; yet we note, with some misgiving, that he has the prevailing *penchant* for the irreconcilable, "rich Windows" that do not "exclude the light," and likes the Gothic canopy fringing plain glass, which we fancy we have often seen and loathed. Not less engrossing is the grave topic of wall-papers, which were then supplanting the wood-panelling, or tapestry, or stamped leather, or painted cloth of earlier days. There

is an epidemic of taste in this direction, but the age sorely needed a William Morris. People loved to see Chinese pagodas after the designs of "William Halfpenny, Architect and Carpenter," repeating themselves to their eyes *ad infinitum*; Gray would have preferred designs after Hollar's prints, Gothic cathedrals and the like, if the breadth of the paper were larger; he concludes for bits of Gothic copied from old altars, such as those at Durham; and we are dimly conscious that the patterns selected, whatever they may have been, would have struck us (perhaps not with ecstasy) as mute as the modern aesthete before a Botticelli.

Wharton seems to be almost rebuilding Old Park, for Gray speaks of it as his "Carthage," in allusion to the city which pious Aeneas saw in the making under Queen Dido. Gray braves all discomforts and visits him there, after staying with Mason, in all his pomp and circumstance, at York. Perhaps it was a "*felix culpa*" that the letter to Brown in which these things are told is by some strange oversight omitted in its proper place in this volume; for it is characteristic enough for separate quotation and notice:

"Old Park,  
July 19, 1762.

"DEAR SIR,

"After my fortnight's residence at York, I am arrived here. The Precentor is very hopefully improved in dignity; his scarf sets the fullest about his ears: his surplice has the most the air of lawn-sleeves you can imagine in so short a time; he begins to complain of qualms and indigestions from repose and repletion: in short *il tranche du Prélat*. We went twice a day to church with our vergers and all our pomp. Here the scene is totally altered: we breakfast at six in the morning and go to bed at ten. The house rings all day with carpenters and upholsterers, and without doors we swarm with labourers and builders. The books are not yet unpacked, and there is but one pen and ink in the house. Jetty and Fadge (two favourite sows) are always coming into the entry, and there is a concert of poultry under every window; we take in no newspaper or magazine, but the cream and butter is beyond

compare. You are wished for every day, and you may imagine how acceptable a correspondent you must be. Pray write soon and believe me ever sincerely yours  
TG."

There is a Gray whom we know from biography and anecdote, and even from one side of his own correspondence, as fastidious, apolaustic, over-curious and learned in the matter of cookery, a recluse averse from exercise, somewhat old-womanish in his ways, and so timid that to him a large dog is "an animal by which he might possibly lose his life." But there is another Gray, less well known to us, who can endure hardness in the quest of beautiful scenes, or in the company of a bosom-friend; in the last years of his life he can walk well, and even climb upon occasion; and can put up with the discomforts of very primitive inns in districts then unknown to tourists. If his nerves are weak, all this is much to the credit of his fortitude. And conceive him here in a house ringing all day (shade of Carlyle!) with carpenters and upholsterers, and a concert of poultry under every window. "Jetty and Fadge," we believe, are encouraged in their lawless enterprises by the children, who, after the manner of their kind (bless them!) make pets of uncouth creatures, because they have not yet learnt to find in Nature anything common or unclean. Gray, we discover, is very much at home with the young Whartons. "Miss Deborah" pouts when he does not mention her in his letters, and her elder sister, if I mistake not, is congratulated at an early age by him, as making the best butter in the county. We think of Johnson with the little Thrales, and Macaulay with the little Trevelyans, and Scott with Hugh Littlejohn and Margery Fleming, and are thankful for the bond which almost invariably links goodness and genius with the simple souls in whom Macaulay found "the only true poets."

It is about this time that we discover a transformation in our Wharton, both the outward and the inner man. "I hear," writes Gray (October 21st, 1760), "you have let your hair grow, & visit none of your neighbouring gentry, two (I should think) capital crimes in that county, and indeed in all counties." Wherein we note two things: first that

the accession of George III marks an epoch in the treatment of the human hair; the wig is less generally worn, and if the professional classes still retained it, Wharton, by discarding his, makes a declaration of independence, and announces that he has ceased to practise as a physician. Next, that he is minded to keep himself much to himself; too busy with his building and garden plans, and, let us hope, too happy with his family to care to enlarge his circle. For all this, he will still be to Gray the friend of his life, as Arbuthnot was to Pope, and offers to be with him when he is to undergo an operation. From the last years of Gray's correspondence with him, we find that his literary and scientific interests are still strong, and that he delights as heretofore to learn news of the great world of London and of politics. He makes Gray his *confidant* in a trouble in which his benevolent heart is enlisted; and consults him upon a matter of business in a way which sufficiently proves that he had found his poet-friend a serviceable adviser in these mundane affairs. His health was not robust; he had suffered from deafness for a while, but recovered from this in his native air. He broke down when he tried to accompany Gray in that visit to the Lakes of which we have an interesting record. Yet he lived to the age of seventy-nine, and died suddenly then, having survived his friend twenty-three years, during which time he cherished his memory and preserved every memento of him with pride and affection. With a little more ambition on his own account, he might perhaps have won a place among those "Romans," as Johnson called them, the long line of learned physicians who combined the love of their art with the love of letters—the quaint, delightful Browne of Norwich, Blackmore, writing to the rumbling of his coach's wheels, the well-natured Garth, the genial, witty, wise Arbuthnot, Armstrong, the friend of Thomson, Akenside, the abhorred of the Warburtonians, the two Heberdens, and Symonds of Clifton, friend of Sterling and father of the lamented John Addington. This, however, is but a slender inference from his tastes and pursuits, for there is extant of his but one letter, cold and formal, addressed to Mason. Of all that he penned in the affectionate correspondence of so many years, not a trace is to be found except in Gray's

replies; yet he is, after all, the poet's best biographer, the man to whom he has unlocked his heart with the least reserve. For us he is as a quiet prompter, or an unobtrusive guest who leads his shy companion on, and makes him speak out and reveal his stores of observation, and traits of character not superficial. He preserved his friend's remains, and did not mangle them, and his reward is that he has escaped all criticism, and earned the gratitude, quite unalloyed, of every admirer of Gray.



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## GRAY'S LETTERS.

### CLVII. *To L. Brockett.*<sup>1</sup>

M<sup>r</sup> Gray sends his compliments to M<sup>r</sup> Brocket.<sup>2</sup> Shall be extremely obliged to him, if he would make inquiry (when he has occasion to go into Trin: Library) after the following old English Books

Paradise of dainty devices 1578 4<sup>to</sup> & 1585

England's Helicon 4<sup>to</sup>

W. Webbe's Discourse of Eng: Poetrie 1585 4<sup>to</sup>

Fr: Mere's Wit's Commonwealth:<sup>3</sup> 1598 Lond: & 1634

Sam: Daniel's Musa, or Defence of Rhyme 1611 8<sup>vo</sup>

Stephen Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure 1555 4<sup>to</sup>

Gawen Douglas' Palace of Honour 1533 London 1579  
Edinb:

<sup>1</sup> Date uncertain. Before the end of 1757, since Torriano was succeeded by W. Disney as Professor of Hebrew in that year. This letter was first printed in "Gray and His Friends," *q. v.* (Sect. iv.).

<sup>2</sup> Of Trinity. Tutor to Sir James Lowther; Professor of History at Cambridge, 1762; supported the Earl of Sandwich in his candidature for the High Stewardship of Cambridge, 1764. "On Sunday Brocket died of a fall from his horse, drunk, I believe, as some say returning from Hinchinbroke" [Lord Sandwich's place in Huntingdonshire]. Gray to Mason, Aug. 1, 1768.

<sup>3</sup> *Palladis Tamia*:—chiefly noteworthy, as containing that *locus classicus* about Shakespeare which makes mention of so many works accepted as his in 1598. (See Elze's "Biography of Shakespeare," translated by L. Dora Schmitz, p. 298, or any Shakespeare text-book.)

Earl of Surrey's *Ecclesiastes* 1567 4<sup>to</sup>

————— 2<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Books of the *Æneid* 1557  
12<sup>mo</sup>

Gascoign's Works, 2 v: 4<sup>to</sup> 1577 & 1587.

If they should not be in the Library, Mr Gray believes that Professor Torriano<sup>1</sup> could favour him with a sight of some of them for a few days. he will take all imaginable care of them.

### CLVIII. *To Mason.*

Jan. 3, 1758.

DEAR MASON,

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real (though not quite of the same sort) as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it, over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return to you so much of this assistance as I have received from you. I can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you (I hope) will ever have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, and can look backward on many bitter moments partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience, and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectations of a better day. The conversation you mention seems to me to have been in some measure the cause of your reflection. As you do not describe the manner (which is very essential, and yet cannot easily be described,) to be sure I can judge but very imperfectly of it. But if (as you say) it ended

<sup>1</sup> C. Torriano was Regius Professor of Hebrew from 1753 to 1757. He was Fourth Junior Optime in 1749, and became Fellow of Trinity. In the days of Pepys (see Diary, January 30th, 1659-60), there was a Gio. Torriano, M.A., in London, a teacher of Italian, "who edited a new edition of Florio's Italian Dictionary. His '*Piazza Universale di Proverbi Italiani*,' published in 1666, is exceedingly rare, as the greater part of the impression was burnt in the Fire of London" (Wheatley). Was this an ancestor?

very amicably, why not take it as amicably? In most cases I am a great friend to *éclaircissements*; <sup>1</sup> it is no pleasant task to enter upon them, therefore it is always some merit in the person who does so. I am in the dark too as to what you have said of —. To whom, where, before whom, how did it come round? for you certainly would not do it indiscriminately, nor without a little reserve. I do not mean on your own account (for he is an object of contempt, that would naturally tempt any one to laugh, or — *himself*), but for the person's sake with whom you so often are, who (merely from his situation) must neither laugh nor — *himself*, as you and I might do.<sup>2</sup> Who knows? any little imprudence (which it is so pleasant to indulge) might really be disagreeable in its consequences to him; for it would be said infallibly, though very unjustly, that you would not dare to take these liberties without private encouragement, at least, that he had no aversion to hear in secret what you ventured to say in public. You do not imagine that the world (which always concludes wrong about the motives of such minds as it has not been used to) will think you have any sentiments of your own; and though you (if you thought it worth while) might wish to convince them of their mistake, yet you would not do it at the expense of another, especially of this other; in short, I think (as far as I know) you have no reason from this to take any such resolution as you meditate. Make use of it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of something you take ill; on the contrary, if such a conference had happened about the time of your transmigration, I would defer it, to avoid that appearance merely: for the frankness of this proceeding has to me an appearance of friendliness that one would by no means wish to suppress.

I am ashamed not to have returned Mr. Hurd my

<sup>1</sup> So he had written to Walpole in 1747 (vol. i., p. 181), in reference, I conjecture, to some misunderstanding with Ashton, and with some allusiveness to his own rupture and reconciliation with his correspondent.

<sup>2</sup> It may be guessed that this magnate was Lord Holderness, who might be compromised by an attack such as Mason was inclined to make.

thanks for his book;<sup>1</sup> pray do it for me in the civilest manner, and tell him I shall be here till April, when I must go for a short time to town, but shall return again hither. I rejoice to hear he is again coming out, and had no notion of his being so ready for the press.

I wrote to the man (as you bid me), and had a second criticism; his name (for I desired to know it) is Butler.<sup>2</sup> He is (he says) of the number of those who live less contented than they ought, in an independent indolence, can just afford himself a horse for airings about Harewood Forest (the scene of Elfrida,)<sup>3</sup> half a score new books in a

<sup>1</sup> It appears by the dates of his life that Hurd printed in 1757 his "Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion"; or the book which he gave to Gray might be the new edition of his Commentary on Horace.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 371, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> In Mason's tragedy, Athelwold, sent by Edgar to report upon the beauty of Elfrida, falls in love with her himself, and marries her, after reporting ill of her charms to the King. His treachery is discovered by a sudden visit of the King to his castle, and Edgar challenges and slays him. There is a Harewood in Yorkshire and a Harewood in Herefordshire, both of which claim to be the scene of the death of Athelwold. William of Malmesbury, however, says it was at Wherwell; but one manuscript adds, "which is called Harewood" (Freeman, "Old English History," p. 182, n.). Wherwell is four miles from Andover. I quote from Gorton's "Topographical Dictionary" (1833), vol. iii., p. 755, under *Wherwell*. In this parish is a very extensive wood, in a recess of which is a stone cross, with the following inscription on its base: "About the year of our Lord DCCCCLXIII, upon this spot, beyond the time of memory called Dead Man's Plack, tradition reports that Edgar (surnamed the Peaceable), King of England, in the ardour of youth, love, and indignation, slew with his own hand his treacherous and ungrateful favourite, Earl Athelwold, owner of *this forest of Harewood*, in resentment of the Earl's having betrayed the royal confidence, and perfidiously married his intended bride, the beauteous Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, who afterwards became the wife of Edgar, and, by him, mother of King Ethelred II. Queen Elfrida, after Edgar's death, murdered his eldest son, King Edward the Martyr, to make way for her own, and founded the nunnery of Wherwell." Mason knows that Elfrida is said to have founded a nunnery; for with the announcement that she means to do so on the spot where her husband was slain, and with the dedication of herself and her chorus of maidens to the service of God, he concludes the play. Her marriage with Edgar and her murder of his son he judiciously ignores. See vol. i., p. 210, and note.

season, and good part of half an acre of garden-ground for honeysuckles and roses. Did you know that Harewood was near Andover? I think that you had some friend in that neighbourhood,—is it not Mr. Bourne? however, do not inquire, for our correspondence is to be a profound secret. Adieu! I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

### CLIX. *Mason to Gray.*

Syon Hill,<sup>1</sup> Jan. 5, 1758.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

I send you with your anonymous<sup>2</sup> Criticisms the produce of Christmas. But first, as to the Criticisms. I think just as you do about them; yet I have so much good-nature even for a critic, that I think I would write to him; though on second thoughts it scarce signifies, when one reflects what he has said about the famished eagle.<sup>3</sup>

Now be it known unto you, I send you two Odes, one so very ancient<sup>4</sup> that all the Æolian lyres that ever sounded are mere things of yesterday in comparison. If you have a mind to trace my imagery, you will find it all huddled together by Keysler, in his "*Antiquitates Selectæ Septentrionales et Celticæ.*"<sup>5</sup> The book I do not doubt is to be

<sup>1</sup> Near Brentford, the residence of Lord Holderness, since pulled down.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Still anonymous to Mason; but Gray has already, we have seen, unearthed the critic.

<sup>3</sup> "Bard," l. 38:

"The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by."

It is possible that Mr. Butler had questioned whether Snowdon bred eagles, and that the note which Gray gave at this place in 1768 was added in consequence (*Poems*, Pitt Press, p. 211). See vol. i., p. 371, n. 2. The letter to Dodsley, there cited, belongs to 1768. Of course, however, Butler may have mistaken the drift of the epithet "famish'd." See n. in Pitt Press ed., *ad loc.*

<sup>4</sup> I infer from Gray's reply that this is one of the Choral songs in *Caractacus*. The allusion in "Æolian lyres" is, of course, to the first line of the "Progress of Poesy."

<sup>5</sup> Published at Hanover in 1728. See "*Saxii Onomast. Literarium*," vol. vi., p. 287; "*Acta Lipsiensia*," 1721, April, p. 162.—*Mitford*.



met with at Cambridge; and if you have not seen it you need only read his second chapter. But tell me, may this sort of imagery be employed? will its being Celtic make it Druidical? If it will not, burn it; if it will, why scratch it *ad libitum*, and send it me back as soon as possible.

The other Ode is as modern as can be wished, and is that upon which I trust all my future fame will be founded. While Lord Bolingbroke stands upon the same shelf with Malebranche and Locke, I have no fear but I shall squeeze myself between Soame Jenyns<sup>1</sup> and Lord Chesterfield, and I swear I will not give the *pas* to Sir Charles Hanbury.<sup>2</sup> "Well, but who is this Mr. Jolliffe; and how came you acquainted with him?" Lord! you are not one of us; you know nothing of life. Why, Mr. Jolliffe is a bookseller's son in St. James's Street, who takes profiles with a candle better than any body. All White's<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He has in mind such satires as the "Modern Fine Gentleman" and the "Modern Fine Lady" of Soame Jenyns (see vol. i., p. 211, and n.). Of the verses of Chesterfield I suppose a collection had already been made (though Maty's edition of his Miscellaneous Works is dated 1774, the year after his death). His style is in the same vein as Mason's verses here, but more pointed. Compare his well-known lines on the full-length picture of Beau Nash, placed between the busts of Newton and Pope at Bath, and their epigrammatic ending

"Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly's at full length."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Hanbury *Williams*, took the last name, says Croker, "for a large estate in Monmouthshire, left to him by a godfather who was no relation." To this estate, we learn from the same authority, he retreated to avoid the consequences of lampooning Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, and her second husband the Irishman, Mr. Hussey. Hanbury Williams was a *protégé* of Sir Robert Walpole, and bitterly attacked Pulteney, Lord Bath. His pasquinades, vulgar and personal, have been much overpraised, and he had a vilely bad ear. Perhaps his best thing was his satirical character of General Churchill—a veteran like Thackeray's Sir George Tufto compounded with Major Pen-dennis. (See vol. i., p. 180, n. 3.)

<sup>3</sup> White's, in St. James's Street, was originally a Chocolate-House, "established," says Mr. G. A. Aitken, "about 1698. It soon became a fashionable gaming-house, or, as Swift says, 'the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies.' In the first number of 'The Tatler,' Steele announced that 'all

have sat to him,<sup>1</sup> not to mention Prince Edward.<sup>2</sup> At first his price was only half a crown, but it is now raised to a crown, and he has literally got above a hundred pounds by it. Return it with the other Ode, and be sure let nobody see it, except Mr. Brown.

I cannot finish my letter without telling you an excellent story of Fobus.<sup>3</sup> On the death of the laureat, Lord Bar-

accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House.' The house was burnt down in 1733, and when rebuilt it became a club." There was an Old and a Young Club at White's, and it retained its character for high play. John Chute, whom Horace Walpole dubbed his "Strawberry king-at-arms," invented a humorous blazon for it, the supporters being an old knave of *clubs* on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side, both accoutred proper; the crest an arm shaking a dice-box; the motto, 'Cogit amor nummi'; the arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

<sup>1</sup> They were in the same street.

<sup>2</sup> Brother of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. Prince Edward became (1760) Duke of York, and died in 1769. He had been, according to Walpole (1751), "a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes"—but an *enfant terrible*. This was in the year of his father's (Frederick's) death. In 1757 he had "got his liberty," says Walpole, "and seems disposed to use it." Hence much Walpolian gossip about him. In July of this year (1758) he served as a volunteer under Howe in the Essex, taking part in the expedition against Cherbourg, and the disastrous business of St. Maloes. The next year he wanted to serve under Wolfe at Quebec, but was refused.

<sup>3</sup> Gray writes of Lord Radnor, "he is a simple old *Phobus*" (vol. i., p. 249). His spelling seems to suggest the derivation *φόβος*, terror, fright, or *bore* (see vol. i., p. 233, and n. 2). Smollett's "Adventures of an Atom" (1769), a very coarse Rabelaisian squib, wherein England is Japan, France China, etc., burlesques under assumed names, all the politicians, and all the political history of the time; especially ridiculing Newcastle "the cuboy," his personal peculiarities, his effusive garrulity, his ignorance, his wonder and delight at discovering that Cape Breton (called *Quachiu*) was an island, etc.

"To all and several he promised his best offices, and confirmed these promises with oaths and protestations. One he shook by the hand; another he hugged; a third he kissed on both sides the face; with a fourth he whispered; a fifth he honoured with a familiar horse-laugh. He never had courage to refuse that which he could not possibly grant; and at last his tongue actually forgot how to pronounce the negative particle; but as in the English language two negatives amount to an affirmative, five hundred affirmatives in his mouth did not altogether destroy the efficacy of

rington<sup>1</sup> told him he was very glad to find that I was not to succeed, because it would be a shame to employ me in writing such stuff as birth-day odes. Fobus said he did not know me. Lord B. stared, and told him he wondered at that, "for that he of all people ought to know me." Still Fobus was ignorant; in short, Lord B. was obliged to rattle the Installation Ode<sup>2</sup> in his ears before Fobus would own to the least bit of remembrance.

Pray tell this story to every body, it is matter of fact, and I think to both our credits.

Adieu! I would give all I am worth, that is to say, Caractacus and my Ode to Mr. Jolliffe, to see an Ode to the King of Prussia by your hand. He has certainly taken Breslau, and in it 14 general officers and 10,000 prisoners.<sup>3</sup>

Yours sincerely.

To Mr. Jolliffe (who cuts out likenesses from the *shadow* at White's):

"Oh thou that on the walls of White's,  
The temple of virtù,  
Of dukes and earls, and lords and knights,  
Portray'st the features true!

simple negation. A promise five hundred times repeated, and at every repetition confirmed by an oath, barely amounted to a computable chance of performance" (Smollett, *l. c.*).

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 353, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 201, n. 3. Mitford remarks that this ode is *not* to be found in the first edition of Mason's collected works. But a note upon it in the edition of 1811, says that it was inserted in 1797, because "it had appeared in some Miscellaneous Collections of Poetry." There was, I believe, an edition of Mason's poems in 1764, in which it did *not* appear; and it is noteworthy, that in 1762 Newcastle had retired from power.

<sup>3</sup> Immediately after the battle of Leuthen (Lissa), "the most complete of all Frederick's victories with 30,000 against 80,000 men," he laid siege to Breslau, which, after nine days, had to capitulate. On December 19th, 1757, Frederick wrote to D'Argens: "We have got here from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners; so that, in all [he includes his captives from Leuthen] I have about twenty-three thousand of the Queen's troops in my hands, fifteen generals, and above seven hundred officers. 'Tis a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them" (Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," vol. vii., chap. x., *ad fin.* The "Pottery-Apotheosis of Frederick," there commemorated, testifies to his popularity in England at the time.)

Hail, founder of the British school !  
 No aids from science gleaning ;  
 Let Reynolds<sup>1</sup> blush, ideal fool,  
 Who gives his pictures meaning ;  
 Of taste or manners let him dream,  
 With all his art and care,  
 He can but show us what men seem,  
 You show us what they are.  
 Let connoisseurs of colouring talk,  
 It looks at best but skin ;  
 You, Jolliffe, at one master-stroke,  
 Display the void within.  
 Come, Bob,<sup>2</sup> and ope the club-room door,  
 And let the Muses follow ;

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<sup>1</sup> Reynolds at this date had been in England between four and five years since his return from Italy, and had painted, I think, Mason's Lord Holderness and both the Gunnings, besides Lady Cathcart and her Daughter, Lady Elizabeth Montague, George, Earl of Warwick, and the Countess of Hyndford. It has been said that "his painting-room was thronged with the wealth and fashion of London, 'with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers.'" The "Holderness" of Reynolds—an extremely vapid face—came, I think, into Mason's possession—at any rate, into that of Alderson, his successor at Aston. Reynolds painted, also, but probably after the date of this letter, Mason's portrait, now at Pembroke, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur, whose name still survives in Arthur's Club House, was Master of White's Chocolate House at this time, and "Bob" was waiter. But Arthur died in June, 1761, and in the following October, "Bob" married his only daughter, and became proprietor of White's. In 1763 he quitted business entirely, having let the house to a Mr. Chambers, a relative. "Bob" is Mr. Robert Mackreth (sometimes spelt Macreath). Walpole writes to Mason, 1774: "Bob, formerly a waiter at White's, was set up by my nephew [Lord Orford] for two boroughs, and actually is returned for Castle Rising with Mr. Wedderburn :

"*servus curru portatur eodem.*"

"... For my part, waiter for waiter, I see little difference ; they are all equally ready to cry, 'Coming, coming, sir !'" The same authority declares that Lord Orford brought Bob in for Castle Rising because he had borrowed money of him, though he pretended that the borrower was his mother, the Dowager Lady Orford. A speech made by the "new senator" had been attributed to the prompting of Walpole, much to his disgust—for he would not be mixed up in the shabby business ; the good things in the said speech were jests, already stale, of George Selwyn's. He

By God, they'll lay you six to four,  
 They guess each face all hollow.  
 'Well, who is this?' 'This sail'd with Byng,  
 Minorca's siege to raise;  
 This for surrendering gain'd a string;<sup>1</sup>  
 This eat the grapes of Aix;<sup>2</sup>  
 These did to Nova Scotia go,  
 Cape Breton's<sup>3</sup> forts to sack,

---

says, too, that Mackreth bowed to scandal, and sold, rather than gave up, the seat. "Bob" subsequently achieved knighthood. Sir Thomas Rumbold, the corrupt *nabob*, had also been a waiter at White's, under "Bob": whence the epigram:

"When Macreath served in Arthur's crew,  
 He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe';  
 To which he answered, 'Aye, Bob.'  
 But when return'd from India's land,  
 And grown too proud to brook command,  
 He sternly answered, '*Nay, Bob.*'"  
 (Partly *Mitford*.)

<sup>1</sup> More than one person is hit in the references to Byng and Aix, but *here* old General Blakeney is meant, who defended the fortress of St. Philip, at Port Mahon in Minorca, as long as he could, after Byng had failed to relieve him. Walpole writes to Mann, November 29th, 1756: "The King, of his own motion, has given *a red riband* and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at court in a hackney coach with a foot soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bed-ridden while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions!"

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 369, n. 4. These grapes seem to have been a topic of derision at the time, for Smollett, in his burlesque account of the expedition against Rochefort, says: "The commander . . . disembarked upon a desolate island, demolished an unfinished cottage, and brought away a few bunches of wild grapes" ("Adventures of an Atom").

<sup>3</sup> Walpole to Mann, Sept. 3, 1757: "We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg [chief place in the I. of Cape Breton], and retires to Halifax [Nova Scotia]. Admiral Holbourn writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean." Cf. Chesterfield to his son, Sep. 29, 1757: "Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven, and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships-of-the-line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, accord-

And (spite of French and Indian<sup>1</sup> foe),  
 Safe brought their shadows back.'  
 Oh, Jolliffe! may the historic sage  
 Thy art and judgment steal,  
 And when he draws the present age,  
 Still sketch it in profile.  
 Or since an honest hand would hate  
 Fictitious lights to spread,  
 Let him revere Britannia's fate,  
 And throw it all in shade."<sup>2</sup>

---

ing to the new sea phrase, which was unknown to Blake! I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands."

<sup>1</sup> The French were claiming the whole territory west of the Alleghanies, and the Indian tribes from Canada as far as the Mississippi were in the main on their side. The value of this support had been terribly demonstrated in the disaster to Braddock's force in 1755, which, with complete neglect of scouting, fell into an ambuscade of Indians in a valley between two woods within ten miles of Fort Duquesne, which the English were marching to attack. The Indians picked off the officers; Braddock himself was mortally wounded; half his troops fled in confusion; the artillery was lost; almost all the rest of the force perished under the scalping-knife. An object-lesson set us nearly a century and a half ago, and even now (1900) imperfectly learnt. (See vol. i., p. 126, n. 2, and Thackeray's "Virginians.")

<sup>2</sup> I do not know that these lines were ever printed, before they appeared in Mitford's "Correspondence of Gray and Mason." They are to be found in Mitford's Note-Books, Brit. Museum (32,561; 32,562, Add. MSS.), vol. iii., p. 184, with slight variations from the above text. I give them, however, as he printed them, with one exception; it is clear from Gray's reply that Mason first wrote: "It looks" in l. 14. He substituted, according to Mitford, "What is it, at the best, but skin"—all out of metre. If I copied Mitford correctly, the suggestion of Gray on the first stanza was adopted in Mason's MS. Mitford's MS. gives "Pour-tray'st." In ll. 15, 16, the same MS. gives, "You . . . Display'st"—which, in view of Gray's previous correction, looks Masonian. In l. 17, the same MS. has "the *show* room door," which is better than the printed text. In l. 29, I found, "O Jolliffe the historian sage," and in l. 32, "Shall" for "Still"—the whole passage without syntax. In l. 33, "man" for "hand."

CLX. *To Mason.*

Jan. 13, 1758.

DEAR MASON,

Why you make no more of writing an Ode, and throwing it into the fire, than of buckling and unbuckling your shoe. I have never read Keysler's<sup>1</sup> book, nor you neither, I believe; if you had taken that pains, I am persuaded you would have seen that his Celtic and his septentrional antiquities are two things entirely distinct. There are, indeed, some learned persons who have taken pains to confound what Cæsar and Tacitus have taken pains to separate, the old Druidical or Celtic belief, and that of the old Germans, but nobody has been so learned as to mix the Celtic religion with that of the Goths. Why, Woden himself is supposed not to have been older than Julius Cæsar; but let him have lived when he pleases, it is certain that neither he nor his Valhalla were heard of till many ages after. This is the doctrine of the Scalds, not of the Bards; these are the songs of Hengist and Horsa, a modern new-fangled belief in comparison of that which you ought to possess. After all, I shall be sorry to have so many good verses and good chimæras thrown away. Might we not be permitted (in that scarcity of Celtic ideas we labour under) to adopt some of these foreign whimsies, dropping however all mention of Woden and his Valkhyrian<sup>2</sup> virgins, &c.? To settle this scruple of conscience, I must refer you to Dr. Warburton:<sup>3</sup> if this should be his opinion (which I doubt), then I go on to tell you (first premising that a dirge is always a funeral service sung over persons already dead,) that I would have something striking and uncommon in the measures, the rhythm, and the expression of this Chorus; the two former

<sup>1</sup> See Mason's letter of January 5.

<sup>2</sup> From this and other references in this letter we see that Gray had already begun the studies which resulted in "Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin," written in 1761 and published in 1768.

<sup>3</sup> It will be seen later on that Mason was in correspondence with Warburton for the antiquities of "Caractacus."

are not remarkable here, and the third is so little antiquated, that "murky"<sup>1</sup> and "dank" look like two old maids of honour got into a circle of fleering girls and boys. Now for particulars. I like the first stanza; the image of Death in arms is very fine and gallant, but I banish "free-born train," and "glory and luxury" here (not the ideas, but the words), and "liberty and freedom's cause," and several small epithets throughout. I do not see how one person can *lift* the voice of another person.<sup>2</sup> The imagery of the second stanza too is excellent. A dragon *pecks*!<sup>3</sup> why a cock-sparrow might do as much: in short, I am pleased with the Gothic Elysium. Do not think I am ignorant about either that, or the *hell* before, or the *twilight*.<sup>4</sup> I have been there, and have seen it all in Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark (it is in French),<sup>5</sup> and many other places. "Now they charge," &c. looks as if the coursers rode upon the men. A ghost does not fall. These are all my little objections, but I have a greater. Extreme conciseness of expression, yet

<sup>1</sup> No doubt the thing here criticised is the embryo of that chorus (which Mason, it seems, wanted to call a Dirge), now beginning:

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?"

of which Gray makes honourable mention (ed. 1768) in a note on l. 111 of "Progress of Poesy." I think that the line in which "murky" stood, is now: "Down to those *darksome* dens, where Rome's pale spectres lie"; three lines after which we still read:

"And on the bank  
To willows *dank*,  
The shiv'ring ghosts are bound."

<sup>2</sup> None of the things here expressly censured were retained.

<sup>3</sup> I cannot trace the pecking dragon, whom Mason probably sacrificed. The Gothic Elysium, also, in spite of Gray's toleration of it, seems to have dropped out, when Mason learnt to distinguish between Goths and Celts.

<sup>4</sup> See the "Descent of Odin" in Gray's poems, Pitt Press ed., and notes there, esp. on l. 4 and *ad fin.*

<sup>5</sup> "Mallet," says Percy, in his Preface to the English Translation of 1770, "had a share in the education of that amiable Prince, Christian VII., King of Denmark. During his residence in the North, he was engaged by the late king, Frederick V., to write a



pure, perspicuous, and musical,<sup>1</sup> is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry; this I have always aimed at, and never could attain; the necessity of rhyming is one great obstacle to it: another and perhaps a stronger is, that way you have chosen of casting down your first ideas carelessly and at large, and then clipping them here and there, and forming them at leisure; this method, after all possible pains, will leave behind it in some places a laxity, a diffuseness; the frame of a thought (otherwise well invented, well turned, and well placed) is often weakened by it. Do I talk nonsense, or do you understand me? I am persuaded what I say is true in my head, whatever it may be in prose,—for I do not pretend to write prose.

I am extremely pleased with your fashionable Ode, and have nothing to find fault there, only you must say “portray’st” in the first stanza; and “it looks at best but skin,” in the fourth, is not right. I have observed your orders, but I want to shew it everybody. Pray tell me when I may have the credit of doing so. I have never seen a prettier modernism: let it be seen while it is warm. You are in the road to fame; but do not tell your name at first, whatever you may venture to do afterwards.

Fobus is a treat; desire Lord Holdernesse to kiss him on both ears for me. I forgive Lord B.<sup>2</sup> for taking the Tudors for the Restoration. Adieu, dear Mason, and remember me; and remember too that I have neither company, nor pleasure, nor spirits here, and that a letter from you stands in all the place of all these. Adieu!

history of Denmark in the French language. By way of introduction to that history he drew up these two prefatory volumes, the merit of which has long been acknowledged in most parts of Europe.”

<sup>1</sup> Phrased after Milton’s description of poetry “simple, sensuous, and passionate” (“Tractate of Education”).

<sup>2</sup> Barrington. See vol. i., p. 353, n. 1. Either Barrington made two mistakes about “The Bard,” or was not the peer who thought the last stanza related to Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. But cf. letters to Wharton, August 17th, 1757, and September 6th, 1757 (pp. 345 and 353, vol. i.). Perhaps Gray heard at first a wrong version of the blunder.

So you have christened Mr. Dayrolles'<sup>1</sup> child,<sup>2</sup> and my Lady Y.<sup>3</sup> they say. Oh! brave Dupp.<sup>4</sup> how comes he to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer? What is going to be now?

<sup>1</sup> Solomon Dayrolles was the nephew and heir of Jacques Dayrolles, a gentleman, it is supposed, of French extraction, who in 1730 was King's Resident at the Hague, and whom Chesterfield, as ambassador there, found a valuable assistant. Jacques died in 1739, and in 1747 Chesterfield obtained the same post for Solomon. He was afterwards minister at Brussels, but for many years before his death resided in England—at Henley Park, near Guildford. On the appointment of 1747, Walpole wrote to Mann (Resident at Florence):

"I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolles resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich

" — *Minum partes tractare secundas.*"

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a great deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him a black-rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face" (May 19th).

<sup>2</sup> Chesterfield wrote to Dayrolles from Bath, December 10th, 1757: "I pass over lightly the arrival of the *young lady* to congratulate you very heartily upon Mrs. Dayrolles' recovery from pain and danger." Dayrolles was in town at this date, as is clear from Chesterfield's correspondence. Either this "young lady" or a sister eloped with the son of "Leonidas" Glover in 1777. (See Walpole to Mason, February 27th of that year.) Mitford says: "From a MS. memorandum of Horace Walpole's relating to Mr. Dayrolles, I find that some scandal existed with regard to Mr. Stanhope [Chesterfield's son] to whom he was gentleman at the Hague, and to which Gray silently pointed in his mention of Mr. Dayrolles' child." Gray has certainly contrived to point *very* silently, if he alludes to this.

<sup>3</sup> May stand for Yarmouth (the Walmoden: see vol. i., p. 12, n. 1) or Yarmouth's. I do not understand Gray. If her *child* is meant it can hardly be "Master Louis," generally supposed to be her son by George II. As far back as 1744 he could walk and talk.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Henry, Viscount Dupplin, afterwards Earl of Kinnoull [this year, 1758].—*Mitford*. The family name was Hay. He was a favourite at Court. In 1755 he was made Joint-Paymaster with Lord Darlington. He belonged to the Newcastle faction, and in 1757 had declined to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CLXI. *Mason to Gray.*

Jan. 16, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

I believe you are quite right, as you always are in these matters. But it is a little hard upon my no-reading to believe I have not read Keysler. I have, I assure you, and he led me into the mistake. He has a chapter on the notions the northern nations had of a future state. First of all, he talks of the "Metempsychosis," which everybody allows Druidical<sup>1</sup> (except Pelloutier),<sup>2</sup> and then says, "Illi qui sine animarum transmigracione aliam post obitum vitam superesse statuebant, duplices primo animarum sedes faciebant. Alius enim status erat eorum ante crepusculum deorum, alius post illud." And then goes on to describe his "Hell," and his "Valhalla." But Sir William Temple set me right about the low date<sup>3</sup> of these ideas, before I received yours; I have therefore laid aside the Ode, and shall make no use of it at all, except perhaps the image of the "armed Death," which is my own, and neither Scaldic nor Runic. And as to this nasty German, Keysler, who led me to take all this trouble, I will never open him again. The fool was a Fellow of the Royal Society—what could one expect better from him? But, after all, I do wish indeed that these Odes

<sup>1</sup> Keysler, whom Gray had not read, *did* suppose the Gauls and Germans, the Britons and Saxons to have been all originally one and the same people; and in an antiquity far more remote than he conceived, this was probably the case. But it is no true inference from his words here that we may attribute to the Druids the Norse Hela and Valhalla.

<sup>2</sup> "Histoire des Celtes et particulièrement des Gaulois et des Germains, &c., par M. Simon Pelloutier. Haye, 1750. 2 tom. 12mo." This learned writer, who is a Protestant minister, counsellor of the consistory, and librarian to the academy at Berlin, is descended from a family originally of Languedoc, and was born at Leipsic, October 27th, 1694, O. S." *Percy* (1770).

<sup>3</sup> Temple, adopting the opinion that Odin was a leader, subsequently deified, who "led a swarm of the Getes, under the name of Goths, from the Asiatic Scythia into the farthest north-west parts of Europe," believes "that this expedition may have been made *two thousand years ago or thereabouts*" ("Of Heroic Virtue," sect. iv.). Gray must have been amused at the partial confirmation of his opinion from such a source.

were all of them finished; and yet, by what you talk of "measure, and rhythm, and expression," I think I shall never be able to finish them,—never certainly at all if I am not to throw out my ideas at large; so, whether I am right or wrong, I must have my way in that: therefore talk no more about it. Well, you like my other Ode, however, so I'll turn wit; though that, according to Pope's gradation to plain fool,<sup>1</sup> should have come before poetry. However, as times go, it is well it comes anyhow. But hold, I cannot part with "poetry" till it has served me a few friendly turns; and when it has done that it may go to Fobus, if it pleases, or to the devil. One of these friendly turns it has done already, and you will have it inclosed, if my excellent Fraser transcribes<sup>2</sup> it in time. Let me have your strictures speedily, because I want to send it to Wood.<sup>3</sup> Take notice, the lines descriptive of his garden<sup>4</sup> are strictly peculiar, and Whitehead,<sup>5</sup> who has seen the place, tells me they are the very thing: nothing can be conceived so flowery, so fragrant, and so shady as the foreground, nothing more extensive and *riant* than the offsets. Yet I cannot let this Elegy come to you without

<sup>1</sup> "Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,  
Turn'd critics next, and proved *plain fools at last*."  
Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, i., ll. 36, 37.

—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. vol. i., p. 260, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 349, n. 4. Mitford here adds that Wood was the author of an *Essay on Homer*, published after his death by Jacob Bryant. Also of a work on the Troad, of which there were only seven copies printed.

<sup>4</sup> In Mason's Elegy, "Written in the Garden of a Friend."—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> William Whitehead, the new Poet Laureate (1757)—see vol. i., p. 184, n. 3 and Index. He was at St. John's, Cambridge, with Mason:

"How well does Mem'ry note the golden day,  
What time, reclined in Margaret's studious glade,  
My mimic reed first tuned the Dorian lay,  
'Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade?'  
'Twas there we met," etc.

Mason, *Elegy III*.

This "Garden" Elegy is better than the average of Mason's work.

begging that, as you are stout, you will be merciful to it, for I feel for it, somehow, as if it was a favourite child; and I will give you a hundred Druidical Odes to burn in your critical colossus, if you will let it live. Lord! I know nothing of Dupp's being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, unless it is a thing of course after he is made Recorder of Cambridge. Sure you had your intelligence from Mr. Alderman Marshall. Do not believe a word what the papers tell you, that the child's<sup>1</sup> name was Mary,—'twas Concubinage; and Dr. Shebbeare<sup>2</sup> is to teach it its catechize.

Pray, Mr. Gray, why won't you make your Muse do now and then a friendly turn? An idle slut as she is! if she was to throw out her ideas never so carelessly it would satisfy some folks that I know, but I won't name names, and therefore I won't sign all the nonsense I have written.

Do you know if Pelloutier ever published a third volume<sup>3</sup> of his "*Histoire des Celtes*?" Dr. W. has only sent me two, and I find the third was to contain their ceremonials, which is all I want.

<sup>1</sup> An obscure jest; see prec. letter; in the mention of Dr. Shebbeare there may be a hint of Tory influences in the Court.

<sup>2</sup> Famous now for having been pensioned by George III. at the same time with Johnson, on which occasion it was said that the king had pensioned both a *He*-bear and a *She*-bear. But at this date, Shebbeare, whom Walpole described to Mann (May 5th, '57) as a broken Jacobite physician, was making a bid for the pillory, and soon achieved that distinction, being sentenced in this year, 1758, by Lord Mansfield, for the Sixth of his Letters to the People of England. He had previously written "*Letters on the English Nation*," under the name of Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit (1755). It is characteristic of the temper of the times that the under-sheriff was prosecuted for letting Shebbeare stand *on* instead of *in* the pillory. Mason, in the "*Heroick Epistle to Sir William Chambers*," links the names of Shebbeare and Johnson together as sharers in the favours of George III.:

"Witness, ye chosen train,  
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign:  
Witness, ye Hills, ye *Johnsons*, Scots, *Shebbeares*  
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears."

There was an edition, Mitford tell us, in 2 vols., 4to, published in 1771; whether it contained more than the edition of 1750, I do not know.

Pray direct me to the passage I have seen somewhere, like this, "*Est genus hominum tam umbratile*," &c.<sup>1</sup> I fancy it would make a good motto. If not, "*Locus est et pluribus umbris*,"<sup>2</sup> is no bad one.

CLXII. *To Mason.*

Sunday, Jan. . .,<sup>3</sup> 1758.

DEAR MASON

I am almost blind with a great cold, and should not have written to you to-day if you did not hurry me to send back this Elegy. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself, on criticism, and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly what you have now sent me, particularly the spirit and sentiment of it; the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac. As to the expression, I would venture to say (did you not forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against.<sup>4</sup> This, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes. The descriptive part is excellent, yet I am sorry for the name of Cutthorpe.<sup>5</sup> I had rather Vertumnus and

<sup>1</sup> Though Cicero more than once alludes to the "*Vita umbratilis et delicata*" (Tusc. ii. 11), and other authors have the same or similar expressions, I do not know where the exact sentence which Mason gives is to be found.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Horace, Ep. I. v. 28. The venom of Mason's projected motto for his verses to Jolliffe lies in this, that "*umbra*" means a *shadow*—but also a parasite, follower, or, as Walpole might say, "*led-captain*"—and thus he stigmatizes the company at White's.

<sup>3</sup> Mason has not given the date of the day of the month in this letter; but as it was on a Sunday subsequent to the 16th, it must have been either on the 22nd or the 29th—most probably the former.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> It is now (whether corrected or not):

"To tread through age the footsteps of thy youth."

<sup>5</sup> He is banished. Wordsworth, with his "*Jones who from Calais*," and "*Spade with which Wilkinson*," etc., had no such scruple. But such sounds were less strange in his simpler diction than in the more ambitious manner of an earlier date. "Has any

Flora<sup>1</sup> did not appear in person. The word "lopt"<sup>2</sup> sounds like a farmer, or a man of taste. "A mountain hoar, the savage,"<sup>3</sup> &c. is a very good line: yet I always doubt if this ungrammatical construction be allowable; in common speech it is usual, but not in writing even prose; and I think Milton (though hard pressed by his short metre in the *Penseroso*) yet finds a way to bring in his *that's*, his *who's*, and his *which's*.<sup>4</sup> "Fair unfold the wide-spread,"

one," asks Matthew Arnold, in the immortal passage upon Wragg, "reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than 'the best race in the world;' by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!" If we cannot speak of some English names in prose without a shudder, it follows that they do not always lend themselves to poetry. Even Pope suffers when he writes:

"It brighten'd *Craggs's*, and may darken thine."

But the richest example that the eighteenth century affords of this incongruity, is in Dr. Madden's poem in memory of a Primate of Ireland:

"Ha! mark! what gleam is that which paints the air?  
The blue serene expands! Is *Boulter* there?"

<sup>1</sup> They are still there.

<sup>2</sup> Now

"He *pierced* th'opposing oaks luxuriant shade."

<sup>3</sup> I have restored what it is certain Gray wrote. For Mason's original line was no doubt:

"A mountain hoar, the savage peak surrounds."

Gray objects to the ellipse of the relative and consequently Mason's text now has:

"A mountain hoar, *that* yon wild peak," etc.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare, on the other hand, was a great offender in this respect; this ellipse is the clue to several difficulties in the interpretation of his text; and his powerful example has, perhaps, helped to *ingrain* in our literature, an usage which it might be hard to find in any other. Gray, I think, underrates its prevalence in prose; it had made inroads there among good writers long before his day. For instance, I have noted in Clarendon, "History of the Rebellion," book iv., "to those considerations he proposed:" "all those monstrous effects we have seen," and I daresay he has

&c.; “fair,” is weakly, “wide-spread” is contained in “unfold.” By “amber mead,” I understand the yellow gleam of a meadow covered with marsh-marigolds and butterflowers,—is it not so?<sup>1</sup> the two first lines (the second especially) I do not admire.<sup>2</sup> I read, “Did Fancy wake not—refuse one votive strain;”<sup>3</sup> you will ask me why? I do not know. As to *votive*, it is like *delegated*, one of the words you love.<sup>4</sup> I also read, “How well does Memory,”<sup>5</sup> &c.—for the same no reason. “It all was his,”<sup>6</sup> &c. I like the sense, but it is not sufficiently clear. As to the versification, do not you perceive that you make the pause on the fourth syllable<sup>7</sup> in almost every other line?

Now I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at

other instances. Compare Addison’s noteworthy remark, 1711, “Spectator,” No. 135. “There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles, *which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible*: this often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom, which, or they* at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.”

<sup>1</sup> The line criticised was probably—

“And fair unfold the wide-spread amber mead.”

It now is :

“Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.”

<sup>2</sup> They now are (whatever they were):

“While o’er my head this laurel-woven bower,  
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings.”

<sup>3</sup> Present text (ll. 3, 4):

“Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful power  
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?”

<sup>4</sup> In consequence of this banter, Mason, we see, rejects *votive*.

<sup>5</sup> “How well does Mem’ry note the golden day,” etc.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps the sense is now given in the line:

“And, though he might commend, he slighted Fame.”

<sup>7</sup> I believe this fault still remains; it is evidence of the accuracy of Gray’s ear that he has detected it.



all regard what I say any further than it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning paw<sup>1</sup> words.

I never saw more than two volumes of Pelloutier, and repent that I ever read them. He is an idle man of some learning, who would make all the world Celts whether they will or no.<sup>2</sup> *Locus est et pluribus umbris*, is a very good motto; you need look no further. I cannot find the other passage, nor look for it with these eyes. Adieu! dear Mason, I am most sincerely yours.

You won't find me a place like Mr. Wood's.

### CLXIII. To Wharton.

February, 21, 1758.

DEAR DOCTOR

I feel very ungrateful (w<sup>ch</sup> is the most uneasy of all feelings) in that I have never once enquired, how you and your family enjoy the region of air and sunshine, into which you are removed,<sup>3</sup> and with what contempt you look back on the perpetual fogs, that hang over M<sup>rs</sup> Payne and M<sup>rs</sup> Paterson. Yet you certainly have not been the less in

<sup>1</sup> "Paw" is baby-language for "naughty." Halliwell gives *paw-paw* in this sense, assigning the word to "various dialects."

<sup>2</sup> Percy says (Preface to Mallet): "This crude opinion [that the ancient Gauls and Germans, the Britons and the Saxons, were all originally one and the same people] which perhaps was first taken up by Cluverius [1616] and maintained by him with uncommon erudition, has been since incautiously adopted by Keyser and Pelloutier, the latter of whom has with *great diligence and skill*, endeavoured to confirm it." Compare the title of Pelloutier's work, already given.

<sup>3</sup> I believe that Wharton was shifting his abode to Southampton Row, near Bedford House, Bloomsbury, whither the letter of April 9th is addressed; and Gray's words enable us to realize the very rural surroundings of the British Museum at this date. See how Gray writes of it to Brown, August 8th, 1759. From the reference to "the Bishop," it would seem that this was Mr. Jauncey's house, where Gray himself lodged later on; this will appear as we read further.

my mind: that at least<sup>1</sup> has pack'd up with you, has help'd Mrs. Wharton to arrange the mantle-piece, & drank tea next summer in the grotto. but I am much puzzled about the Bishop & his fixtures, and do not stomach the loss of that money.

Would you know, what I am doing? I doubt, you have been told already, and hold my employment cheap enough: but every one must judge of his own *capabilities*, and *cut* his amusements according to his disposition. the drift of my present studies, is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach, that may be worth seeing, whether it be Building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it does, or has belong'd, and what has been the characteristick, & taste of different ages. you will say, this is the object of all Antiquaries, but pray, what Antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? in short say what you please, I am persuaded, whenever my list<sup>2</sup> is finish'd, you will approve it, & think it of no small use. my spirits are very near the *freezing point*, & for some hours of the day this exercise by its warmth & gentle motion serves to raise them a few degrees higher. I hope the misfortune, that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's<sup>3</sup> canary-bird will not be the ruin of *Agis*.<sup>4</sup> it is probable you will

<sup>1</sup> A good instance of Gray's affectionate way of identifying himself with his correspondents, as when he writes to Walpole, December 15th, 1765: "The pain in your feet I can bear," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, etc., in England and Wales," which Gray drew up in the blank pages of Kitchen's "English Atlas"; after his death Mr. Mason printed a few copies, and distributed them among the friends of Gray; and in 1787 a new edition was printed for sale.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 21, n. 4, and *Addendum*, p. 377. I have no clue to the tragedy of the canary.

<sup>4</sup> Home's "Agis" was the earliest written of his dramas. He finished it in 1749 and took it to London, but it was then rejected by Garrick. The same fate attended "Douglas," which, however, was performed at Edinburgh with great success in 1756. But the Scotch presbytery were so scandalized at the fact that one of their number had written and produced a play, that Home found it expedient to give up the living of Athelstaneford, where he had succeeded Blair, the author of "The Grave." But (to whom he became private secretary in 1758) procured the representation of "Douglas" in London in 1757; its success there was as great as at Edin-

have curiosity enough to see it, as it comes from the writer of Douglas: I expect your opinion. I am told, that Swift's History of the Tory Administration<sup>1</sup> is in the press, and that Stuart's Attica<sup>2</sup> will be out this spring. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am ever

Yours  
TG:

Mr. Brown joins his compliments with mine to you and M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton.

CLXIV. *To Wharton.*<sup>3</sup>

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

It is indeed for want of spirits, as you suspect, that my studies lie among the Cathedrals, and the Tombs, and the Ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At present I find myself able to write a Catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while. As to posterity, I may ask, (with some body\* whom I have forgot) what has it ever done to oblige me?

burgh. Walpole tells Montagu, May 21st, 1757, that the Princess (Dowager) has given Home, the author of "Douglas," a hundred a year. With these powerful supporters Home ventured "Agis" on the London stage, in this year, 1758. He was an amiable man; his own earlier career was tinged with romance; he served against the Young Pretender; was made prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, and escaped from the castle of Doune by making a rope of his blankets.

<sup>1</sup> "Memoirs of the Last Four Years of the Queen." See next letter.

<sup>2</sup> Gray was a subscriber to this book, as appears by a note in one of his pocket journals.—*Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 298, n. 4.

<sup>3</sup> The letter is not in the Egerton MSS., and is consequently omitted by Mitford and Mr. Gosse. It was printed by Mason, who, it may be conjectured, neglected to return it with the rest of the Wharton correspondence. There is no reason to suppose that he has garbled it.

To make a transition from myself to as poor a subject, the Tragedy of Agis; I cry to think that it should be by the Author of Douglas: Why, it is all modern Greek; the story is an antique statue, painted white and red, frized, and dressed in a negligée made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker. Then here is the Miscellany (M<sup>r</sup> Dodsley has sent me the whole set gilt and lettered, I thank him). Why, the two last volumes are worse than the four first; particularly D<sup>r</sup> Akenside is in a deplorable way. What signifies Learning and the Antients, (Mason will say triumphantly) why should people read Greek to lose their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue? But then there is M<sup>r</sup> Shenstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better? he goes hopping along his own gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost.

I have read D<sup>r</sup> Swift,<sup>1</sup> and am disappointed.<sup>2</sup> There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not seen better in M. de Torcy<sup>3</sup> before. The manner is careless, and has little to distinguish it from common writers. I met with nothing to please me but the spiteful characters of the opposite party and its leaders. I expected much more secret history.

<sup>1</sup> See prec. letter.

<sup>2</sup> Macaulay, in some very amusing MS. notes scrawled on the margin of Orrery's "Remarks on Swift," and preserved in the British Museum, makes short work of the book: "Wretched stuff: and I firmly believe, not Swift's."—*Mr. J. Churton Collins*. But Mr. Collins ("Jonathan Swift," p. 131) ably sums up the evidence in favour of its genuineness. He tells us that Erasmus Lewis and others had discussed the manuscript in 1738, and Lewis, in a letter to Swift, preserved in Scott, pointed out certain inaccuracies which are still in the printed "Memoirs"; that in 1742 Birch made an abstract, preserved in the British Museum, of the original manuscript which tallies with the published "Memoirs"; and that there were many alive when the work was printed, who had perused the manuscript, and none of these doubted the genuineness of the publication of 1758.

<sup>3</sup> The "Mémoires" of the Marquis de Torcy, Secretary of State to Louis XIV. A translation in English had been published in 1757. Walpole says: "Except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration." (To the Earl of Strafford, July 1st, 1757.)

CLXV. *To Mason.*<sup>1</sup>

Good Friday [Mar. 24th], 1758.

DEAR MASON,

I have full as much *ennui* as yourself though much less dissipation, but I cannot make this my excuse for being silent, for I write to you *pour me désennuyer*, though I have little enough to say. I know not whether I am to condole with you on this Canterbury<sup>2</sup> business, for it is not clear to me that you or the Church are any great losers by it; if you are be so good as to inform me, and I will be sorry; however, there is one good thing in it, it proves the family are mortal.

You do not seem to discover that Mons. Mallet<sup>3</sup> is but a very small scholar, except in the erudition of the Goths. There are, *à propos*, two Dissertations on the Religion and Opinions of the Gauls, published in the *Mémoires de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres et des Inscriptions*, vol. XXIV. 4to. one by the Abbé Fénel, in which he would shew that, above Tiberius' and Claudius' times the Druids, persecuted and dispersed by the Romans, probably retired into Germany, and propagated their doctrines there. This is to account for some similitude to the Gaulish notions which the religion of Germany seems to bear, as Tacitus has described it, whereas Julius Cæsar makes them extremely different, who lived before this supposed dispersion of the Druids; the other by Monsieur Freret,<sup>4</sup> is as to shew the

<sup>1</sup> The letter from Mason, to which this is a reply, has disappeared.

<sup>2</sup> The death of Archbishop Hutton. He had not long been appointed. Hence Walpole writes to Mann, March 21st: "Our *new* Archbishop died yesterday." For Mason's obligations, etc., in this quarter, see vol. i., p. 238, n. 1; *ib.*, p. 245, n. 3. It would seem, however, from Gray's plain speaking here, that Mason's feeling towards the family was not very friendly.

<sup>3</sup> See on this work ("The History of Denmark," by Mallet) Barbier, "Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Goût," vol. iv., p. 150. "La préface de ce livre mérite spécialement qu'on s'y arrête. C'est un grand tableau," etc. See also Pinkerton on the Goths, p. 100; Leyden's "Complaynt of Scotland," p. 274; "Foreign Quarterly Review," iv., p. 478.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Freret was born at Paris in 1688, and signalized his

reverse of all this,—that there was no such dispersion, no such similitude, and that, if Cæsar and Tacitus disagree, it is because the first<sup>1</sup> knew nothing but of those nations that bordered on the Rhine, and the other was acquainted with all Germany. I do not know whether these will furnish you with any new matter, but they are well enough written and easily read. I told you before, that,

admission into the Academy of Inscriptions by the “Discours sur l’origine des Français,” which procured him a lodging in the Bastille. In the greater parts of his other writings he attacked revelation. Among them are “Lettres de Thrasybule à Leucippe” and “Examen des Apologistes du Christianisme.” He had been a pupil of Rollin, from whose teachings he certainly departed. He died in 1749.

<sup>1</sup> Purists may take note that Gray here writes “the first” . . . “the other”—not “the former” and “the latter.” He sometimes (see p. 12, last line) uses the “former” in this connection but, perhaps with a suspicion (well grounded), that it is not a correct word, he generally avoids doing so. Cf. *supra*, vol. i., p. 290: “the *first* they say was a good man . . . and we will hope the best of the two latter.” About “latter” he has, we see, no scruple; indeed it is only another form of “later.” But “former,” as Professor Skeat observes (“Etymological Dict.,” s.v.), “is really of false formation, and due to the mistake of supposing the M.E. *formest* (now *foremost*) to be a single superlative instead of a double one. From the base *fore* was formed the A.S. superlative adj. *forma*, meaning ‘first.’ Hence M.E. *forme* also means first. A double superlative, *formest*, was hence formed.” “Former” was a bad inference from this. “It is not,” says Skeat, “in very early use. In Shakesp., *Jul. Cæs.*, V. i. 80:

‘Coming from Sardis, on our *former* ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell.’

Spenser has *formerly*, *F. Q.*, II. xii. 67.” *Former* is found (in the sense of *fore*) in Harrison, “Description of Britain,” 1577, in Addington’s “Apuleius” (1596), and Spenser, “*F. Q.*,” VI. vi. 10:

“Yet did her face and *former* parts professe  
A faire young maiden, full of comely glee.”

Cf. also A.V. (1611), Acts, i. 1: “The *former* treatise have I made, O Theophilus.” Indeed, the translators used it often. Johnson—on other than etymological grounds—objected to the *former* and the *latter*, having observed, says Boswell (under the year ’83) that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. And he is reported to have said to Burney: “As long as you have the use of your pen, never, sir, be reduced to that shift.”

in a time of dearth, I would venture to borrow from the Edda without entering too minutely on particulars; but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself, for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, upon the Druid stock; I mean upon those half-dozen of old fancies that are known to have made their system: this will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish,<sup>1</sup> or even insert passages into other people's works? as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them. All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it; it is flat, it is prose; whereas that above all ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm, stick a flower in it, gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

Hodges\* is a sad fellow; so is Dr. Akenside, and Mr. Shenstone, our friends and companions.<sup>2</sup> Your story of Garrick is a good one; pray is it true, and what came of it? did the tragic poet call a guard?<sup>3</sup> It was I that hindered Mr. Brown from sending the pamphlet. It is nonsense, and that nonsense all stolen from Dr. Stuke-

<sup>1</sup> Mason evidently asked Gray to re-write for him that last line of the "Elegy in the Garden of a Friend," to which Gray took exception.

<sup>2</sup> Gray alludes to the two additional volumes to Dodsley's Collection of Poems, which came out in the year 1758, and contained his two Odes, and some Poems by Mason, Shenstone, Akenside, etc. Gray, says Norton Nicholls, disliked Akenside, and in general all poetry in blank verse, except Milton.—*From Mitford*. Cf. to Wharton, Mar. 8.

<sup>3</sup> The tragic poet may be, as Mitford suggests, Arthur Murphy, whose "Orphan of China" was the subject of his only quarrel with Garrick, as he himself tells us in his life of the actor. But there was nothing in that controversy which could lead to "calling a guard." The "Orphan of China" was produced in April of this year (1758).

ley's<sup>1</sup> book about Abury and Stonehenge; yet if you will have it, you may. Adieu, and let me hear soon from you.

I am ever yours, T. G.

# CLXVI. *To Wharton.*

Sunday April 9, 1758.<sup>2</sup>

MY DEAR SIR

I am equally sensible of your affliction,<sup>3</sup> & of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment. would to God, I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation, w<sup>ch</sup> I have often received from you, when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, & the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour. what indeed is all human consolation, can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us that all the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. William Stukeley's "Stonehenge and Abury" was published in 1740 and reprinted in 1840. He went by the name of "the Arch-Druid." Born at Holbeach in 1687, he studied at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and practised as a physician at Boston, London, and Grantham. In 1729 he was ordained, and in 1747 obtained a London living. He is said to have written between 1720 and 1726 twenty works on Stonehenge, displaying both diligence and credulity. We shall presently hear him disturbing the studious Gray by gossiping in the Reading Room of the British Museum, a crime not yet obsolete. (See to Brown, Aug. 8, '59.) He died in 1765.

<sup>2</sup> This beautiful letter is endorsed by Wharton, "On Robin's Death." It was written from Cambridge, and is stamped "Saffron Walden 10 Ap."

<sup>3</sup> Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at the time his only) son.—*Mason*. Therefore, though I still think that the "ejected statesman" of whom *Mason* speaks, September 10th, 1755 (vol. i., p. 279), was poor little "Robin"; his immediate successor was not a boy. The next son was born, I believe, in 1760 (see to Wharton, July of that year). Gray's epitaph on "Robin" was first printed by Mr. Gosse "from a copy in the handwriting of Alexander Dyce, lately found slipped into a book at South Kensington, and made by him when the original MS. was sold in 1854." Dr. Bradshaw (Ald. ed.) gives it from the Mitford MSS. (in the Brit. Mus.), where there are two copies, one of which is from Gray's MS. direct.



hopes we had entertain'd, the plans of future satisfaction we had form'd, were ill-grounded & vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffer'd worse, or that we ourselves might have suffer'd the same misfortune at times & in circumstances, that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. you might have seen this poor child arrive at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, & that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, & when he might chance to have been your *only* support; & then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful ling'ring distemper you might have lost him. such has been the fate of many an unhappy Father! I know, there is a sort of tenderness, w<sup>ch</sup> Infancy & Innocence alone produce, but I think, you must own the other to be a stronger & more overwhelming Sorrow.

I am glad M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton has fortitude enough not to suffer this misfortune to prevail over her, and add to the natural weakness of her present condition. M<sup>r</sup> Brown sincerely sympathises with you, and begs to be kindly remembered to you both. I have been . . .<sup>1</sup> Town by this time, had I not heard Mason was coming hither soon, and I was unwilling to miss him. Adieu, my dear Wharton, and believe me ever most sincerely yours,

T G:<sup>2</sup>

### CLXVII. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I am much concern'd to hear the account you give of yourself, & particularly for that dejection of spirits, w<sup>ch</sup> inclines you to see everything in the worst light possible, and throw a sort of voluntary gloom not only

<sup>1</sup> Mitford inserts in italics, *and should have been in*, before "Town."

<sup>2</sup> Addressed "To Thomas Wharton MD in Southampton Row near Bedford House London."

over your present, but future days, as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you, and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you, as to any Person you know. the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair, & (I know, you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. it is sure, we have great power over our own minds, when we chuse to exert it; and tho' it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and biass of our own temper, it is yet possible; and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, w<sup>ch</sup> we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton's, or your own state of health. I will not talk to you more on this subject, till I hear you are both well, for that is the grand point, & without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking, that any thing, I can do,<sup>1</sup> could at all alleviate the just concern your late loss has given you: but I can not flatter myself so far, & know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, & in this way, much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm, that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, w<sup>ch</sup> does not depend on oneself, and w<sup>ch</sup> I have not felt this long time. you that are a witness, how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

I am in hopes of seeing you very soon again in my way to Stoke. M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers has been very ill this spring, & my other aunt<sup>2</sup> writes me word, that she herself has had something (w<sup>ch</sup> she takes for a paralytic stroke) which came as she walked in the garden, & is afraid, she shall lose the use of one leg: so that it looks to me, as if I

<sup>1</sup> His friend had requested him to write an epitaph on the child. —*Mason*. See preceding letter, and vol. i., Preface, p. xxi; Poems, Pitt Press ed. XVII. and notes. Cf. also the epitaph on Mrs. Jane Clarke, No. XVI. *ib.* and notes. However it may be with other poets, Gray quite understood himself.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Oliffe. See vol. i., p. 228, n. 1.

should have perhaps some years to pass in a house with two poor bed-ridden Women, a melancholy object, & one that in common humanity I cannot avoid. I shall be glad to know, whether I can be in Gloucester-street<sup>1</sup> for a week ten or twelve days hence.

I had wrote to you sooner, but that I have been on a little expedition lately to see Ely, Peterborough, Crowland-Abbey,<sup>2</sup> Thorney,<sup>3</sup> Fotheringhey,<sup>4</sup> and many other old places, w<sup>ch</sup> has amused me a little.

Poor Mason is all alone at Aston (for his Curate<sup>5</sup> is gone to be Tutor to somebody) with an inflammation in his eyes, & could scarce see to write me a few lines. Adieu, Dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am

Ever Yours  
TG:

June 18 1758.

<sup>1</sup> Leading out of Queen Square, Bloomsbury; therefore close to Wharton and the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Ruins in Lincolnshire. The abbey is said to have been founded by Ethelbald, King of Mercia, in 716; destroyed by fire in 1112, and rebuilt under the auspices of its abbot, Joffred.

<sup>3</sup> In Cambridgeshire, but not far from Croyland. Its old name of Ankeridge is said to have come from the anchorites of the abbey founded here by Sexulphus, the first abbot of Peterborough in 662; the abbey was destroyed by the Danes, but rebuilt in 972 by Ethelwold, Bp. of Winchester, for Benedictine monks. Their head was a mitred abbot. The only remains (1833, Gorton's "Top. Dict.") are portions of the church, a gateway, and some fragments of the old walls.

<sup>4</sup> Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire, says Froude, was, when Mary was imprisoned there (1586), "a strong roomy castle belonging to the crown." It was built by the second Earl of Northampton in the time of the Conqueror. By marriage it became the property of the Scottish kings; but it was forcibly taken from David, King of Scotland, in the reign of John. It was rebuilt by Edmund, D. of York, son of Edward III., the keep in the form of a fetterlock, which with the addition of a falcon in the centre, was the emblem of the family of York. The same figure was emblazoned in most of the castle windows (Gorton's "Top. Dict."). It was the birthplace of Richard III., the scene of the last imprisonment, the trial and the execution of Mary Q. of Scots; and was demolished by order of her son James when he came to the English throne.

<sup>5</sup> Delap. See vol. i., p. 329, n. 1. He became tutor to a young nobleman, I believe, and brought him up to Trinity, Cambridge, in 1762 (to Mason, Mar. 17 of that year).

CLXVIII. *To Mason.*

June 20, 1758.

DEAR MASON,

I sympathize with your eyes, having been confined at Florence with the same complaint for three weeks, but (I hope) in a much worse degree, for, besides not seeing, I could not sleep in the night for pain;<sup>1</sup> have a care of old women (who are all great oculists), and do not let them trifle with so tender a part.

I have been exercising my<sup>2</sup> eyes at Peterborough, Crowland, Thorney, Ely, &c.; am grown a great Fen antiquary; this was the reason I did not answer you directly, as your letter came in my absence. I own I have been all this while expecting Caractacus, or at least three choruses, and now you do not so much as tell me it is finished: sure your spiritual functions, and even your attentions to the Duchess of Norfolk<sup>3</sup> and Sir Conyers,<sup>4</sup> might have allowed you some little intervals for poetry; if not (now Queen Hecuba<sup>5</sup> is gone), I utterly despair, for (say what you will) it was not retirement, it was not leisure, or the summer, or the country, that used to make you so voluminous; it was emulation, it was rivalry, it was the collision of tragedy against tragedy, that kindled your fires, and set old Mona in a blaze. You do not say who

<sup>1</sup> The symptoms and circumstances point to *iritis*.

<sup>2</sup> "my" was probably underlined.

<sup>3</sup> She was the second daughter of Edward Blount, of Blagdon, Devonshire, and was married to Edward, 9th Duke of Norfolk, in 1727.

<sup>4</sup> The Right Honourable Sir Conyers d'Arcy, K.B., younger son of John Lord D'Arcy, by the Hon. Bridget Sutton, only surviving daughter of Robert Lord Lexington. He was appointed Master of the King's Household 1719-20; K.B. 1725; Comptroller of the Household and a Privy Counsellor 1730; Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding during the minority of his nephew, Robert Earl of Holderness; M.P. for Richmond from 1728 to 1747, and for Yorkshire from 1747 to his death, in 1758. "Lady M. W. Montagu.—Her father fell in love with Lady Anne Bentinck, who forsook him for Sir Conyers Darcy, who had long been HER lover, and on whose despair Rowe wrote the ballad of 'Colin's Complaint.'"—M.S. note by Horace Walpole.—*Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> With Delap. See preceding letter, n. and ref. there.

succeeds her Trojan Majesty; it ought to be well considered. Let me have none of your prosaic curates. I shall have you write sermons and private forms, and "heaven's open to all men."

That old *fizzling* Duke<sup>1</sup> is coming here again (but I hope to be gone first,) to hear speeches in his new library,<sup>2</sup> with the Bishop of Bristol,<sup>3</sup> to air his close-stool; they have fitted it up—not the close-stool, nor the Bishop, but the library, with classes, that will hold anything but books, yet books they must hold, and all the bulky old Commentators, the Synopses and Tractatus Tractatuums,<sup>4</sup> are washed with white-of-eggs, gilt and lettered, and drawn up in review before his Grace. Your uncle Balguy<sup>5</sup> takes his doctor's degree, and preaches the commencement sermon at Dr. Green's<sup>6</sup> request.

Mr. Brown sends his love, and bids me tell you that Dr. Warburton has sent you his New Legation, with its dedication to Lord Mansfield;<sup>7</sup> would you have it sent you? Lord Strathmore<sup>8</sup> goes to-morrow into the North to come of age. I keep an owl in the garden as like me as it can stare; only I do not eat raw meat, nor bite people by the fingers. This is all the news of the place. Adieu,

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Newcastle. "The old *Hubble-bubble* Duke" is Dr. Warner's expression for the same peculiarity of manner which Gray describes by *fizzling*.—See Selwyn's "Corr.," iv. 283.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 255, and n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Philip Yonge, newly appointed. See next letter to Mason.

<sup>4</sup> A collection of legal dissertations, "*Tractatus universi juris*," published by Zilettus, the bookseller at Venice in 1564, in 18 folio volumes, usually bound in 25, to which there are additional volumes of Index, making in all 28 folios.—*Mitford*. Dr. Jenkinson, the present librarian, kindly tells me that the copy in the University Library bears date 1584, and is lettered on every volume "*Tractatus Tractatum*." It was possibly, in its old place in the library, a conspicuous object as one entered.

<sup>5</sup> See vol. i., p. 309, n. 2. I do not at present know why Gray dubs him Mason's "uncle." Cf. next letter to Mason.

<sup>6</sup> See vol. i., p. 337, and n. 3.

<sup>7</sup> Books i. ii. iii. of "*The Divine Legation*" were dedicated to Philip Earl of Hardwicke, 1754 (new edition). The Books iv. v. vi. were dedicated to William Lord Mansfield in 1765 (new edition). The *original* Dedications were to the Freethinkers and to the Jews.—*Mitford*.

<sup>8</sup> See vol. i., p. 258, n. 2.

dear Mason ! and write to me directly if it will not hurt you, or I shall think you worse than you are. I am ever yours,

T. G.

CLXIX. *To Wharton.*

Stoke. August 9 . . . 1758.

DEAR DOCTOR

I have been, since I saw you in Town, pretty much on the wing, at Hampton, Twickenham, & elsewhere. I staid at the first of these places with the Cobhams<sup>1</sup> two days and should (I own) gladly have done so longer, but for the reason<sup>2</sup> we talk'd about. The place spite of the weather is delightful: every little gleam of sunshine, every accident of light, opens some new beauty in the view, and I never saw in so small a spot so much variety, & so many natural advantages, nor ever hardly wish'd more for your company to partake of them. we were also at Hampton-Court, Sion,<sup>3</sup> & several places in the neighbourhood again, particularly at L<sup>d</sup> Lincoln's,<sup>4</sup> who (I think) is hurting his view by two plantations in front of his terrace, that regularly answer one another, and are of an oval form with rustic buildings in the middle of them, a farm, dairies, &c: they stand on the opposite side of the water, & (as they prosper) will join their shade to that of the hills in the horizon, exclude all the intermediate scene of enclosures, meadows, & cattle feeding, and reduce that great distance to nothing. this seems to be the *advice* of some new Gardiner, or Director of my Lord's Taste; his Successor perhaps may cut all down again.

I shall beg the favor of you (as you were so kind to offer it) to buy us a Lottery-Ticket, if you find the market will not be much lower than at present; & (if you think it has no great hazard in it) enclose it to me *here*: I will take care to repay you as soon as I come to Town, or (if

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, I think, Lady Cobham and Miss Speed.

<sup>2</sup> Was this the *danger* of matrimony? Cf. to Wharton, Oct. 21, 1760, and *supra* to the same, vol. i., p. 220.

<sup>3</sup> See n. on Mason's letter, Jan. 5, '58.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 249, n. 5.

you chuse it) directly. my best respects to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. pray let me hear soon, how you both are. believe me, ever yours,

TG.

CLXX. *To Mason.*

Stoke, August 11, 1758.

DEAR MASON,

I was just leaving Cambridge at the time when I received your last letter, and have been unfixed and flitting about almost ever since, or you had heard of me sooner. You do not think I could stay to receive Fobus; no more did Mr. Hurd, he was gone into Leicestershire<sup>2</sup> long before. As to uncle Balguy,<sup>3</sup> pray do him justice; he stayed, indeed, to preach the commencement sermon, but he assured me (in secret) it was an old one, and had not one word in it to the purpose. The very next morning he set out for Winchester,<sup>4</sup> and I do really think him much improved since he had his residence there; freer and more open, and his heart less set upon the mammon of unrighteousness. *A propos*,—would you think it?—Fobus has wit. He told Young,<sup>5</sup> who was invited to supper at Doctor L.'s,<sup>6</sup> and made all the company wait for him,—“Why, Young, you make but an awkward figure now you are a bishop; this time last year you would have been the first man here.” I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see “Caractacus” completed, not so much from

<sup>1</sup> To Wharton at Southampton Row, Bloomsbury.

<sup>2</sup> To his living of Thurcaston.

<sup>3</sup> See letter to Mason, June 20, *supra*.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 309, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Philip Yonge, Residentiary of St. Paul's, consecrated Bishop of Bristol 1758; translated to Norwich 1761; died 1783. He resigned the Public Oratorship in 1752. Mentioned in the last letter (to Mason).—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> No doubt Long's, Master of Pembroke.

the opinion I entertain of your industry as from the consideration that another winter approaches, which is the season of harvest to an author; but I will conceal the secret of your motives, and join in the common applause. The books you inquire after are not worth your knowledge. Parnell<sup>1</sup> is the dunghill of Irish Grub-street. I did hear who Lancelot Temple<sup>2</sup> was, but have really for-

<sup>1</sup> A posthumous volume of Parnell was published in Dublin, 1758, since reprinted; see "Monthly Review," vol. xix., p. 380. Lintot gave Pope fifteen pounds for the copyright of Parnell's poems.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> A name assumed by Dr. Armstrong, the poet and physician.—*Mitford*. "Sketches: or Essays on Various Subjects by Launcelot Temple Esq." From the edition of Armstrong's "Miscellanies," 1770, in which these are included, we learn that the first volume of these Sketches was first published in 1758, the second for the first time in 1770. In the second part Armstrong foretold the future fame of Fuseli, with whom he travelled on the Continent, though they quarrelled, as *Mitford* tells us, at Genoa over the pronunciation of a word, parted company, and were not reconciled until Armstrong was on his death-bed (1779). Some of the papers are *sketchy* enough; and the tone throughout is splenetic, tending to confirm the opinion that Armstrong is the character described in the "Castle of Indolence":

"Oft stung with spleen, at once away he broke," etc.

(the companion with whom he is linked being Collins, according to the probable conjecture of Mr. Moy Thomas). Armstrong's scorn of contemporary criticism and of the *mobility*, to use his own word, marks an ambitious and disappointed man. I am tempted to quote—though it makes against my judgment—a sentence which many will apply to Gray. "In some ages the few people of genius ought to publish just enough to show what they could have done in better times: more is not worth their while." Armstrong is an epicurean—and also an epicure; drawing in all matters of taste analogies from the dinner-table. Yet he is sometimes in a better vein; and Ruskin himself could scarcely insist more earnestly upon the necessary connection between moral and artistic excellence; a noteworthy doctrine as coming from a man whose success as a physician was hindered by the fact that he had written an objectionable poem. He maintains the superiority of our native music, and declaims against the Italian opera. He talks of the music of the ancient Britons—what did he know of this?—perhaps the blind Welsh harper Parry, who stimulated Gray, enlightened Armstrong. He is a zealous admirer of Shakespeare, whom he defends against Voltaire. He makes on a passage in "Othello" a neat little conjecture which is now credited to Scymour (1805), and suggests that when Hamlet says, "Look here upon this



got. I know I thought it was Mr. Grenville.<sup>1</sup> Avon<sup>2</sup> is nothing but a type. The Duchess of Queensberry's advertisement<sup>3</sup> has moved my impatience; yet, after all, per-

picture," etc., he should point to portraits on the wall, instead of producing two miniatures from his pocket (not aware, apparently, that he was advising a *return* to older practice—for in a print of this scene prefixed to Rowe's "Shakespeare," 1709, we have the two portraits on the arras). He objects to the innovators who spell *honor, labor, favor*; not because these words are only *mediately* derived from Latin, but because, he says, the *u* in all these words is as much pronounced as the *o*; not so in *horror, terror*. He dislikes both new and superannuated words; among the latter he includes *encroach, inculcate, purport, betwixt, methinks, froward, vouchsafe*. He objects also to *swerve*. Contrast vol. i., p. 98.

<sup>1</sup> Author of "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections," 1757.—*Mitford*,—who tells us that "Mrs. Greville was Fanny Macartney, the *Flora* of the Maxims, the author of the "Ode to Indifference," and the mother of the beautiful Lady Crewe. Mr. Greville himself is described in the Maxims under the character of *Torrismond*; Lord Chatham under *Praxiteles*; Mrs. Montagu figures as *Melissa*."

Richard Fulke Greville is described by Madame D'Arblay in her memoirs of her father as "the finest gentleman about town." But the anecdote which she relates of this superior person is not to his advantage. He met, by his own desire, Johnson at Dr. Burney's, and kept the fire from the company until Johnson, breaking a long silence, exclaimed: "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire, I should like to stand upon the hearth myself." Soon after this Mr. Greville ordered his carriage ("Memoirs of Dr. Burney," ii. 103).

<sup>2</sup> Mitford tells us that this was a poem in three parts, printed in the new types of Baskerville of Birmingham. He adds that John Cowper, fellow of Corpus, Cambridge, the brother of the poet, described it in 1786 as "having merit."

<sup>3</sup> The "Public Advertiser," July 10, 1758.—"Whereas a spurious, incorrect edition of a work represented to contain the history of the reign of his Majesty King Charles the Second, from the Restoration to the end of the year 1667, by the late Lord Chancellor Clarendon, has been attempted to be imposed on the public; to prevent which, their Graces the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry have preferred a bill in the High Court of Chancery, and obtained an injunction to restrain the printing and publishing the same; and, in order to prevent the abuse which will arise to the public from such a publication, they think it incumbent on them to signify that a correct edition from the original manuscript in the hand of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, of his Lordship's life, from his birth to his banishment (and which includes the history of the Last Seven Years attempted to be imposed on the public),

haps she may curl her gray hair with her grandfather's golden periods. Another object of my wishes is, the King of Prussia's account of the Campaign, which Niphausen<sup>2</sup> talked of six weeks ago as just coming over, but it is not come: perhaps he waits for a better catastrophe.<sup>3</sup> The Twickenham Press is in labour of two or three works (not of the printer's own). One of them is an Account of Russia by a Lord Whitworth,<sup>4</sup> who, I think, was minister there from King William.

is now preparing for the press, and will soon be published, the profits of which have been appropriated by the family for a public benefaction to the University of Oxford." The Duchess was the wife of Douglas third Duke of Queensberry. Her name is preserved in the verse of Pope on Gay:

"Of all thy blameless life the sole return,  
My verse and *Queensberry* weeping o'er thy urn."

—*Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 107, n. 2.

<sup>1</sup> She was the daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, son of the famous Clarendon.

<sup>2</sup> I have no clue to this name

<sup>3</sup> See to Wharton, Aug. 31, *infra*. But Frederick had not long to wait (see to Brown, Sep. 7).

<sup>4</sup> This little work was printed at Strawberry Hill in 1758. The MS. was given by Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., who had purchased *Mr. Zolman's Library*, which related solely to *Russian History*. In the Preface, written by Walpole, some account may be found of Lord Whitworth. The title is, "Account of Russia as it was in 1710."—*Mitford*. It is "A summary account of Russia," a somewhat jejune little book, beautifully printed. The most interesting part of it to Englishmen is the account of Peter the Great's attempts to make a navy. It appears that whilst he himself was working in the Dutch and English dockyards, the nobles to whom the Czar committed the matter contracted with foreigners who supplied green timber; also the builders were incompetent. Hence results such as this. "At Casan about forty frigates, from eight to fourteen guns, which were built there, but very ill proportioned, lye rotting on the shore." On the Don there were three yards; in the first and third the chief officers were Englishmen, but in the second the Czar was master builder at a salary of 500 roubles, with Russians under him. Peter preferred Englishmen to Dutchmen; the latter had disappointed him. Under the head "Number of ships on the Don that are *finished*," the first entry is "One by his Czarish Majesty of 80 guns *decayed*."

The best thing in the volume is the short account of Whitworth in Walpole's Preface. He had been the companion in several embassies of Stepney, the envoy and minor poet, who has a place

I seem to have told you all I know, which you will think very little, but *a nihilo nil fit*. If I were to coin my whole mind into phrases they would profit you nothing, nor fill a moderate page. Compassionate my poverty, show yourself noble in giving me better than I bring, and ever believe me

Most sincerely yours,  
T. G.

I find you missed of Stonhewer by going to Sir Conyers Darcy's.<sup>1</sup> Can you tell me if he is still at Harrowgate, for I do not know how to direct to him there?

### CLXXI. *To Stonehewer.*

Cambridge, August 18, 1758.

I am as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long-debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, with equal conviction, that we are not *merely*

in Johnson's "Lives." When the Muscovite minister in London was arrested in the street for debt, Peter seems to have thought that Queen Anne could put the offenders to death if she pleased, and he threatened to wreak vengeance on the English merchants in his dominions. Whitworth was sent to explain matters, and Peter in the end proved amenable to reason. An anecdote about Whitworth Walpole relates as told him by Sir Luke Schaub, the husband of one of the heroines of the Long Story. Lord Whitworth had been acquainted with Peter's second wife, Catherine, when she was in a less reputable and dignified position. "When he had compromised the rupture between the Court of England and the Czar, he was invited to a ball at Court, and taken out to dance by the Czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, 'Have you forgot little Kate?'"

Gray should have written Queen Anne instead of King William; but he has not yet seen the book.

<sup>1</sup> See to Mason, June 20, *supra*.

such : that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit* ; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong), to that least material of all agents, a Thought. I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous ; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full license for doing whatever we please ; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been) ; their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on anybody that hurt them was nothing mitigated : in short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart ; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophist<sup>1</sup> that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves ; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a Philosopher in vogue ; I will tell you : First, he was a Lord ; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers ; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand ; 4thly, they will believe anything at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it ; 5thly,

<sup>1</sup> This was Hegesias the Cyrenaic, nicknamed from his encouragement to suicide *Peisithanatos*. Cicero ("Tusc. Disp.," I., xxxiv.) tells us that he was inhibited by one of the Ptolemies from teaching the doctrine that death takes us away from evils, not from blessings, because many destroyed themselves in consequence. He wrote, says Cicero (*l.c.*), a book called *Ἀποκατεργῶν*, wherein a man who is starving himself to death discourses, in reply to the remonstrances of his friends, on the miseries of life.

they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere ; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer,<sup>1</sup> and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons ? An interval of above forty years<sup>2</sup> has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners : Vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road has become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs and Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all ; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind,<sup>3</sup> but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked : primness and affectation of style, like the good breeding of Queen Anne's Court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

<sup>1</sup> Berkeley in the Fifth Dialogue of "Alciphron" (1732) makes excellent fun of Shaftesbury's dithyrambic style :

" ' Would you behold,' said Alciphron, ' a noble specimen of fine writing ? do but dip into this book ' : which Crito opening, read verbatim as follows :

' Where then are the pleasures which ambition promises  
And love affords ? How 's the gay world enjoyed ?  
Or are those to be esteem'd no pleasures  
Which are lost by dulness and inaction ?  
But indolence is the highest pleasure.  
To live, and not to feel ! To feel no trouble.  
What good then ? Life itself. And is  
This properly to live ? Is sleeping, life ?  
Is this what I should study to prolong ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus I contend with Fancy and opinion.

" Euphranor having heard thus far, cried out, ' What ! will you never have done with your poetry ? another time may serve : but why should we break off our conference to read a play ? ' "

" ' You are mistaken, it is no play nor poetry,' replied Alciphron, ' but a famous modern critic moralizing in prose.' "

<sup>2</sup> Shaftesbury died February 4th, 1713. The first edition of the "Characteristics" appeared in 1711, the second in 1713, soon after his death.

<sup>3</sup> Berkeley's "Alciphron" illustrates the transition : Alciphron is a disciple of Shaftesbury ; but Lysicles, the counterpart of Thrasy-machus in Plato's "Republic," is an unbeliever of a rougher type, who flouts Alciphron for conceding "the belief of a God, virtue, a future state, and such fine notions" (Dial. v., § 29).

Mason here gives "a paper of Mr. Gray's" too significant to be lost. It will illustrate Gray's description of himself (in 1761) in the "Sketch of His Own Character" (Pitt Press ed. of "Poems," xxi.)—"No very great wit, he believed in a God."

I will allow Lord Bolingbroke,<sup>1</sup> that the moral, as well as physical, attributes of God must be known to us only à posteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them: His moral attributes being as much in his nature and essence as those we call his physical; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this: His eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in

<sup>1</sup> "On the 6th of March [1754] came out Lord Bolingbroke's works, published by Mr. David Mallet. The wild and pernicious ravings, under the name of 'Philosophy,' which were thus ushered into the world, gave great offence to all well-principled men. Johnson hearing of their tendency, which nobody disputed, was roused with a just indignation, and pronounced this memorable sentence upon the noble author and his editor: 'Sir, he was a scoundrel, and a coward: a scoundrel, for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman, to draw the trigger after his death'" (Boswell's 'Johnson'). The same 6th of March Henry Pelham died, a coincidence improved, as Boswell tells us, by Garrick in the lines:

'The same sad morn, to Church and State  
(So for our sin 'twas fix'd by fate,)

A double stroke was given:  
Black as the whirlwinds of the North,  
St. John's fell genius issued forth,  
And Pelham fled to heaven.'

We may conjecture that Gray's paper was written in 1754. He and his contemporaries could scarcely have foreseen that the position that we have 'no adequate ideas of the goodness and justice of God,' would a century later be adopted—in the interests of orthodoxy (to the dismay of many orthodox persons)—in the famous Bampton Lectures of Mansel (1858). The whirligig of time does indeed bring about its revenges in this branch of philosophic speculation. Warburton (1754) himself under fire for the paradox of the Divine Legation of Moses, attacked *this* paradox, and thought that the fate of all religion was staked upon its refutation. Yet it became the leading motive of a vindication of religion more astonishing than his own.

every place, and always will, exist ; but because he gave, and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness. It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatness or power ; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent. There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those too vain ; for whither can they lead but to despair and the sad desire of annihilation ? ‘ If then, justice and goodness be not the same in God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we say that God is necessarily just and good ; and for the same reason it may as well be said that we know not what we mean when, according to Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we affirm that he is necessarily a wise and intelligent Being.’ What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says every thing shews the wisdom of God ; and yet adds, every thing does not shew in like manner the goodness of God, conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either ! By wisdom he must only mean, that God knows and employs the fittest means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be. This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelligence ; but these alone do not constitute wisdom ; the word implies the application of these fittest means to the best and kindest end : or, who will call it true wisdom ? Even amongst ourselves, it is not held as such. All the attributes then that he seems to think apparent in the constitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence ; from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if He and all things round him were produced, as some have dared to think, by the necessary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum : for what does it avail to add intelligence to those other physical attributes, unless that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but also to the good of every individual of which that whole is composed ?

It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to say that human justice and the other virtues, which are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral attributes of the supreme Being. It is only by means of that resemblance, we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works. It is by the same means only, that we comprehend those physical attributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable. How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourselves are conscious? How of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? Yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in the Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from sensation, and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts; they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organized body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time? Either, therefore, there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all. He allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we do not know; how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

In vain, then, does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaston in that fine soliloquy: "Must I then bid my last farewell to these walks when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken upon me and go out? Must I then only serve to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet? Have I been set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them in death?"<sup>1</sup> No think-

<sup>1</sup> Religion of Nature delineated, sect. 9, p. 309, quarto.—*Mason*. Norton Nicholls says, "I believe Gray liked Wollaston's 'Religion



ing head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection; or at least must feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and *other clods of earth*, are all connected in one immense design, that we are all *Dramatis Personæ*, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action: that it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; secure, that, if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such the hope on which his tranquillity was founded.<sup>1</sup>

## CLXXII. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I ought to have informed you sooner, that I had received the Ticket you were so good to buy for me, but I of Nature.'” He might well dislike Bolingbroke’s censure of it, after writing in the *Elegy* the stanzas, “For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, etc.” Wollaston (1659-1724) was an excellent clergyman, who had been an assistant-master at the Birmingham Grammar School, came in for a fortune, and devoted himself to study and to writing. The second edition of his “*Religion of Nature*” appeared in the year of his death. He was of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge; and the deist Woolston, ten years his junior, was educated at the same place.

<sup>1</sup> The reader, who would choose to see the argument, as Lord Bolingbroke puts it, will find it in the 4th volume of his “*Philosophical Works*,” Sect. 40, 41. His ridicule on Wollaston is in the 50th Section of the same volume.—*Mason*.

have been obliged to go every day to Stoke-house, where the Garricks have been all the last week. they are now gone, & I am not sorry for it, for I grow so old, that, I own, People in high spirits & gayety overpower me, & entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness, it sinks me to nothing. I do not know whether you will blame me, but I found so good an opportunity given me of entering into the quarrel between M:<sup>1</sup> and him, that I could not help seizing it, and trying to shew him the folly of hearkening to half-witted friends and tale-bearers; and the greater folly of attempting to hurt, or merely to pique, so worthy and so estimable a Man. If I did nothing else, I at least convinced him that I spoke entirely from myself; & that I had the most entire good opinion and most unalterable respect as well as kindness for M<sup>n</sup>.

I congratulate you on our successes,<sup>2</sup> & condole with

<sup>1</sup> Mason. In 1754 Garrick was on excellent terms with Mason; for he then wrote the verses "upon Mr. Mason's taking orders" wherein the Muses expostulate with Holderness, who presented him with the living of Aston. But in 1758, or before, it appears that some malicious person had reported to Garrick some ill-natured speech of Mason's. I should suppose that the letter of Jan. 3, '58 referred to this disagreement, but for the extraordinarily contemptuous terms in which Gray speaks there of the other party to the quarrel. In 1759 (May 29th) Mason wrote to Warburton, "I am as ready as Mr. Garrick can be to make up the trivial breach between us. I go to-morrow to Hampshire for a few days . . . and on my return will make it my first business to wait upon Mr. Garrick, when you may depend upon it that it shall not be my fault if our meeting be not such as you say it should be 'that of friends who never had any difference.'" This Warburton enclosed to Garrick, and I conclude that a reconciliation was effected.

<sup>2</sup> We had taken Cherbourg on the 8th of August, and brought its brass guns to the tower; but through the wretched discipline of our troops we suffered a disaster soon after near St. Maloes; a rear-guard of 1,500 men was overtaken and cut off with the loss of 1,000 killed or made prisoners. The quaker, Thomas Camming, who had persuaded himself that the thing could be achieved without bloodshed (!), induced Pitt to send an expedition against Fort Louis, on the Senegal river, and Goree; these were taken, but the latter not without fighting. In America—Pitt had recalled Loudoun; appointing Amherst, with Wolfe as his second in command. Louisbourg capitulated, and Cape Breton became ours once more. On the other hand here too there was, as Walpole says to Mann (Aug. 24, '58), a "chapter of cypresses." "The attempt at Crown-

you on our misfortunes: but do you think we draw the nearer to any happy conclusion of the war, or that we can bear so great a burden much longer. The King of Prussia's situation<sup>1</sup> embarrasses me, surrounded as he is, & reduced to the defence of his own little Marquisate.

Your Encyclopedie<sup>2</sup> is the object of my envy. I am reduced to French plays and novels, Willis's Mitred Abbies, and the History of Norfolk\* in 3 volumes folio. these latter Authors have, I think, the most wit, tho' the others know rather more of the World.

I wish the air of Hampstead were not so necessary to you all, but am glad you always know where to find health, & that she lives so near you. I continue better than has been usual for me in the summer, tho' I neither walk, nor take anything: 'tis in mind only, that I am weary and disagreeable. M<sup>rs</sup> R:<sup>3</sup> is declining every day, her stomach gone, very weak, sometimes giddy, and subject to disorders in her bowels: yet I do not apprehend any immediate danger, but believe she will be reduced to keep her bed entirely.

My best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. Pray let me hear from you as often as you are in a humour for writing,

point has failed; Lord Howe [elder brother of the admiral] was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterwards, by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at 'Ticonderoga." Here it was that the brilliant Montcalm (Wolfe's antagonist at Quebec next year) repulsed our attack with a loss to the British troops and the American militia of 2,000 killed and wounded.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick had been compelled (July 2nd) to raise the siege of Olmutz (in Moravia) through the destruction by the Austrians, at the Pass of Donstádtl of an important convoy on which he was depending; the Russians were pouring into his dominions, the Cossacks committing fearful atrocities; it is literally true that he returned to the defence of his "own little Marquisate" of Brandenburg; on the 15th of August the Russians had burnt the town of Cüstrin, fifty-one miles from Berlin. At the date of Gray's letter Frederick, arriving with his army at Frankfort-on-the-Oder on the 20th, had defeated the Russians under Fermor at Zorndorf (a little to the north-west of Cüstrin) on the 25th. This Gray did not yet know.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 344, n. 3; *ib.* p. 353, nn. 4, 5. Wharton I suppose has procured more volumes than Gray.

<sup>3</sup> Rogers, his aunt at Stoke. See to Wharton, Sept. 16, *infra*.

tho' from hence I can requite your kindness with so little to amuse you. I am ever truly

Yours  
TG:

Stoke. August 31. 1758.

### CLXXIII. *To William Palgrave.*<sup>1</sup>

Stoke, September 6, 1758.

I do not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, or precipice<sup>2</sup> near me to send you; they do not

<sup>1</sup> "Old Pa" as he is called in the next letter. Yet, if Mitford's dates are correct he was at this time only about twenty-three years of age, for Mitford says, "he died suddenly at Brighthelmstone, Nov. 5, 1799, aged sixty-four years." He tells us also that Palgrave became LL.B. in 1760. Therefore, if he had taken no other degree, he was at this time an undergraduate. Mr. Gosse says that he was a "fellow of Pembroke College"—in *this* particular he is not confirmed by Mitford. I hazard the guess that he was a fellow-commoner. Mitford says that he was Rector of Thrandeston *forty* years. If so, he was ordained and appointed to the living even before he took his degree—a thing quite possible in that age—but scarcely compatible with his election to a fellowship. The fact of his youth, coupled with the familiar epithet which Gray bestows on him, is of some significance. It confirms the impression which we get from the poet's friendship with Norton Nicholls and Bonstetten. It shows that he readily formed that half-brotherly, half-paternal relation with his juniors, which is a great grace in older men, and that if he was at feud with the young "bucks" on his staircase at Peterhouse, it was only because they were a fast and rowdy set. Gray was interested in enlisting more "boys" for Pembroke even before he migrated thither; I think he helped to secure Lord Strathmore for that college (see vol. i., p. 258 and n.); the brother of Lord Strathmore entered it at the time Gray went to live there (*ib.*, p. 327, n. 3); and this young-old "Pa," as may be inferred from the date of his degree, perhaps a little later still. I believe that the name and presence of Gray, and even the reputation and more busy influence of Mason gave prestige to the college and helped to revive the drooping fortunes of that "*domus antiqua et religiosa*" as Queen Elizabeth called it. When Chatham, himself Oxford-bred, made choice of a

<sup>2</sup> Palgrave was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was sent him.—*Mason*.

grow in the South: but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints<sup>1</sup> and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a basin of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the meantime I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the *savage*, the *rude*, and the *tremendous*. Pray, tell me, is it anything like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind

college for his gifted son, he sent him to Pembroke, Cambridge, two years after Gray's death there.

Seven years after Palgrave's appointment to Thrandeston, he became Rector of Palgrave also. "He is buried in Palgrave church in the chancel, within the altar-rail; a flat stone covers his grave. The rectory house is much altered since Palgrave's time. The garden was said to be laid out by Mason, and a sequestered alcove still remains, bearing the name of 'The Poet's Corner.' My late friend the Rev. William Alderson was the last survivor of those who personally remembered Mr. Palgrave. He used to meet him during his visits at Aston, and described him as a person of small stature, neat in his appearance, agreeable and clever in conversation, and a very pleasant companion. He was much esteemed by his parishioners at Palgrave, charitable to the poor, and performed with care the duties of his parish. A little singularity was given to his figure by his head being drawn aside towards the shoulder, which was the occasion of a ludicrous circumstance still remembered in his parish happening to him from a fall when hunting." [Why does not M. tell us what this was? but we can guess.] "Mr. Alderson mentioned to the writer of this note one or two specimens of his quick and lively repartees, but these *ἑτα πτερόεντα*,—'the winged messengers from mind to mind,'—lose their graces when fixed on paper. Mr. Palgrave's elder brother assumed the name of Sayer, and married Miss Tyrrell of Gipping, afterwards Lady Mary Haselrigge. To his younger brother the Rev. William Palgrave, who is the subject of this note, it is said Mr. Lawson of Boroughbridge is indebted for a small but valuable collection of antiquities collected during Mr. Palgrave's travels in Italy with his friend Mr. Weddell of Newby (who at that time made the collection of statues now belonging to Lord de Grey). Mr. Lawson has also Mr. Palgrave's *journal*, undertaken by Gray's advice. See Gray's Letter to Mr. Palgrave on his Tour" [March, 1765].—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> For this ridicule of the fashionable taste, cf. vol. i., p. 326, n. 2.

has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted everything to memory,<sup>1</sup> which is ten times worse than a lead pencil: half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cartload of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our minds, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to anybody, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination. God forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality), is it so much warmer on the other side of the Swale<sup>2</sup> (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton! Did the vast old oaks and thick groves of Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my enquiries beyond Berwick. Everything, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melross, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Advice repeated in Latin, March, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> A tributary of the Yorkshire Ouse. The reference is to the local patriotism of the north countrymen at Cambridge. Rainton is in the parish of Houghton-le-Spring (co. Durham) of which Stonehewer's father was Rector; in "the thick groves of Northumberland" there is an allusion to the estates of the Delavals. See vol. i., p. 217, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> These names are particularized because Gray has been reading about *Abbeys* (to Wharton, Aug. 31, *supra*). Of Arbroath (Aberbrothock) the last Abbot was Cardinal Beaton, slain in the Castle of S. Andrews, 1546. It was not till 1764 that Gray visited Scotland; I should have written 1765 but for the notes of a journey from Rose Castle in Cumberland, the Bp. of Ca lisle's, dated Aug., 1764 ("Gray and His Friends," p. 260). Of this journey we have

In short, your Port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

CLXXIV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

September 7, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

It is always time to write (whether Louisbourg be taken<sup>1</sup> or not), and I am always alike glad to hear from

no other record; and (if the date is right, as transcribed by me from Mitford's copy) it was undertaken hurriedly and executed with remarkable rapidity for those days. On July 10th, Gray writing to Wharton from Cambridge, says that he cannot well afford a visit to Old-Park (Durham) that summer; yet in August he was at Rose Castle, and in the first part of October was at Southampton, after visiting many places in the southern parts of Scotland. If we remember the bad roads of the north (see vol. i., p. 234) the record is one of considerable energy. Moreover it appears that just before July 10th Gray had undergone an operation. From this journal here are extracts *à propos*:

"Rossion (*sic*) in a lovely valley. Ruins of a Castle. The famous Chappel built in 1440. Not far off is Hawthornden remarkable for its caverns & romantic situation.

"Melross (or Meurs) a small town with a great linnen manufacture on the R: Tweed. Noble ruins—of the Abbey-Church built about our Edw: 2<sup>d</sup>'s time, and exquisitely adorn'd. Colony of Masons still dwelling there."

No visit to Arbroath till 1765, when (September 8th) Gray tells Beattie that he has just returned thence to Glamis Castle.

<sup>1</sup> This is only a *façon de parler*: Gray must have known, since Walpole knew on August 24th. "*Louisburg* (North America) *July 8th*. Landing of General Amherst's people at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead: in one of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks;—so that 'many of the boats were broken;' and Wolfe and people 'had to leap out, breast-deep,' and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very intricate circumstances! which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As were all the subsequent siege operations, on land and on water, by

you. I am glad however to repay you with "the King of Prussia:" there is a man for you at a dead lift, that has beat and baffled his three most powerful enemies,<sup>1</sup> who had swallowed him up in idea: not that I look upon this last exploit, however seasonable, as his most heroic exploit: I suppose it was only butchering<sup>2</sup> a great flock of slaves and savages,<sup>3</sup> a conquest that, but for the necessity of it, he would have disdained. What use our little supply is

them and the others:—till (August 8th) the siege ended;—in complete surrender" (Carlyle, "Frederick the Great," bk. xviii., chap. xii.).

<sup>1</sup> At the battle of Zorndorf (see to Wharton, Aug. 31, p. 48, n. 1). Frederick had defeated the Russians; though compelled to raise the siege of Olmutz, he had completely baffled Daun and the Austrians as to the line of his retreat (to his own "marquisate" to fight this battle); Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his brother-in-law, had defeated the French under Clermont at Crefeld (June 23rd) on the French side of the Rhine; Prince Henri, his brother, kept the Austrians in check in Saxony.

<sup>2</sup> The Prussians were exasperated at the ravages of the Cossacks. Take this incident in "the struggle between Theseus and the Minotaur—the bloodiest battle of the Seven Years War," as Carlyle calls it. "Three of these grass-devil battalions" [a name Frederick bestowed on his own ragged veterans] "were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture in it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. 'No quarter!'—'Well, then, none'" ("Frederick the Great," bk. xviii., chap. xiii.).

<sup>3</sup> A true description of the Cossacks—but, as Gray could have gathered, I think, even from Whitworth's "Account of Russia" (see p. 39, n. 4, *supra*), the main body of a Russian army at this date could lay some claim to the title of disciplined troops. There was improvement even between Narva (1700) and Pultova (1709), and before the death of Peter the Great he may be said to have given Russia something better than a disorderly militia.

Yet Frederick himself underrated the enemy before this battle. "He greatly despises Russian soldiery; 'Pooh, pooh,' he would answer, if Keith from experience said, 'Your Majesty does not do it justice'—and Keith has been known to hint, 'If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion.'" So Carlyle writes, *l.c.*, and adds, at the end of the story, "must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians when he next comes to speak with Keith." Nor were their disposition and strategy at Kunersdorf (Frederick's Pultova) next year, 1759, at all those of an undisciplined army.



like to be of in Germany I cannot say. I only know that my Lord Granby, with his horse, had a bridge which broke under them, and that he (the Marquess) was sore bruised and laid up; but I think the Electorate may be saved for all this.

Old Pa.<sup>1</sup> wrote to me from Scarborough three weeks ago; he had seen more in his journey than ever he saw before in his life, and was to see twice as much more in his way to Glamis.<sup>2</sup> He is become acquainted with rocks and precipices, and despises the tameness and insipidity of all we call fine in the South. Mr. Pitt<sup>3</sup> and he did not propose being at Glamis till the end of August.

If I had been at the great gambling dinner, I should have desired somebody would help me to a collop of the other great turtle, though I believe it is vile meat. You tell me nothing about the good family at Ripton,<sup>4</sup> that were to come together from all quarters and be so happy this summer; has any ill chance hindered their meeting, or have you not paid them a visit this vacation? It is an infinite while since I heard from Mason; I know no more of him than you do; but I hope *Caractacus* will profit of our losses; if pleasure or application take up his thoughts I am half content.

My health I cannot complain of, but as to my spirits they are always many degrees below changeable, and I seem to myself to inspire everything around me with *ennui* and dejection; but some time or other all these things must come to a conclusion, till which day I shall remain very sincerely yours,

T. G.

Commend me to any that enquire after me, particularly Mr. Talbot.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See notes on preceding letter. Gray, we are told, pronounced his name *Pgrave*, hence Old *Pa*.

<sup>2</sup> The seat of Lord Strathmore, of which we shall read more in 1765. See vol. i., p. 258, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Nephew of "the Great Commoner." See vol. i., p. 258, n. 2; *ib.*, p. 365 and n. 4.

<sup>4</sup> The Bonfoys of Abbot's Ripton in Huntingdonshire. See vol. i., p. 281, nn. 3 and 4.

<sup>5</sup> He is mentioned among those Cambridge acquaintances to

CLXXV. *To V*

Sept: 16 1758.

DEAR DOCTOR

Having been for a considerable time without any news of you, I have taken it into my head, that you are ill, or that M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton is so. you will not wonder, if I grow a little superstitious, when you know, that I have not been a step out of the house<sup>1</sup> for this fortnight or more past, for M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers has been at the point of death with a disorder in her stomach, accompanied with continual and laborious reachings, & a total loss of appetite, that has reduced her to the weakness of an infant, I mean, her body, tho' her senses are still perfect, & (what I think remarkable) she has recovered the use of her speech (which for several years had been hardly intelligible), & pronounces almost as plain, as ever she did. she is now, for three days past, such is the strength of her constitution, in a way of recovery: medicine has had nothing to do in it, for she will take nothing prescribed her. when I say recovery, I do not mean, that she will ever recover her strength again, but, I think, she may live a good while in this helpless state; however it is very precarious, and D<sup>r</sup> Hayes<sup>2</sup> believes her quite worn out. I certainly do not put on (to you) more tenderness, than I really feel on this occasion, but the approaches of death are always a melancholy object, & common humanity must suffer something from such a spectacle.

It is an age since I heard anything from Mason. if I do not mistake, this should be his month of waiting, unless he has exchanged his turn with somebody: if he be in town, you must probably have heard of him, & can give me some intelligence. My old new acquaintance Lady

whom Gray, through Brown, sent copies of the two Odes, July 25, '57; Gray (to Brown, July, 1760) jocularly affirms that Talbot helped to bring about "Billy Robinson's" marriage. Mitford, on letter to Brown (Oct. 13, '64) says he was a Fellow of Pembroke.

<sup>1</sup> At Stoke.

<sup>2</sup> The practitioner at Stoke. Gray seems to have had imperfect confidence in him, since he submitted his prescriptions to Wharton's criticism, Aug. 21, 1755 (vol. i., p. 271).

Denbigh<sup>1</sup> is here at Stokehouse; but I do not believe, I shall be able to get out, or have any opportunity of seeing her, while she stays.

If my fancies (which I hope in God are mere fancies) should prove true, I hope you will let somebody tell me, how you do. if not, I shall beg you to tell me yourself, as soon as possible, & set my understanding to rights. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am ever Most sincerely Yours,

TG:

To  
Dr Thomas Wharton M:D: in  
Southampton-Row, Bloomsbury  
London

CLXXVI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

October 28, 1758.

DEAR SIR—

You will not imagine me the less grateful for the long letter you were so good to write me some time since, because I have omitted to answer it, especially if you know what has since happened. Mrs. Rogers died in the end of September; and what with going to town to prove her will and other necessary things, what with returning back hither<sup>2</sup> to pay debts, make inventories, and other such delightful amusements, I have really been almost wholly taken up. I might perhaps make a merit even of writing now, if you could form a just idea of my situation, being joint executor with another aunt,<sup>3</sup> who is of a mixed breed between — and the Dragon of Wantley.<sup>4</sup> So much for

<sup>1</sup> Gray means, I think, that he had been acquainted with this lady before her recent marriage and change of style. She was married on April 12th, 1757, to the 6th Earl of Denbigh. She was a descendant of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, the famous antiquary so badly treated by James I. and Charles I.). It was her father, I believe, the great-grandson of Sir Robert, who in 1700 (the year in which he came of age) gave the Cottonian library to the nation, and in 1757 this collection, after several vicissitudes, was transferred to the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> To Stoke.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Oliffe, joint executor with Gray.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> The burlesque ballad from which Gray draws this compliment

her. I next proceed to tell you that I saw Mason in town, who stayed there a day on my account, and then set out (not in a huff) with a laudable resolution to pass his winter at Aston, and save a curate.<sup>1</sup> My Lord<sup>2</sup> has said something to him, which I am glad of, that looked like an excuse for his own dilatoriness in preferring him; but this is a secret. He told me had seen you, and that you were well. Dr. Wharton continues dispirited, but a little better than he was. The first act of *Caractacus* is just arrived here, but I have not read it over.

I am very disagreeable; but who can help that? Adieu, my best Mr. Brown; I am ever yours,

T. G.

I shall hardly be at Cambridge before Christmas. I recollect that it is very possible you may have paid my

he knew from the "Collection of Historical Ballads," in 3 vols., 1727.

"All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,

Some say he ate up trees,

And that the forests sure he would

Devour up by degrees:

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;

He ate all, and left none behind,

But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,

Which on the hills you will find."

"More of More Hall" is the St. George to this omnivorous monster, whose den was "in Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham." The place was in fact Warncliffe (locally pronounced *Wantley*) Lodge, the seat of the Wortleys—to which family belonged the mother of Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of the famous Lady Mary. The ballad is said to be a parable of a lawsuit early in the seventeenth century on a question of tithe; the Wortleys of that day trying to exact it in kind, and the tithe-payers contending for a modus. "More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit." In 1727, or thereabouts, the scene of the song was explained to a visitor. "Here lay the dragon killed by Moor of Moor Hall: here lay his head: here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on the hill are those he could not crack: and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor Hall," etc. etc. (Partly from Percy's notes, "Reliques," vol. iii., bk. iii. 13.)

<sup>1</sup> I presume that he did so; for there appears a vacancy in the curacy between Mr. Delap's leaving Aston and Mr. Wood coming in 1759, by the Aston Register.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Holderness.—*Mitford*.

bills; if so, pray inform me what they amount to, that I may send the money when I get to London, or sooner, if you please.

### CLXXVII. *To Wharton.*

Nov: 1758. Stoke.

DEAR DOCTOR

My judgement is, that if your picture possess but any one of the beauties you see & describe in it, it must certainly be worth eight or ten times as much as you gave for it. I only wonder, you should forget to say by what lucky chance you came by it. Old *Frank*<sup>1</sup> was a Dutch master of some note: the history of that school I am very little acquainted with, but if I am not mistaken, there was lately published a French account of their lives in two or more volumes, 4<sup>to</sup>, w<sup>ch</sup> I have seen at Nourse's,<sup>2</sup> in w<sup>ch</sup> you may meet with better information.

I am agreeably employed here in dividing *nothing* with an old *Harridan*,<sup>3</sup> who is the Spawn of Cerberus & the

<sup>1</sup> There were eleven painters of the name Francken [Frank or Frank] working off and on at Antwerp in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The difficulty in distinguishing them is increased by the fact that they were all of the same style and tradition in their art. How many of them were of the same family is uncertain. One family emerges, that of Nicholas of Herenthals, not himself famous, who died at Antwerp in 1596. His three sons, Jerome, Franz, and Ambrose, achieved reputation. It is this Franz, a pupil of Floris, who was the first "Old Frank." He called himself so in 1597 on the picture of Christ on the road to Golgotha, now at Dresden, signed "D. o (Den ouden) F. Franck." This was to distinguish his work from that of his son, also Franz Francken. But this Franz in his turn became "Old Frank" in distinction from his son; and that son, once more, signs "D. o. Franck" on his Moses striking the Rock, dated 1654, in the Augsburg Gallery. So that there are three Old Franks to exercise *connoisseurs*. Wharton perhaps thinks he has bought an "Old Frank"; but I find that "Launcelot Temple" speaks of "the fierce glaring colours of Old *Frank*," and Wharton's question may be prompted by this passage.

<sup>2</sup> Either the rooms of Nourse of Cambridge, mentioned to Brown (vol. i., p. 341), or a bookseller's; the latter, I think.

<sup>3</sup> Italicised by Gray—a word therefore not in familiar use. Pope writes:

Dragon of Wantley. When I shall get to town I cannot divine, but doubtless it will be between this and Christmas. you were so good to offer me house-room for some of my lumber: I am therefore packing up certain boxes & baskets, which I believe you will be troubled with, but I beg M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton to consider well first, whether it will be inconvenient to her. if she assures me, it will not, I shall inform you shortly of their shapes and numbers. at present it seems to me, that there will be 3 or 4 large boxes; & five baskets of china: the rest Madam Foster<sup>1</sup> shall accommodate.

Ah, poor King of Prussia!<sup>2</sup> what will become of him?

“With borrow’d pins, and patches not her own,  
But just endur’d the winter she began,  
And in four months a batter’d *harridan*.”

*Macer, a Character.*

It is “*haridelle*,” which Cotgrave defines as “a poor tit, or lean ill-favoured jade.”

From Gray’s will it appears that Mrs. Oliffe was living at Cambridge in 1770, as was Mary Antrobus, his second (?) cousin (see Appendix VII, vol. iii). To Mary Antrobus he leaves the property in Cornhill, let at a rental of £65, on condition that out of it she pays “Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of twenty pounds per annum during her natural life.” Perhaps it was fear of the contentious spirit of Mrs. Oliffe that dictated the *proviso* towards the end of the will,—“And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons,” etc.

<sup>1</sup> So Gray spells here. This is his cousin, Mrs. Forster (formerly Pattinson), who had arrived in England from India in 1751, vol. i., p. 215 and n.). At some time after the date of this letter there had sprung up a difference between the cousins, which was reconciled in 1768 (see to Wharton, Aug. 1 of that year). Mrs. Forster was the widow of John Forster, sometime governor of Fort William, Bengal. Her only child was a daughter, oddly named John-Anna, who in 1757 married Sir Harry Goring. The “boy,” born in 1768 (see to Wharton, *l.c.*), was Charles-Forster Goring, who succeeded Sir Harry in 1824. To his mother (John-Anna) Gray left a legacy, with the words: “I give to Anna, Lady Goring, my second cousin by the father’s side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white japan jars.” This legacy she enjoyed only three years—she died in 1774.

<sup>2</sup> While Frederick was busy with the Russians, Daun had

I am told here, that matters are much worse, than is yet avowed. I also hear that seven Generals have refused the command, w<sup>ch</sup> Hopson<sup>1</sup> is now gone with, who has been before censured for ill-conduct, & is besides so infirm, that he will not live the voyage. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, I am ever

Yours  
TG: <sup>2</sup>

pushed into Saxony. Thither Frederick moved, after Zorndorf; and his presence in support of Prince Henri brought about a deadlock, Daun entrenching himself at Stolpen near Pirna, in Fabian inaction; whilst, away in Silesia, the Austrians were blockading Neisse. Frederick therefore marched with the intention first of cutting off Daun's "breadbasket," as Carlyle calls it, at Zittan, and secondly of relieving Neisse. But Daun was this time beforehand with him; and posted himself so as to block the Zittau road. Daun was in a commanding position; but Frederick despised him too much to retreat; and in spite of the remonstrances of his generals, actually pitched his camp in a trap—a kind of Ladysmith—under the enemy's fire. Hochkirch was indeed on a hill—but it was dominated by hills yet higher, wooded, and occupied by Daun, who deceived Frederick as to his intentions, making him believe that he was only securing himself as usual; while he planned and executed (14th October, '58) a night surprise, the battle of Hochkirch, in which Frederick lost "101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture, and above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 officers either dead or captive." His trusty Marshal Keith died shot through the heart. The courage and energy of Frederick and his troops after this reverse were as remarkable as the remissness of Daun in turning it to so little advantage (see Carlyle's "Frederick," bk. xviii., chap. xiv.). A heavier calamity to Frederick was the death of his beloved sister, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, on the very day of this battle.

<sup>1</sup> Major-General Hopson was appointed to the command of an expedition against Martinique, which sailed on the 12th of November, 1758. The attack on this Island failed, and the armament directed its course to Guadaloupe, where General Hopson died.—*Mitford*. Walpole calls him Hobson.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is stamped Nov. 10, and addressed: "To Dr Wharton, M:D: in Southampton-Row, Bloomsbury, London."

CLXXVIII. *To Mason.*

Stoke, November 9, 1758.

DEAR MASON—

I should have told you that *Caradoc* came safe to hand,<sup>1</sup> but my critical faculties have been so taken up in dividing nothing with “The Dragon of Wantley’s Dam,” that they are not yet composed enough for a better and more tranquil employment; shortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to send this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuscripts by the post. While I am writing, your second packet<sup>2</sup> is just arrived. I can only tell you in gross that there seem to me certain passages altered, which might as well have been let alone; and that I shall not be easily reconciled to Mador’s own song.<sup>3</sup> I must not have my fancy raised to that agreeable pitch of heathenism and wild magical enthusiasm, and then have you let me drop into moral philosophy and cold good sense. I remember you insulted me when I saw you last, and affected to call that which delighted my imagination nonsense. Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in. If you should lead me into a superb Gothic

<sup>1</sup> A second manuscript of “*Caractacus*,” with the Odes inserted.—*Mason*. Had I made use of this note in time, it would have saved me some perplexity, and helped me to set in the proper places much that Mitford left in confusion.

<sup>2</sup> Mason’s note must therefore refer to both packets. The first, as we see from the preceding letter to Brown, contained the first act, the second practically completed “*Caractacus*,” with the exception of the ode, “Hark, heard ye not yon footsteps dread.”

<sup>3</sup> He means here the second ode, which was afterwards greatly altered.—*Mason*, who would have us suppose that Gray refers to “Hail, thou harp,” etc., which Mador sings in a *solo* introduced by the words:

“Mador, thou  
Alone shalt lift thy voice,” etc.

But see vol. i., p. 323, where misled by Mitford, I have placed Gray’s criticisms. It thence appears quite clearly that Mason was projecting a philosophic song for Mador—and that Gray is deprecating this.



building with a thousand clustered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue saints, that had neither head nor tail, and I should find the Venus of Medici in person perked up in a long niche over the high altar, as naked as ever she was born, do you think it would raise or damp my devotions? I say that Mador must be entirely a Briton, and that his pre-eminence among his companions must be shewn by superior wildness, more barbaric fancy, and a more striking and deeper harmony, both of words and numbers. If British antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, so much the clearer must the expression be, and so much the stronger and richer the imagery—there's for you now.<sup>1</sup>

I am sorry to hear you complain of your eyes. Have a care of candle-light, and rather play at hot-cockles with the children than either read or write. Adieu! I am truly and ever yours,

T. G.

### CLXXIX. *Mason to Gray.*

1758.<sup>2</sup>

DEAR MR. GRAY,

I received your *last*, but, as I had before sent you my second Ode, I was in hopes to have heard again, with your particular remarks on that. Observe, the second stanza, that is, the first antistrophe, I intend to alter on account of the sameness of imagery with one in *Melancholy*; <sup>3</sup> but I hope the rest will stand, some words ex-

<sup>1</sup> The fourth ode was afterwards new written.—*Mason*. This means that for the “philosophic” ode—which Gray likens to the “Venus of Medici in a Gothic building”—was substituted, “Hark, heard ye not yon footstep dread?” etc. It is probable that in a lost letter Mason had sketched to Gray the plan of the discarded ode—never, I conjecture, completed.

<sup>2</sup> In the latter part of November of this year.

<sup>3</sup> I think he means “*Il Penseroso*.” Yet I see nothing in the first antistrophe of “Hail, thou harp,” which reminds one of Milton’s poem, and *Mason’s alteration*, we shall see, he cancelled. Perhaps the lines :

cepted. I will attempt a new Mador's song<sup>1</sup> to please you, but, in my own mind, I would not have him sing there at all on account of the *tout ensemble*,<sup>2</sup> for he sings all the second Ode,<sup>3</sup> and also all the fourth, so I am afraid he will be hoarse. I like the idea of my fourth Ode much, and the preparation to it. It is the speech of an Armed Death<sup>4</sup> to the Britons, whom Mador is supposed to see and hear just at the onset of the battle. Thus—

## CHORUS.

“ ——— but why is this?  
Why doth our brother Mador snatch his harp  
From yonder bough? why this way bend his steps?

## CARACTACUS.

“ He looks entranced.<sup>5</sup> The fillet bursts that bound  
His liberal locks; his snowy vestments fall  
In ample folds, and all his floating form  
Doth seem to glisten with divinity.  
Yet is he speechless. Say, thou chief of bards,  
What is there in this airy vacancy  
That thou, with fiery and irregular glance,

“ While from the north the sullen gale  
With hollow whistlings shook the vale,”

bore, as they originally stood, a closer resemblance to Milton's:

“ While rocking winds are piping loud.”

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., pp. 322, 323 [where *dele* in note the words, “the ode *already* criticized by Gray.” It *seems* to have been so, but as is now clear to me, these criticisms were misplaced by Mitford].

<sup>2</sup> To this Gray refers, vol. i., p. 316: “You will say I have no notion of *tout-ensembles* if I do not tell you that I like the scheme of this ode at least as well as the execution.”

<sup>3</sup> [Therefore this did not exactly take the place of the “philosophic” song; that was to have come in earlier, if at all, close upon the ode, “Mona on Snowdon calls.” It is disposed of for ever by Gray's suggestion (vol. i., p. 323) that “the Chorus may break off and do very well without a word more.” (See n. *ad loc.*)]

<sup>4</sup> This image survives from the discarded ode which Mason and Gray discussed in January of this year.

<sup>5</sup> Now “He is entranced.” I suspect that the change was due to Gray; that he objected to “looks” in the sense of “seems” appears from the letter of January 13th of this year, where he makes Mason alter “It *looks* at best but skin” in the lines to Jolliffe.

Should scan thus wildly? wherefore heaves thy breast?  
Why starts—

## ODE.

“Hark! heard ye not yon footsteps dread,  
That shook the earth with thundering tread?  
’Twas Death; in haste  
The warrior pass’d;  
High tower’d his helmed head,  
I mark’d his mail, I mark’d his shield;  
I spy’d the sparkling of his spear,  
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;  
Courage was in his van and Conquest in his rear.”<sup>1</sup>

And so it goes on, but without a word of Odin and Walhalla;<sup>2</sup> yet the general Celtic principle of the happiness of dying in battle is touched upon, which, I hope, is not in itself too Scaldic.

I send you with this another packet, and I have another ready to follow it. Then I get to my third Ode,<sup>3</sup> and, when that is done, I shall have little more than transcription. When you have all the MS. I would have you keep it till I write about sending it to Mr. Hurd; probably we may contrive it without posting. Do excuse all this Caractacation. I am seriously desirous of getting quit of him, and therefore must trouble you till I do.

Mr. Brown has writ me a long letter about keeping my Divinity Act,<sup>4</sup> which, he says, I must do next March. Do you say so too? If you do I will incontinently drown myself; till when,

I remain, sincerely yours,  
W. MASON.

My eyes, by blistering, are well again.

<sup>1</sup> A line for which Mason substituted “Wide wav’d the bick’ring blade, and fir’d the angry air”—in consequence of Gray’s censure (Jan. 18, ’59).

<sup>2</sup> Mason was for introducing (January, 1758) these details of the *Norse* mythology into the discarded ode.

<sup>3</sup> That which begins:

“Thou Spirit pure, that spread’st unseen  
Thy pinions o’er this pond’rous sphere.”

<sup>4</sup> For his degree of Bachelor of Divinity, a necessary step to D.D. in his case, and, I think, to the retention of his fellowship. The Act consisted at this time of a thesis in Latin on some subject set by the Regius Professor of Divinity; to which the Professor

CLXXX. *To Mason.*[Dec. 1 or 2, 1758.<sup>1</sup>

. . . And now I rejoice with you in the recovery of your eyes; pray learn their value, and be sparing of them.<sup>2</sup> I shall leave this place in about a fortnight, and within that time hope to despatch you a packet with my criticalities entire. I send this bit first, because you desire it. Dr. Wharton<sup>3</sup> is in great hopes that Mr. Hurd will not treat Dr. Akenside so hardly as he intended, and desires you would tell him so. As<sup>4</sup> his request is founded on mere humanity (for he pretends no friendship, and has but a slight acquaintance with the doctor), I present it to you, and wish you would acquaint Mr. Hurd with it, the sooner the better.

I am well and stupid, but ever unalterably yours

T. G:

I do not understand if Fraser is recovered: I wish he was. Do you know any thing of Stonhewer?

brought forward objections which the candidate had to answer; the torture was to last at least an hour.

<sup>1</sup> [I reprint this here for the sake of clearness. That this is the right place and approximately the right date for it, I am convinced. Lacking the leisure to take a complete *conspectus* of my task, I am liable to discover a little too late the errors of my predecessors when they misdate beyond reasonable limits. Happier editors will perhaps take note that with this went probably the criticisms on the second ode of Caractacus, "Hail thou harp," etc. from "Whom Camber bore," vol. i., p. 314, to "Dr. Long will tell you," *ib.*, p. 316; that since on p. 316 the note on ii. 2 comes after that on ii. 3, while in a *second* note on ii. 3, *ib.*, Gray says, "I told you of the swart star *before*," *i.e.*, in a previous dispatch, the inference is that all from the words "These are my favourite stanzas" to "execution" (p. 316) was sent later.]

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 317, n. 1, and to Mason, Nov. 9, '58, *ad fin.*; also Mason to Gray, Nov. '58, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 317, n. 2. But the forthcoming book was not the "Dissertations"—an error due to the misplacing of this letter by Mitford. It was, as will be seen, the "Moral and Political Dialogues" (1759).

<sup>4</sup> [So Gray, I am sure, meant it. Through not noticing his habit of beginning a sentence without capitals, Mitford has punctuated this part of the letter wrongly.]

CLXXXI. *To Wharton.*<sup>1</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

You are so hospitable in your offers, that my Cargo is preparing to set out on Monday next, and will (I imagine) present itself at your door on Tuesday or Wednesday next: it comes by water,<sup>2</sup> and the Man undertakes the whole together, so that I need not trouble any one to send to the wharf about them, I have divided this incumbrance between yourself and M<sup>rs</sup> Forster, yet am afraid you will find your share of it more than enough. it consists of

1. A Chest cover'd with leather & bound with iron. N<sup>o</sup> 1. full of Bed and Table Linnen.
2. A large wainscot Box with iron handles, N<sup>o</sup> 2. full of the same, & other furniture.
3. A long deal Box, N<sup>o</sup> 3. of the same.
- 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Five large Baskets, of China. N<sup>o</sup> 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
9. A wainscot Chest of Drawers, matted up. N<sup>o</sup> 10. with table-linnen, covers for chairs, curtains, and some little Plate.
10. A middling deal-box, of sheets, quilts, &c: N<sup>o</sup> 13.
11. A square India-Cabinet, of odd nameless things. N<sup>o</sup> 16.

The numbers you see at the end (which are also inscribed on the parcels) relate to the whole & not to your part of them, therefore you need not take any notice of them. As to the danger of fire, nothing can be more combustible than the China-baskets, being of wicker and pack'd full of Tow, Paper, Shavings, and Hay: wherever they are disposed, I should hope nobody would come with a candle. If the matted things fright you on the same account, the coverings may be taken off, and laid by in some dry place.

<sup>1</sup> The first part of this letter was omitted by Mitford, as containing only particulars of furniture, etc.; it was first printed by Mr. Gosse. I have reproduced Gray's spelling, etc. His nervous dread of fire is manifest in it; as in a letter of similar detail, Oct. 22, '61, first published by Mr. Gosse in the "Athenæum."

<sup>2</sup> From Stoke to London, mainly by the Thames. It is part of the "nothing" which he has been dividing with the Dragon of Wantley's Dam. His care in small economic matters is a characteristic which he shares with men of greater genius, Shakespeare and Goethe. What did *he* want with "the old Portmanteau, with servants linnen"? Perhaps he rescued it from the old cormorant to give it to Mary Antrobus. See note on p. 39.

I like mightily your proposal of insuring; but I thought, they would not do it for China, Glasses, or Linnen. The value (including M<sup>rs</sup> Forster's parcels) I should set at about 250£. I could not perhaps sell the contents for so much, but it is certain, that I could never buy them for that money. If it could be done immediately, I should be glad (supposing it be not any great trouble) tho' in about ten days I shall be in Town myself. Will you let your Servant enquire, if my old lodgings<sup>1</sup> will be vacant at that time?

It may be necessary to add a list of the remaining parcels, supposing you should think it right to insure all together. At M<sup>rs</sup> Forster's:

1. An old leather Trunk nail'd, N<sup>o</sup> 4, with Beds, Quilts, & table-linnen, etc.
2. A Hand-basket, with a Kettle, Pewter, and kitchen utensils. No. 11.
3. An old Portmanteau, with servant's linnen, &c: N<sup>o</sup> 12.
4. A Walnut-tree Escritoire, upper half, with quilting, a bed, toilettes, & some china. matted, N<sup>o</sup> 14.
5. Lower Part of y<sup>e</sup> same, with Cushions, Curtains, Blankets, & a few Books, N<sup>o</sup> 15.
6. Large Deal-Case with Looking-Glasses, Pictures, &c: N<sup>o</sup> 19.
- 7, 8, 9, 10. Six chairs, and a Settee—matted—No. XX, 1; 2; 3; and 4.
11. A deal Chest of Books N<sup>o</sup> 21.

there are some other trifles, but this all worth mention.

I am glad you are master of a *Pietá*.<sup>2</sup> I could have said *Pietá* myself, if I had not left off being a Coxcomb or a Connoisseur. Palma (that is the *old* one)<sup>3</sup> was a good colorist, like most of y<sup>e</sup> Venetians, but remarkable for bad drawing, particularly of hands and arms. What you say

<sup>1</sup> Probably in Gloucester Street. See p. 32 and n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> A *Pietá* is a picture of the Entombment of our Lord. From what follows I should conjecture that Wharton believes he has acquired a picture of Palma on this subject, as before (see p. 58, n. 1 *supra*) he fancied, perhaps, he had bought an *Old Frank*.

<sup>3</sup> Jacopo Palma [1480-1528, *circ.*]—called Palma *Vecchio*; his grand-nephew being Palma *Giovane*. Modern opinion confirms Gray; he became a good colourist under the influence of Giorgione and Titian; but his draughtmanship was inferior. In the Pitti Palace at Florence is a "Christ at Emmaus" of his; Gray saw there what he calls "Pilgrims of Emaus," but that he says is Guercino's. ("Gray and His Friends," p. 222.)

of Dr. Ak:<sup>1</sup> I fully agree with you in, & have mentioned it to Mason.<sup>2</sup> as soon as I can write to Mr. H.,<sup>3</sup> I shall repeat to him a *part* of your own words, w<sup>ch</sup> I think will prevail, besides I know he thinks himself obliged to you in Dr. H:<sup>n's</sup><sup>4</sup> affair. I have seen no Rousseau,<sup>5</sup> nor anybody else: all I can tell you is, that I am to dine<sup>6</sup> with my Lady Carlisle to-morrow, who is a melancholy Dowager reduced from Castle-Howard<sup>7</sup> and ten thousand pounds a year to 1500£, her jewels, plate, & a fine house in town excellently well furnish'd. She has just discover'd too (I am told in confidence) that she has been long the object of Calumny, & Scandal, what am I to say to comfort her?

I do not dislike the Laureate<sup>8</sup> at all, to me it is his best

<sup>1</sup> Akenside. See *infra* on Mason to Gray, Jan<sup>y</sup>. 22, '58-9.

<sup>2</sup> In preceding brieflet.

<sup>3</sup> Hurd.

<sup>4</sup> Heberden's. See vol. i., p. 160, n. 4. I do not know what the affair was, but perhaps some clue may be afforded on p. 247 of vol. i., and the note 2 there.

<sup>5</sup> The man seems to be meant, and not any of his books. There may have been rumours of his coming to England at this date. He never came until 1766.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps at Lady Cobham's at Stoke. Lady Carlisle, daughter of William, 4th Lord Byron, was the second wife of Henry Howard, 4th Earl of Carlisle, who died on the 4th of September of this year, 1758, and mother of that Earl who was the guardian of the 6th Lord Byron, the poet—was honoured by him with the dedication of "Hours of Idleness" (2nd ed.), and attacked by him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

<sup>7</sup> Co. York, one of the seats of the Earls of Carlisle. Her son was at this time ten years old. She had been fifteen years married to her husband.

<sup>8</sup> William Whitehead. His Ode for his Majesty's Birthday [1758] begins:

"When Othbert left th' Italian plain  
And soft Atesté's green domain,  
Attendant on imperial sway  
Where Fame, and Otho led the way,  
The Genius of the Julian hills  
(Whose piny summits nod with snow,  
Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills  
To swell th' exulting Po)  
An eager look prophetic cast  
And hail'd the hero as he pass'd." etc.

Whitehead explains in "The Argument", "About the year 963,

Ode, but I don't expect any one should find it out; for Otbert and Ateste are surely less known than Edw: the 1<sup>st</sup>, and Mount Snowden. it is no imitation of me; but a good one of

Pastor, cum traheret, &c: <sup>1</sup>

w<sup>ch</sup> was falsely laid to my charge. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever

Yours

Dec: 2. 1758.

P:S: If the China arrives safe and without rattling, the Men will deserve something to drink, w<sup>h</sup> I shall be careful to repay: they promise to bring it on biers not in a cart. In N<sup>o</sup> 6 is the best of it.

Pray, do you know anything of Stonhewer? is he in London? <sup>2</sup>

## CLXXXII. *To Mason.*

London, January, 18, 1759. <sup>1</sup>

DEAR MASON,

You will think me either dead, or in that happy state which is that of most people alive, of forgetting everything they ought to remember; yet I am neither one nor the other. I am now in town, having taken leave of Stoke, and hoping to take leave of my other incumbrances in a few months hence. I send you in short my opinion

Ottoberto of the family of Este, passed from Italy into Germany with the Emperor Otto the Great." He then goes on to trace roughly from this Othbert, the pedigree of the House of Brunswick.

<sup>1</sup> The opening of the thirteenth of the first book of Horace's Odes; see vol. i., p. 367, n. 2, and Pitt Press edition of "Gray's Poems," pp. 207, 208. The resemblance between "The Bard" and this must be as obvious to every one, as it was to Johnson and Algarotti, and it is at least extremely probable that Whitehead was influenced by Gray's example.

<sup>2</sup> To Wharton's London address, Southampton Row, endorsed 2 Dec. 1758; stamp, 4 Dec.

<sup>3</sup> It will be seen that this letter crossed that of Mason's, January 22, 1758-9, and took five days to reach Aston, in Yorkshire from London.



of Caractacus, so far, I mean, as I have seen of it ;<sup>1</sup> I shall only tell you further, that I am charmed with the idea you give me of your fourth Ode ; it is excellently introduced, and the specimen you send me even sublime. I am wrapped in it ; but the last line of the stanza falls off, and must be changed, "Courage was in his van,"<sup>2</sup> etc., for it is ordinary when compared with the rest ; to be sure, the immortality of the soul and the happiness of dying in battle are Druid doctrines ; you may dress them at pleasure, so they do but look wild and British.

I have little to say from hence but that Cleone<sup>3</sup> has succeeded very well at Covent Garden, and that people who despised it in manuscript went to see it, and confess—they cried so.<sup>4</sup> For fear of crying too I did not go. Poor Smart<sup>5</sup> is not dead, as was said, and *Merope*<sup>6</sup> is acted for

<sup>1</sup> Herewith, therefore, was probably sent whatever of the criticism printed in vol. i., pp. 316-327, Mason had not already received ; mainly on the non-lyrical parts of Caractacus ; only the Odes being still incomplete.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 64 and n.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Dodsley and acted in 1758 [Dec.] at Covent Garden. In a *manuscript* Letter from Lord Chesterfield to Dodsley on the intended performance of this play, he says : "You should instruct the actors not to mouth out the Y in the name of *Siffroy*, as if they were crying Oysters. The prologue was written by Melmoth, the epilogue by Shenstone."—*From Mitford*. Melmoth accused Garrick of trying to spoil the chances of Cleone at Covent Garden by playing against it "The Busybody" at Drury Lane. Garrick tried to conciliate Dodsley by congratulating him on his success and offering to support his interest, and received "a peevish answer" ("Garrick Correspondence," vol. i., pp. 79, 80, where these letters are misdated '57). Warburton wrote to Garrick, Jan. 18, '59, "Dodsley is a wretched fellow, and no man ever met with a worse return than you have done, for your endeavours to serve him."

<sup>4</sup> "Miss Bellamy is stated in the heroine to have rivalled the sorrows of Mrs. Cibber [see vol. i., p. 21, n. 4 and *Addendum*]. "The principal incident is . . . the agonized ravings of a mother over her murdered child. . . . Dodsley certainly has written his play with great feeling, and close enough in its expression to the genuine language of the passions" (Boaden's "Kemble," i., 340). The heroine was played by Mrs. Siddons in 1786.

<sup>5</sup> See vol. i., p. 158, n. 4 ; *ib.*, p. 170, n. 4, and *Addendum* (where for *January* read *June*).

<sup>6</sup> This was an adaptation of Voltaire's "Merope" by Aaron Hill (cf. vol. i., p. 21, n. 4). Mitford says it was first acted in 1749.

his benefit this week, with a new farce, *The Guardian*.<sup>1</sup> Here is a very agreeable opera of Cocchi's, the *Cyrus*,<sup>2</sup> which gave me some pleasure; do you know I like both<sup>3</sup> Whitehead's Odes in great measure, but nobody else does.

I hear matters will be made up with the Dutch,<sup>4</sup> and there will be no war. The King of Portugal has slyly introduced troops into Lisbon, under pretence of clearing

<sup>1</sup> A farce written by Garrick, acted 1759, in two acts, and taken in great measure from the "Pupille" of Mons. Fagan.—*Mitford*. Christophe-Barthelemy Fagan died in 1755 at the age of fifty-one. He wrote, besides "la Pupille," which was his masterpiece, "le Rendezvous," "l'Amitié rivale," "Joconde," and, I believe, several other comedies.

<sup>2</sup> "Il Ciro Riconosciuto" is the title of an opera composed by Cocchi, produced at the King's Theatre in 1759, and said by Dr. Burney to be the best of Cocchi's productions during his residence in England. In the British Museum is a copy of the opera in Italian and English, as used in the theatre at the time; and it is curious to observe how materially it varies from the text of the "Ciro Riconosciuto" in the modern editions of Metastasio's "Works." The wording of whole scenes is different.—*Mitford*. Cf. vol. i., p. 285, n. 3; *infra*, p. 82, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 68, n. 8. The other Ode is "For the New Year, 1759." It is significant as marking our new elation, in consequence of our successes in North America:

"On other earths, in other skies  
Beyond old Ocean's western bound,  
Tho' bleeds afresh th' eternal wound,  
Again Britannia's cross triumphant flies.  
To British George, the King of isles,  
The tribes that rove th' Acadian snows,  
Redeem'd from Gallia's polish'd wiles,  
Shall breathe their voluntary vows:  
Where Nature guards her last retreat,  
And pleas'd Astraea lingers still;  
While Faith yet triumphs o'er Deceit  
And Virtue reigns, from ignorance of ill."

The mention of Acadie is unfortunate. Longfellow's "Evangeline" shows how much reason the gentle innocent peasantry had to bless their "redemption from Gallia's wiles" under our "British Georges."

<sup>4</sup> Walpole wrote to Mann on Christmas Day, 1758: "We are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal [the

away the rubbish,<sup>1</sup> and seized the unsuspecting conspirators in their own houses; they are men of principal note, in particular the family of Tavora, who have some pretensions to the crown; and it is thought the Jesuits have made use of their ambition to execute their own revenge.<sup>2</sup> The story of the king's gallantries, and the jealousy of some man of quality, who contrived the assassination, is said to be all false.<sup>3</sup>

Adieu! I rejoice to hear you use your eyes again. Write to me at Dr. Wharton's, for perhaps I may go to Cambridge for some weeks, and he will take care I shall have your letter.

### CLXXXIII. *Mason to Gray.*

Aston, Jan. 22, 1758[-9].<sup>4</sup>

DEAR MR. GRAY,

I cannot help sending you a line to desire that, if you can spare a moment from buying and selling South Princess Dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II.] into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace." The war did not come off, though this peace-maker died, January 12th.

<sup>1</sup> The débris of the great earthquake of 1755.

<sup>2</sup> The King had dismissed his Jesuit chaplains in 1757; the commercial enterprises of the Jesuits had been stopped, and their merchandize confiscated. This was the work of Pombal. See next note.

<sup>3</sup> Not so, as Gray, it will be seen, discovered. The King, Joseph, was fired at and wounded, September 3rd, 1758, on returning from an assignation with the Marchioness of Tavora. The Marquis of Tavora and other high personages were tried and executed for conspiracy; and the Jesuits were charged with complicity in the affair by the great statesman Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, their deadly enemy. They were in consequence banished from Portugal and its dependencies by a decree of September 1st, 1759.

Walpole laughs to Lady Hervey (October 17th, 1758) over the incoherent reports which came to England on this subject: "I would have sent you word that the King of Portugal coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped and three balls went through his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of the palsy, of which he is quite recovered, except being dead."

<sup>4</sup> The right date is 1759. Mason either followed the old fashion, or through habit wrote the date of the old year early in the next.

Sea Annuities, taking inventories of old china jars and three-legged stools with black feet and grass-green velvet bottoms, you would write me word how you do. I ask not criticisms, nor hints, nor emendations,—these at your leisure,—for my tithes are come in. I live within tolerable compass, and therefore I care not a fig whether Caractacus goes forth or no, even though he should bring me as much as Cleone<sup>1</sup> did to my printer; they both begin with a C. which is a good omen.

Since your last I wrote as you bid me (or to speak more grammatically, bad me) to Mr. Hurd,<sup>2</sup> and read his answer. He says, “I could not but smile at Dr. Wharton’s petition. As what I had to say of that wretch<sup>3</sup> was no extraordinary pass of patience, I may the easier be induced to make a sacrifice of it to humanity. Yet I promise nothing; there will be time enough to think of this, for the publication is necessarily delayed by the late accident for some-time.”

This accident was no less than the loss of the MS. of his

<sup>1</sup> By Dodsley, who, says Mitford, mentions it in a letter to Dr. Wharton as written in 1754. Of the first edition Shenstone says that Dodsley sold 2,000 the very first day he published it. See *supra*, p. 70 and n. 3 there.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 65 and n. 3. It will be seen that the dreaded volume was “The Moral and Political Dialogues” (1759).

<sup>3</sup> An epithet in frequent use with the Warburtonians, which Mitford illustrates by quotations. This “wretch” is Akenside, who in a note in the 3rd Book of the “Pleasures of the Imagination” had defended Shaftesbury’s doctrine that “ridicule is the test of truth,” and, (the really sore point, we may suspect), had in the text described the clergy in terms the reverse of flattering:

“Others, of graver mien, behold, adorn’d  
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,  
And, bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,  
Take homage of the simple-minded throng,  
Ambassadors of Heav’n.”

Warburton, who in 1738, in his dedication of the first three books of his “Divine Legation of Moses” to the Freethinkers, had combated the maxim of Shaftesbury at length, added to the edition of 1766 a postscript to this Dedication in which he attacked Akenside. The controversy, which became a mere war of words, was started by Shaftesbury in a particular application, and with humane motives. He maintained that the extravagances of the “French Prophets” were best encountered by raillery (1708 and 1709).

last Dialogue on the Constitution,<sup>1</sup> by the carelessness of a Leicester bookseller, and he is afraid will not be recovered; if so, he'll have it all to compose afresh from some loose notes. This you will say is a warning for Caractacus, and indeed it does not suit his dignity to ride post, like a lad newly elected at White's; he shall therefore stay with you, for Hurd is returning to Thurcaston, and I fancy will come to see me; if not, I will go to see him with my own copy, before I think of publishing. I send you at the bottom a piece of a new stanza for the second Ode. I know not if you will not think the rhymes too antiquated, or whether it is not a sort of beauty in the place.

Most sincerely yours,  
W. MASON.

"Every heath and mountain rude  
Was mute till then, save from the den  
Where watch'd some Giant proud.  
The heifer, cag'd in craggy pen,  
Lifted her lowings loud;  
While her fair firstlings' streaming gore  
Distain'd the bone-besprinkled floor.  
Dismal notes! and answered soon."<sup>2</sup>

#### CLXXXIV. *Mason to Gray.*

Aston, Jan. 25, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

I sent an impatient letter to you (to use Mrs.<sup>3</sup> Mincing's epithet to dinner) at Stoke, and, the day after it went, received yours from London, with its accompani-

<sup>1</sup> Hurd's Moral and Political Dialogues of 1759 were "On Sincerity in the Commerce of the World," "On Retirement," "On the Age of Queen Elizabeth," and "On the Constitution of the English Government."

<sup>2</sup> These lines were meant to be inserted in the eternal "Hail thou harp." The place designed for them will be seen by n. 1 on p. 315 of vol. i. See Gray's remark on them March 1st, *infra*.

<sup>3</sup> Mitford prints *Mr.*, but he has no doubt misread Mason. The reference is to Congreve's "Way of the World," act iii. sc. xvii.:

*Mincing.* "Mem, I come to acquaint your laship that *dinner is impatient.*"

*Mincing* is "woman to Mrs. Millamant."

ment of criticisms, for which a thank severally, and ten apiece for every emendation, that is to say, every alteration. Yet I cannot help thinking that if you had not seen the joint critique from Prior Park,<sup>1</sup> you would not have judged so hardly of some of my new lines. True I did not think every thing that all my critics have remarked necessary to be altered; yet I altered them for this reason: Critics, like Indians, are proud of the number of scalps they make in a manuscript; and if you don't let them scalp, they will do you no service. However, it appears I have scalped myself<sup>2</sup> in some places, particularly at the beginning. Yet I cannot help thinking that "chills the pale plain beneath him" is an improvement. Yet I can unscalp, if you bid me. There is one unfortunate thing which attends showing either a marked or an altered manuscript, and you yourself prove it to me. The person that reads it regards only the marks and alterations, and considers whether they are right or wrong, and hence a number of faulty passages in the gross escape his observation. I remember I showed "Caractacus" this summer to a certain critic, who read it all over, and returned it me with this single observation: "I have read it, and I think those faults which are marked with a pencil ought to be altered." I was surprised at this, because I did not know the MS. was marked at all at that time. I examined it, and found here and there about seven or eight almost invisible little x x. I could not conceive who had done it; I asked Delap if he had, and he cried *peccavi*, assuring me

<sup>1</sup> The joint critique of Dr. Warburton and Rev. Mr. Hurd.—*Mitford*. Prior Park, near Bath, was built by Ralph Allen, the friend of Pope, between the years 1736 and 1743. Warburton married Allen's niece, Gertrude Tucker, in 1745; and, on the decease of Allen, he became its owner. It was "the hub of the universe" to Warburtonians; and Hurd was often there. It is now a Roman Catholic seminary.

<sup>2</sup> For Gray had said, in those notes (vol. i., p. 317) which were really sent with his letter of Jan. 18th, '59: "I liked the opening as it was originally better than I do now, though I never thoroughly understood 'how blank he frowns.'" The passage as it now stands is:

"behold yon oak,  
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms  
*Chills the pale plain beneath him.*"

he only did it to remember to tell me of some minutiae which he thought inaccurate; but that he thought he had almost made them invisible. So quick-sighted is the eye of a critic. But to proceed. I agree to almost all your criticisms, however they make against me. Your absolution from Mador's song<sup>1</sup> makes amends for all. Yet I am sorry about the scene between Evelina and Elidurus;<sup>2</sup> it is what the generality will think the principal scene, and which yet is not as it should be. I am afraid of making it more pathetic, and yet if it is not so, it will not satisfy. I send you with this my third Ode; you will find it must be inserted soon after the description of the rocking-stone,<sup>3</sup> and the last line of the sheet I send you will connect with this,

"So certain that on ' our absolving tongues  
Rests not that power may save thee."

so that a few lines must be cancelled in the copy you have; my reason for this change is, that I myself thought (and nobody else), that a lustration ode would take up too much time in the place first intended, and that the action went on too slow there. I shall therefore show more of Caractacus himself in the scene subsequent to the next I shall send you, and I am pretty sure that (*toutes<sup>5</sup> ensembles* considered) this will be an improvement. As to this Ode, I do not expect you to like it so well as you do the second; yet I hope it is well enough, and will have some effect in the place it comes in.

*Explicit Pars Poeseus, & incipit Pars Chitchatices.*—I

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 323 and n., and this vol., p. 61, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> The scene in which Evelina, daughter of Caractacus, questions Elidurus, suspected of treachery. See vol. i., pp. 360, 361, and notes. The comments of Gray on p. 30 of Mason's MS., vol. i., pp. 324, 325, probably refer to this scene. Their date is Jan. 18, '59. The play in this place has been so much modified in consequence that we cannot trace the things criticized.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 361 and n. 2. The third ode is the invocation before the test of the rocking-stone is applied: "Thou spirit pure," etc.

<sup>4</sup> *in* (pres. text).

<sup>5</sup> Observe Mason's French. Yet he took upon himself to withhold from publication a letter of Gray's in French to West—on the ground that *Gray's* mastery of the language was imperfect!

dare not face Rutherford, <sup>1</sup> that saintly butcher, in his purple robes of divinity, and therefore, sorely against good Mr. Brown's gizzard, I have given up my fellowship, and this post carries my civilities to Dr. Long concerning this great resignation. Indeed, if I could dispute black into white, like my uncle Balguy, <sup>2</sup> this act would have fallen out too unluckily for me to have thought of keeping it, for I am resolved not to set my face southward these several months, not even if I publish this spring, for I'll either have the sheets sent down to me or get somebody in town to correct the press. Do you think either Dr. Wharton or Stonehewer could be prevailed on to take this trouble? You are perpetually twitting me about my motive of gain; <sup>3</sup> could I write half as well as Rousseau I would prove to you that this is the only motive any reasonable man should have in this matter; but pray distinguish the matter (I mean gain is not my only motive for writing, God forbid it should). I write for fame, for posterity, and all sort of fine things, but gain is my only motive for publishing; for I publish to the present age, whom I would fleece, if I could, like any Cossack, Calmuck, or Carcolspack. <sup>4</sup> Now do you understand me, and, if you do, don't you agree with me? This resuscitation of poor *Smart* <sup>5</sup> pains me; I was in hopes he was safe in that state where the best of us will be better than we are, and the worst I hope as little worse as infinite justice can permit. But is he returned to his senses? <sup>6</sup> if so, I fear that will be more

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 160, n. 3; vol. ii., p. 64, n. 4. It would seem that Mason had to proceed to his degrees in Divinity if he would retain his fellowship.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 309, n. 2; vol. ii., p. 34, n. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Gray had written in the notes (vol. i., p. 325) which were sent on January 18th, '59: "Money (I know) is your motive, and of that I wash my hands. Fame is your second consideration," etc.

<sup>4</sup> I have no clue at present to this mysterious name; perhaps Mason picked it up at Hanover, and corrupted it.

<sup>5</sup> See to Mason, January 18th, *supra*.

<sup>6</sup> Smart was confined in a madhouse after the date of this letter; but that he was sent to Bedlam in 1751 may be a false inference from Gray's words to Walpole, October 8th of that year. If it was so, Newbery, the publisher, was singularly remiss in allowing his stepdaughter to marry, in 1753, an acknowledged lunatic. Smart, who won the Seatonian prize for a poem on a religious



terrible still. Pray, if you can dispose of a guinea so as it will in any sort benefit him (for it is too late for a ticket), give it for me. My best regard to Dr. Wharton and Mrs. if this finds you there. You will find from my last letter that Hurd is disposed to gratify the Doctor's humanity.<sup>1</sup> Have you seen Jortin's "Life of Erasmus?"<sup>2</sup> was there ever such a lumbering slovenly book? I shall not send a packet till I hear again from you; do not be long first.

### CLXXXV. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, March 1, 1759.

DEAR MASON—

Did I tell you I had been confined in town with the gout for a fortnight? well, and since I came hither, it

subject in four successive years (1750-3 inclusive), won it again in 1755. Did he write any of these prize-poems in *Bedlam*? If so, his earlier were more indulgent than his later keepers. Cf. the history of his "Song to David," vol. i., p. 170, n. 4.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 73 *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Containing, says Walpole, "numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them." It has given him a good opinion of the author, and a very bad one of his subject, and he concludes from it that Erasmus was "a begging parasite, who had parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough to profess it; whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings ought to have cured his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world" (!) He praises Jortin's "moderation and goodness of heart"—but blames the vulgarisms of his style, and also the form of the work which he compares to a diary because it was, like Middleton's Cicero, compiled from the letters. (Walpole to Zouch, October 5th and 21st, '58.) Jortin, the son of a French Protestant refugee, was born in London, educated at the Charterhouse, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was at this time about sixty-one years old. He had in his youth some reputation for Greek, and translated some parts of Eustathius for Pope's use in his Homer. He was at this time, I think, rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East; he died Archdeacon of London in 1770. Coleridge, in "The Friend" (Landing-Place, Essay I. *ad fin.*), while speaking with affectionate respect of Jortin—"one of the many illustrious nurselings of the college [Jesus] to which I deem it no small honour to have belonged"—deplores his "Erasmus" as compiled out of scanty materials, of which, wearying of his task, he did not even make full use.

is come again. Yesterday I came abroad again, for the first time, in a great shoe, and very much out of humour; and so I must return again in three days to town about business, which is not like to add much to the sweetness of my temper, especially while stocks are so low.

I did not remember ever to have seen the joint criticism<sup>1</sup> from Prior Park that you speak of, so little impression did it make; nor should I believe now that I had ever seen it, did I not recollect what a prejudice the parsons<sup>2</sup> expressed to human sacrifice, which is quite agreeable to my way of thinking; since Caractacus convinced me of the propriety of the thing, it is certain that their fancies did in no sort influence me in the use of my tomahawk. Now you must know I do not much admire the chorus of the rocking-stone<sup>3</sup> nor yet much disapprove it; it is grave and solemn, and may pass. I insist, however, that "deigns"<sup>4</sup> (though it be a rhyme) should be "deign'st," and "fills" "fill'st," and "bids" "bid'st." Do not blame me, but the English tongue. The beginning of the antistrophe is good. I do not like

<sup>1</sup> See Mason to Gray, p. 75 and n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Warburton and Hurd. Mason was much exercised on the question whether the Druids offered human victims; and resolved that *his* Druids at any rate should not. Accordingly, while Caractacus wishes to sacrifice the Roman captives, the Druids of Mona protest that their altar

"never yet  
Has stream'd with human gore, nor ever shall  
While we hold office here. 'Tis true that Gauls,  
True too that Britons, by the Gauls mistaught,  
Have done such deeds of horror," etc.

It is thus we reconcile learning and piety. See also what Gray says, vol. i., p. 321, ll. 8, 9, 10 (correct date, Jan. 18, '59).

<sup>3</sup> See prec. letter, and vol. i., p. 361, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> This is a principle of syntax which Mason seems never to understand. Cf. *supra*, p. 11, n. 2 and p. 14. "Deigns" has disappeared, and we now have:

"Thou Spirit pure that . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass  
And bidst it bow upon its base."

“meandring way”<sup>1</sup>  
Where Vice and Folly stray,”

nor the word “sprite.” The beginning too of the epode is well; but you have used the epithet “pale” before in a sense somewhat similar, and I do not love repetitions. The line

“Or magic numbers”<sup>2</sup>

interrupts the run of the stanza, and lets the measure drop too short. There is no beauty in repeating “ponderous sphere.” The two last lines are the best.<sup>3</sup>

The sense of your simile about the “distant thunder”<sup>4</sup> is not clear, nor well expressed; besides, it implies too strong a confession of guilt.

The stanza<sup>5</sup> you sent me for the second Ode is very rude; and neither the idea nor verses touch me much. It is not the gout that makes me thus difficult. Finish but your Death-song<sup>6</sup> as well as you imagined and begun it,

<sup>1</sup> Now:

“That dark meand’ring maze  
Where wayward *Falschood* strays,  
And seizing swift the lurking *sprite*,” etc.

“Sprite” (generally in the form “spright”) is Shakespearian; but in neither form is it Miltonic. Yet I do not know why Gray objects to a word (only a variant spelling of “spirit,” once commonly pronounced as one syllable) which has the sanction of Surrey’s Virgil, of Spenser, and of Dryden.

<sup>2</sup>           “Thou can’st enter the dark cell  
Where the vulture Conscience slumbers,  
And unarm’d by charming spell  
*Or magic numbers*,  
Can’st,” etc.

<sup>3</sup>           [“And, brooding on thine *adamantine* sphere,  
If fraud approach, Spirit! that fraud declare;]  
To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.”

<sup>4</sup> Elidurus, whose innocence is to be tested, says of the “invocation”:

“. . . it came o’er my soul as doth the thunder,  
While distant yet, with an expected burst,  
It threatens the trembling ear.”

<sup>5</sup> See p. 74.

<sup>6</sup> P. 64.

and mind if I won't be more pleased than anybody.  
Adieu! dear Mason, I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

Did I tell you how well I liked Whitehead's two Odes? <sup>1</sup> they are far better than anything he ever wrote.

Mr. Brown and Jemmy Bickham <sup>2</sup> lament your indolence, as to the degree, in chorus; as to me, I should have done just so for all the world.

### CLXXXVI. *To Mason.*

April 10, 1759.

DEAR MASON—

This is the third return of the gout in the space of three months, and worse than either of the former. It is now in a manner over, and I am so much the nearer being a cripple, but not at all the richer. This is my excuse for long silence; and, if you had felt the pain, you would think it an excuse for a greater fault. I have been all the time of the fit here in town, and doubtless ought to have paid my court to you and to Caractacus. But a critic with the gout is a devil incarnate, and you have had a happy escape. I cannot repent (if I have really been any hindrance) that you did not publish this spring. I would have it mellow a little longer, and do not think it will lose anything of its flavour; to comfort you for your loss, know that I have lost above £200 by selling stock.

I half envy your situation and your improvements (though I do not know Mr. Wood), <sup>3</sup> yet am of your opinion as to prudence; the more so because Mr. Bonfoy <sup>4</sup> tells me he saw a letter from you to Lady H., <sup>5</sup> and that she

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 68, 71, and nn.

<sup>2</sup> Of Emmanuel. See vol. i., p. 341, l. 7. The statement that he had been a "bruiser in his youth" is, I find, *Mitford's*, from Nichols's "Anecdotes." As to his being "a brawling Tory," T. M. *ap.* Nichols, vol. viii., p. 420, says: "I do not think he was of any party."

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "Palmyra" Wood. See vol. i., p. 349, n. 4. He was also the author of an "Essay on Homer."

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 281, nn. 3 and 4.

<sup>5</sup> Holderness. See vol. i., p. 260, n. 3; *ib.*, p. 276.

expressed a sort of kindness; to which my Lord added, that he should write a rattling epistle to you that was to fetch you out of the country. Whether he has or not don't much signify: I would come and see them.

I shall be here this month at least against my will, unless you come. Stonhewer is here with all his sisters, the youngest of which has got a husband. Two matches more (but in a superior class) are going to be soon:—Lord Weymouth<sup>1</sup> to the Duchess of Portland's homely daughter, Lady Betty, with £35,000; and Lord Waldegrave to Miss Maria Walpole<sup>2</sup> with £10,000. It is impossible for two handsomer people ever to meet.

All the cruelties of Portugal<sup>3</sup> are certainly owing to an amour of the King's (of long standing) with the younger Marquess of Tavora's wife. The Jesuits made their advantage of the resentments of that family. The disturbances at Lisbon are all false.

This is my whole little stock of news.

Here is a very pretty opera, the *Cyrus*; <sup>4</sup> and here is the

<sup>1</sup> Thomas [Thynne], third Viscount Weymouth on May 22nd, 1759, married the Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of William, second Duke of Portland.—*Mitford*. Walpole writes to George Montagu, May 16th, '59: "Lord Weymouth is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, turned off. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been turned off before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming." For all that, he lived till 1796 (and his wife till 1825). He was made Marquis of Bath in 1789.

<sup>2</sup> She was the second illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horace's brother. Her husband was James, eldest son of that first Earl Waldegrave, with whom Gray dined in Paris, April 12th, 1739 (vol. i., p. 20); he succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1741. He was appointed in 1752 governor and privy-purse to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III.) and Prince Edward. He died in 1763, and is the author of "Memoirs," from 1754 to 1758. Horace Walpole is delighted with this marriage, and believes he had something to do with bringing it about. He expects that she will rival Lady Coventry as a fashionable beauty, as indeed proved to be the case (see vol. i., p. 288, n. 3). After her husband's death she married William-Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 72, n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 71, n. 2. Its composer, Cocchi, writes *Mitford*, "used to say of the English taste—'E molto particolare, ma gli Inglesi non fanno conto d'alcuna cosa, se non è ben pagata.'" Cocchi was

Museum<sup>1</sup> which is indeed a treasure. The trustees lay out £1400 a-year, and have but £900 to spend. If you would see it you must send a fortnight beforehand, it is so crowded. Then here are Murdin's *Papers*,<sup>2</sup> and Hume's *History of the*

a Neapolitan; he was engaged in 1757 to write for the opera in London. His engagement in that capacity ceased in 1762. He made his money in England chiefly by giving lessons in singing. About 1772 he retired to Venice, where he had been *maestro* in a *conservatoire* before his arrival in England.

<sup>1</sup> The British Museum first came into existence in 1753 by the act of 26 George II., chap. xxii., whereby trustees were appointed to take charge of the Cottonian MSS., the collections of Sir Hans Sloane, and the Harleian MSS., and to provide a general repository for them. Montagu House, Bloomsbury, was purchased in 1754, and the collections were at once moved into it. The Museum was opened to the public in January, 1759, three months before the date of Gray's letter. By the statutes which received sanction in December, 1758, the hours of admission were from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. every week-day except Saturday, during the months of September to April. From May to August the same hours were observed, except on Mondays and Fridays, when the Museum was only open from 4 to 8 P.M. Visitors were admitted by printed tickets only, obtained on written application. Not more than ten tickets were issued for each hour of admission, viz., for 9, 10, 11, and 12 o'clock on ordinary days, and for 4 and 5 on the late days. Each party was conducted by one of the officers through the rooms in a specified order; and one hour was allowed for each department—a visit thus lasting three hours. It will therefore be seen that only forty persons at the most could be admitted on an ordinary day. In 1804 a relaxation of the rules was sanctioned, and it was laid down that "Five companies of not more than fifteen persons each may be admitted in the course of the day." At the present time the annual number of visitors to the Museum and its offshoot the Natural History Museum at South Kensington amounts to nearly 900,000. The figures of expenditure which Gray quotes are evidently not meant to be taken as accurate. They must refer to the expenses of establishment; for on purchases the trustees laid out in the first fourteen years only £69. Establishment charges during the same period amounted to £23,215. The total amount expended on *purchases* from the first foundation of the Museum to the present day is nearly one million and a half.—E. MAUNDE THOMPSON (on Gray in Johnson's "Lives," ed. Napier). It is noteworthy that in 1753 Horace Walpole was appointed one of the trustees.

<sup>2</sup> "A Collection of State Papers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from 1571 to 1596, from the library at Hatfield House; by William Murdin, etc.," folio, 1759. The collection is a continuation of that published by Dr. Haynes in 1740.—*Mitford*. It contains that curious letter of Mary's to Elizabeth, of which Walpole writes to Gray in this year (February 15th): "I wanted to ask you, whether

*Tudors*,<sup>1</sup> and Robertson's *History of Mary Stuart and her Son*<sup>2</sup> and what not. Adieu, dear Mason, I am most faithfully yours,

T. G.

CLXXXVII. *To Wharton.*

Saturday. July 21. 1759

DEAR DOCTOR

I have at last found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your own old Dining-room,<sup>3</sup> and hope in spite of the damnation denounced by the bishop's two Chaplains, that you may find at least an equal satisfaction & repose at Old-Park. if your Bog prove as comfortable as my Oven,<sup>4</sup>

you, or anybody that you believe in, believe in the Queen of Scots' letter to Queen Elizabeth. If it is genuine, I don't wonder that she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of." It is a letter in French, undated, but, if genuine, written by Mary when she was in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It tells Elizabeth the scandals about her which Mary professes to have heard directly from Lady Shrewsbury—a most outrageous document!—for which it might be difficult to find a motive (Murdin's "State Papers," pp. 558-560 and n.).

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Hume has published his 'History of the House of Tudor.' I have not advanced far in it, but it appears an inaccurate and careless, as it certainly has been a very hasty, performance." Walpole to Zouch, Mar. 15, '59. As is well known—Hume worked backwards. He had published the second volume of the "History of the Stuarts" in 1756. Walpole in this year, '59 [May 14th, to Zouch], comments on the growing influence of the Jacobites. "All the histories of England, Hume's, and Smollett's [1757] more avowedly, are calculated to whiten the house of Stuart." Cf. Mason's hint about Shebbeare, *supra*, p. 18, and n. there.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole wrote to Robertson, March 4th, 1759: "Before I read your 'History,' I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirizes nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman, by directing his studies with my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great an one yourself!"

<sup>3</sup> The house in Southampton Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before; and was removed to his paternal estate at Old Park, near Durham.—*Mason*.

<sup>4</sup> He wrote to Mason in 1756 about lodgings—"may be I can be in the oven, which will do well enough for a sinner." I thought Frisby, the Oilman's, in Jermyn Street, might there be meant.—

I shall see no occasion to pity you; and only wish that you may *brew* no worse, than I *bake*. You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses.<sup>1</sup> I know, I am no Conjuror<sup>2</sup> in these things; when they are done, I can find fault, & that is all. Now this is the very reverse of Genius, and I feel my own littleness. reasonable People know themselves better, than is commonly imagined; and therefore (tho' I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason, when he tells me he understands planting better, than anything whatever. The *prophetic eye of Taste*<sup>3</sup> (as Mr. Pitt call'd it) sees all the beauties, that a Place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, & enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view, that lies in prospect. You must, therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits<sup>4</sup> from the top of Snowdon to Cross-Fell or Warden-Low.

The Thermometer is in the Passage-Window (where the sun never comes) near the head of the Back-Stairs. since

But it would certainly seem that at this date the "Oven" is a baker's; and I suppose that the house Wharton tenanted was over the shop; the address is "Mr. Jauncey's"; was Jauncey himself the baker? We have seen (*supra*, p. 23) that the house had been tenanted by a Bishop, with whom Wharton had trouble about furniture or fixtures; and in 1761 we shall see that the Bishop (or a Bishop) had come and gone again.

<sup>1</sup> "I once called on Mr. Hurd, at Thurecaston, and he said to me: I wish you had come sooner, for *Mason* has just left me, he is going to Aston. I think you must have passed him in the gateway. He got up very early this morning to plant those roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds; he boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted."—See Cradock's "Memoirs," vol. iv., p. 194.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> For the phrase, see vol. i., p. 251, n. 3. Boswell's friend, Temple, the vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, says of Gray (ap. Johnson in "Lives of the Poets") he had a fine taste in *gardening*. This statement has been somewhat rashly contradicted. This letter at any rate shows that his observation of garden-flowers was extremely minute.

<sup>3</sup> I have not traced this expression to the "Great Commoner." It may have been started in conversation by some other Pitt—*e.g.*, Thomas Pitt of Boconnock.

<sup>4</sup> A reference to the invocation to Snowdon in Mason's "Caractacus:"

"Send thy spirits, send them soon," etc.



you went, I have never observed it lower than 68, most part of the day at 74, & yesterday at 5 in y<sup>e</sup> afternoon it was at 79, the highest I have ever seen it. it now is prepared to correspond regularly with you at the hours you mention. the weather for this fortnight has been broiling without interruption, one thunder-shower excepted, w<sup>ch</sup> did not cool the air at all. Rye (I am told) is begun to be cut near London. in Cambridgeshire a fortnight ago the promise of harvest was the finest I ever saw, but the Farmers complain (I hear) that the ears do not fill for want of wet: the Wheat was then turning yellow. Duke-Cherries are over in London; three days ago they sold for half-a-crown a Pound. Caroons and Black-Hearts very large and fine drive about the streets in wheel-barrows a penny a pound. Raspberries a few are yet remaining, but in a manner over. Melons are ripe, and apricots and Orleans-Plums are to be seen in the fruit shops. Roses are (I think) over a week ago. The jessamine (at M<sup>rs</sup> Dod's, on a S:W: Wall) was in full bloom (if you remember) long before you went from hence, & so it continues. That below in the Garden on a N:E: Wall has been all this week cover'd with flowers. my nosegays from Covent-Garden consist of nothing but Scarlet-Martagons, Everlasting-Peas, Double-Stocks, Pinks, and flowering Marjoram. As I have kept no exact account hitherto this year, I can say no more of July, that now is. therefore, I shall annex one for the year 1754,<sup>1</sup> which I observed day by day at Stoke. observe, it had been then a cold rainy summer.

The heat was very moderate this month, & a great deal of rain fell. The sown Hay was all got in by the first day, but the meadow-hay was not before y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>. It was very good & in plenty, but sold at 40 shillings a load in the field on account of the scarcity the year preceding. Barley was in ear on the first day; grey and white Peas in bloom. The Bean flowers were going off. Duke-Cherries in plenty on the 5<sup>th</sup>; Hearts were also ripe. green Melons on the 6<sup>th</sup>, but watry, & not sweet. Currants begun to ripen on the 8<sup>th</sup>, & red Goose-berries had changed colour; Tares

<sup>1</sup> There is a great gap in Gray's correspondence from November 5th, 1753, to September 18th, 1754, when he wrote to Wharton from *Stoke*.

were then in flower, and meadow-Hay cutting. Lime-trees in full bloom on the 9<sup>th</sup>, Mushrooms in perfection on the 17<sup>th</sup>. Wheat & Oats had changed colour, and Buck-Wheat was in bloom on the 19<sup>th</sup>. the Vine had then open'd its blossoms, & the end of the month Grapes were near y<sup>e</sup> size of small Pease. Turneps appear'd above ground on the 22<sup>d</sup>; and Potatoes were in flower. Barley had changed its hue, & Rye was almost ripe on the 23<sup>d</sup>. The Pine-apple-Strawberry was then in perfection. Black Caroons were ripe, & some Duke-Cherries still remained on walls the 26<sup>th</sup>, but the Hearts were then all spoil'd by the rain. Goose-berries red and white were then ripe, and Currants in abundance.

Haws turned red . . .	} On y <sup>e</sup> first	
Broom-flower went off		
Honey-suckles in full bloom . . .		
Phlomis, or yellow Tree-Sage . . .		2 <sup>d</sup>
Virginia flowering	} 3 <sup>d</sup>	
Raspberry blew . . .		
Shrub-Cinquefoil . . .		
Spiræa-frutex . . .	} 7 <sup>th</sup>	
Sweet-Briar . . .		
Syringa went off . . .		
Balm of Gilead blowing	} 8 <sup>th</sup>	
Common Jasmine blew		
Moss-Provence Rose . . .		
Yellow and Austrian, Rose goe off . . .	} 9 <sup>th</sup>	
Yellow Jasmine blows		
White, and Gum-Cistus		
Tamarisk in flower . . .	} 11 <sup>th</sup>	
Coccygia . . .		
Virginia-Sumach . . .		
Tutsan, or Park-leaves	} 15 <sup>th</sup>	
Spanish-Broom . . .		
Scarlet, & Painted Geraniums . . .		
Pyracantha, in berry		
Mountain-Ash . . .		
White-Beam . . .		
Orange flowering . . .		
Winter-Cherry . . .		
Single-Velvet-Rose goes off . . .		

Lavender and Morjoram blow . . .	22 <sup>d</sup>
Damask, Red, Moss, and Double Velvet, Roses go off . . .	26 <sup>th</sup>
Rosa-Mundi, and Rose without thorns, go off	28 <sup>th</sup>
White Rose goes off . . .	31 <sup>st</sup>
These were all the flowering Shrubs observed by me.	

## GARDEN-FLOWERS.

Convolvulus minor blows . . .	} 2 <sup>d</sup>	
Garden-Poppy . . .		
Single Rose-Campion . . .		
Double Larkspur . . .	} 5 <sup>th</sup>	
Candy-Tuft . . .		
Common Marigold . . .		
Pansies continue blowing . . .	} 9 <sup>th</sup>	
Lupines blew, and white blow . . .		
Purple Toads-flax . . .		
White, and blew Campanula . . .	} 9 <sup>th</sup>	
Double-scarlet Lychnis blows . . .		
Tree-Primrose . . .		
White Lilly . . .		
Willow-Bay . . .		
Scarlet-Bean . . .		
French Marigold . . .		

Yellow Lupine blows . . . . .	} 11 <sup>th</sup>
Tree-Mallow . . . . .	
Amaranthus Cat's-tail . . . . .	
Striped Lilly blows. . . . .	} 19 <sup>th</sup>
Fairchild's Mule . . . . .	
Double rose-Campion . . . . .	
African Ragwort . . . . .	} 23 <sup>d</sup>
Whole Carnations blow . . . . .	
Double white Stock in bloom . . . . .	
	24 <sup>th</sup>

John's Wort, Trefoil, Yarrow, Bugloss, Purple Vetch, Wild-thyme, Pale Wood-Orchis, Betony, & white Clover, flowering on y<sup>e</sup> first. Large blew Cranes-bill the 9<sup>th</sup>; Ragwort, Moth-mullein, and Brambles, the 20<sup>th</sup>. Knapweed all the month. there was rain (more or less) 13 days out of y<sup>e</sup> 31, this Month; and 17 days out of 30 in June preceding.

In the fields Scabious, St.

I was too late for the Post on Saturday, so I continue on Monday. It is now 6 in the afternoon, & the therm: is mounted to 80, tho' the wind is at N. E. by N: . . the gay Lady Essex is dead of a Fever<sup>1</sup> during her lieing-in; and Mrs. Charles York<sup>2</sup> last week, with one of her children, of the Sore throat. Heberden,<sup>3</sup> and (I think) Taylor<sup>4</sup> attended her; the latter had pronounced her out of danger; but Heb:<sup>2</sup> doubted about her. the little boy<sup>5</sup> was at Acton, & escaped the infection.

Everybody continues as quiet about the invasion,<sup>6</sup> as if a

<sup>1</sup> She had died on the 19th. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who died by his own hand in the following November. In 1757 Walpole was amusing himself with watching her flirtations with Prince Edward. Walpole attributes her death to the "wicked sore-throats (? Diphtheria) in vogue," of which she "and Mrs. Charles Yorke died in an instant" (to Montagu, July 26).

<sup>2</sup> Charles Yorke was at this time Solicitor-General. This his first wife, was Catherine, only child and heiress of William Freeman, of Aspeden, Herts. They had been married four years.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 160, n. 4.

<sup>4</sup> The quack oculist, who called himself Chevalier Taylor (as Walpole says, because he was a *Pretender*), may have practised in other cases among the fashionable people who believed in him,—unless this is some other person.

<sup>5</sup> Philip, at this time two years old. He succeeded his uncle as Earl of Hardwicke in 1796.

<sup>6</sup> "I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us. . . . I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is

Frenchman, as soon as he set his foot on our coast, would die, like a Toad in Ireland. Yet the King's Tents & Equipage are order'd to be ready at an hour's warning. no body knows positively, what is the damage, that Rodney has done,<sup>1</sup> whether much or little: he can only guess himself; and the French have kept their own secret, as yet. of the 12 Millions, raised for the year, eight are gone already, and the old Party assure us, there is no more to be had for next year. you may easily guess at the source<sup>2</sup> of my intelligence, and therefore will not talk of it. News is hourly expected of a battle in Westphalia, for Pr: Ferdinand is certainly preparing to fight the French, who have taken Minden by storm.<sup>3</sup>

run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us*; and this makes us still more angry. (Walpole to Mann, June 22, '59.)

<sup>1</sup> "I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets; yet there was no panic. Before noon, it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed to be out of his reach. . . . I think the French will scarce venture [to land]; for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleets and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return." (Walpole to Mann, July 8, '59.) Rodney did more mischief than Walpole supposes—"Nothing came of Havre henceforth," says Carlyle;—from whom we learn that the "flat manufactory" was burnt.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Horace Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> "Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manœuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of the Weser; but after the surprisal of Minder from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osna-brück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself "the Conquest of Hanover," brilliant counterweight to all one's losses in America or elsewhere is regarded as a certainty of 'his year. For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense: a great idea in the head of

I hear the D: of N: is much broke eversince his sister Castle-comer died, not that he cared for her, or saw her above once a year; but she was the last of the brood,<sup>1</sup> that was left; & he now goes regularly to Church, which he never did before.

I hope M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton's native Air will be more civil to her, when they are better acquainted: my best Compliments to her. I am glad the Children are well.

Adieu, I am ever

Yours

### CLXXXVIII. *To Mason.*

July 23, 1759.

DEAR MASON—

I was alarmed to hear the condition you were in when you left Cambridge, and, though Mr. Brown had a letter to tell him you were mending apace while I was there, yet it would give me great pleasure to hear more particularly from yourself how you are. I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row; and, though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement. I this day passed through the jaws of a great leviathan,<sup>2</sup> that lay in my way, into the belly of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades."—Carlyle: "Frederick the Great," Bk. xix., chap. iii.

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle's father had two daughters by his first, and five by his second marriage. His sons (Thomas, the Duke) and Henry Pelham were by the second wife. Walpole is unfeeling, in this year, over Newcastle's terrors and feeble state. "It is plain he grows old. . . . George Selwyn, Brand and I went and stood near him, and in half whispers that he might hear, said 'Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!' then I said, 'This room feels very cold: I believe there never is a fire in it.' Presently afterwards I said, 'Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home." (To Montagu, April 26, '59.) And again *à propos* of the fatal sore-throats, "Two servants are dead in Newcastle-house, and the Duke has left it; *anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are surc of being a joke.*" (To Mann, Aug. 1.)

<sup>2</sup> This skeleton of a whale still yawns in the twilight of the Museum cellars.—*Mr. Gosse* (1886).

Dr. Templeman,<sup>1</sup> superintendent of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were,—a man that writes for Lord Royston;<sup>2</sup> a man that writes for Dr. Burton<sup>3</sup> of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany,<sup>4</sup> or Dr. Pocock,<sup>5</sup> for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. Stukely,<sup>6</sup> who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the *Harleian Catalogue*, and have sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend £1300, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers, so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised, and set to auction.<sup>7</sup>

Have you read the Clarendon book?<sup>8</sup> Do you remember

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Peter Templeman held the office of Keeper of the Reading-room for the British Museum from its opening in 1758 till 1761, when he resigned, on being chosen Secretary of the Society of Arts, then newly established. Dr. Templeman was a medical man and a learned one, author of several medical works and the translator of Norden's "Egypt," to which he added notes. He died in 1769.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> See next letters.

<sup>3</sup> John Burton, M.D., born at York, 1697; died 1771; among several other works he published "Monasticon Eboracense," vol. i., York, 1758, folio.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> "Two Prussians" to Brown, Aug. 8.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. to Wharton, vol. i., p. 251 and n. 4. Pocock was made Bishop of Meath in 1765; he was at this time Bishop of Ossory.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. William Stukeley, the antiquary, was rector of St. George's, Queen Square, near the Museum.—*Mitford*. Cf. *supra*, p. 29, n. 1.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 83, n. 1.

<sup>8</sup> "Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," etc., written by himself, was printed in the year 1759, at the Oxford Press, in folio and 8vo.—*Mitford*. It is a sequel to "The History of the Rebellion." The Clarendon Press had been founded partly out of the proceeds of the copyright of the History; and this continuation of the History, and such other of the Chancellor's manuscripts as had not been published, were given subsequently to Oxford, that the profits might go to the establishment of a riding-school. The intention was not fulfilled, mainly through the smallness of the profits from the Clarendon Press. "The money derived from the publication of the MSS. was allowed to accumulate. By 1860 it amounted to £10,000. In 1872 it was spent in adding the Clarendon Laboratory

Mr. Cambridge's<sup>1</sup> account of it before it came out; how well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

The invasion goes on as quietly as if we believed every Frenchman that set his foot on English ground would die on the spot, like a toad in Ireland; nobody but I and Fobus are in a fright about it: by the way, he goes to

to the University Museum." (From Boswell and Birkbeck Hill.) The publication of the *Life* is the starting-point of a characteristic paper by Johnson in the "Idler" of July 14th, 1759, in which he pleads for the *repositing* of all such manuscripts in some public place, remarking that the authenticity of the History, "though printed with the sanction of one of the first universities of the world" [it was at first garbled, nevertheless] "had not an unexpected manuscript been happily discovered would have been brought into question by the two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a *commissioner of excise*."—[Oldmixon and Duckett.] Walpole, in December, 1758, speaks of a surreptitious edition of the "*Life*" from Holland, which would forestall the Oxford publication promised by February, '59.

<sup>1</sup> On Mr. Cambridge and his habits of conversation, see Walpole's "Letters to Lady Ossory." In conversation he was said to be full of entertainment, liveliness, and anecdote. One sarcastic joke on Capability Brown testifies his wit, and his "Scribleriad" still survives in the praises of Dr. Warton.—*Mitford*. Richard Owen Cambridge lived not far from Walpole on the Twickenham side of Richmond Bridge. Walpole says "We shall be as celebrated as Baïæ or Tivoli," and naming the distinguished persons of the neighbourhood, "Clive and Prichard, actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters, H——, the impudent lawyer, [Paul] Whitehead the poet," concludes with "Cambridge, the everything." (To Bentley, July 5, '55.) He was a *quidnunc*; when Cambridge knows nothing, nobody knows anything, according to Walpole. As late as 1779 Walpole writes: "There is not so untittletattling a village as Twickenham in the island; and if Mr. Cambridge did not gallop the roads for intelligence, I believe the grass would grow in our ears." He was a contributor to the "World"; wrote, besides the "Scribleriad," a comic Elegy on an empty Assembly Room (1756), and, in 1789, Walpole writes of "Mr. Cambridge's excellent verses, the 'Progress of Liberty,' printed in a newspaper called 'The Times.'" Cambridge died September 17th, 1802, in his eighty-sixth year. Though he had the besetting sin of the critic, as Gray notes here, he was a very accomplished man, a good Latin scholar, and a master of Spanish, from which he could quote very appositely, as may be seen from Boswell's "Johnson," where he and his villa are spoken of with high respect.

church, not for the invasion, but ever since his sister Castlecomer<sup>1</sup> died, who was the last of the brood.

Moralise upon the death of my Lady Essex,<sup>2</sup> and do write to me soon, for I am ever yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. I have not a frank in the world, nor have I time to send to Mr. Fraser.

### CLXXXIX. *To William Palgrave.*

London, July 24, 1759.

I am now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniencies.

I this day past through the jaws of the great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston;<sup>3</sup> 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton,

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the Duke of Newcastle. Frances, second daughter of Lord Pelham, married Christopher Wandesford, Viscount Castlecomer; she died in 1756. Walpole, in a MS. note of his, which I possess, says, "The Duke of Newcastle is afraid of spirits, and never durst lie in a room alone! This is literally true."—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Essex died in childbirth, July 19, 1759. She was daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., by Lady Frances, daughter of Thomas, Earl Coningsby.—*Mitford*. *Vid. supra*, p. 88 and n. 1 there.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards second Earl of Hardwick (1720-1790). It is probable that "the man who writes for Lord Royston" was collecting materials for the *State Papers*, from 1750 to 1776, printed in 1778,



of York: 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the *Harleian Catalogue*, and have only sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend £1300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. —'s' account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties. Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

CXC. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

August 8, 1759.

DEAR SIR—

The season for triumph is at last come; I mean for our allies, for it will be long enough before we shall have reason to exult in any great actions of our own, and therefore, as usual, we are proud for our neighbours. Contades' great army is entirely defeated:<sup>2</sup> this (I am told) is undoubted, but no particulars are known as yet; and almost as few of the other victory over the Russians,<sup>3</sup> which is lost in the splendour of this greater action. So much for war; and now come and see me in my peaceful new settlement, from whence I have the command of

2 vols. 4to.—*Mitford*. Mr. Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, traced to this noble author the fabrication of that which passed for the "Earliest English Newspaper"—the "English Mercurie" of the Armada year; the publication of which I. Disraeli, in the "Curiosities of Literature," attributes to "the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh."

<sup>1</sup> Cambridge's. See prec. letter.

<sup>2</sup> At Minden, August 1.

<sup>3</sup> This is probably an incorrect report of the battle of Züllichau, which Frederick's General Wedell, whom he had invested with a very short-lived Dictatorship in those parts, fought with the Russians under Soltikof, on the 23rd of July. It was a defeat, not a victory.

Highgate, Hampstead, Bedford Gardens, and the Museum; this last (as you will imagine) is my favourite domain, where I often pass four hours in the day in the stillness and solitude of the reading-room, which is uninterrupted by anything but Dr. Stukeley the antiquary, who comes there to talk nonsense and coffee-house news; the rest of the learned are (I suppose) in the country, at least none of them come there, except two Prussians, and a man who writes for Lord Royston. When I call it peaceful, you are to understand it only of us visitors, for the society itself, trustees and all, are up in arms, like the fellows of a college. The keepers have broke off all intercourse with one another, and only lower a silent defiance as they pass by. Dr. Knight<sup>1</sup> has walled up the passage to the little house, because some of the rest were obliged to pass by one of his windows in the way to it. Moreover the trustees lay out £500 a-year more than their income; so you may expect all the books and the crocodiles will soon be put up to auction; the University (we hope) will buy.

I have not (as you silently charge me) forgot Mosheim.<sup>2</sup> I enquired long ago, and was told there were none in England, but Nourse<sup>3</sup> expects a cargo every day, and as soon as it comes, you shall have it. Mason never writes, but I hear he is well, from Dr. Gisburne.<sup>4</sup> Do not pout, but pray let me hear from you, and above all, do come and see me, for I assure you I am not uncomfortably

<sup>1</sup> Doctor Gowin Knight, M.D., principal librarian of the British Museum from 1756 to his death in 1772, when another M.D., Mathew Maty, became his successor. Dr. Fothergill once made this Dr. Knight a present of a thousand guineas.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Mosheim had died in 1755, at Göttingen, when he was theological professor in the University, with the foundation and framing of which he had had much to do. In the year of his death he had completed a new and improved edition of his Church History ("Institutiones Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ"). Gibbon speaks of Mosheim with respect. It is either the "Institutiones" or the "De Rebus Christianis ante Constantinum" (1753), or both, that Gray is expecting. The *Institutes* were translated into English in 1764.

<sup>3</sup> Nourse seems to have been the Williams and Norgate of the day. Cf. p. 58, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> One of the Court Physicians, and thus, if not otherwise, acquainted with Mason, as one of the Court Chaplains. See *Mitford* on letter of Oct. 23, 1760, *infra*.

situated for a lodger; and what are we but lodgers?<sup>1</sup>  
 Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury.

CXCI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Saturday, August 9, 1759.

I retract a part of my yesterday's intelligence, having to-day had an opportunity of hearing more, and from the best hand.

The merit of Prince Ferdinand's policy and conduct<sup>2</sup> is not a little abated by this account. He made a detachment of 4 or 5000 men, under the hereditary Prince of Brunswick,<sup>3</sup> which had got between the main French army and the town of Herwart, where their principal magazine lay. The fear they were under on that account obliged Contades to begin the attack, and he accordingly began his march at midnight, in eight columns. Very early in the morning, before the Prince had time to make the proper dispositions, they were upon him. He had only his first line formed when the battle began, and of that line the English infantry made a considerable part; Contades' troops (joined by the Duke of Broglie's corps) amounting to near fourscore thousand: the Prince had only forty battalions with him, half of which only engaged (as I said) for want of time. The French artillery at first did terrible execution, and it was then our four<sup>4</sup> regiments

<sup>1</sup> "Ex hac vitâ ita discedo, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo: commorandi enim natura deversorium nobis, non habitandi dedit." (Cicero, "De Senectute," 23, 84.)

<sup>2</sup> Gray's account of Minden is substantially accurate, though I cannot trace his local names. He is mistaken, however, in representing Prince Ferdinand as surprised. The movement of the hereditary Prince was designed to draw the French out of Minden, and their strong positions near it, and it was they, not Ferdinand, who were dilatory.

<sup>3</sup> "Ferdinand's swift-cutting nephew, who is growing famous for such things, detached to cut-out Contades' strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser) which guards his meal-wagons." (Carlyle, "Frederick," bk. xix., chap. iii.)

<sup>4</sup> The English regiments, supported by the Hanoverians, were in

suffered so much, 68 of their officers (all, I think, below a captain in degree) being killed or wounded; 267 private men killed, and above 900 wounded. The rest of the line were Hanoverians (who behaved very bravely), and, as their number was much greater, it is likely they suffered still more; but of their loss I have no particular account. In the village of Tonhausen, near at hand, were all the Hessian artillery, which being now turned upon the French, soon silenced their cannon, and gave an opportunity to come to close engagement. The conflict after this lasted but an hour and a quarter. The French made a poor and shameful resistance, and were dispersed and routed on all sides. The Marshal himself (having detached a body of men to try if they could save or turn Herwart) retreated along the Weser toward Rintelen and Corvey, but wrote a letter to the Prince to say that, as Minden must now soon fall into the hands of his victorious troops, he doubted not but he would treat the wounded and sick (who were all lodged there) with his usual humanity. Accordingly he entered Minden the next day. Eight thousand only of the French were slain in the field, twenty pieces of cannon (sixteen-pounders) taken, and twelve standards. The number of prisoners and the slaughter of the pursuit not so great as it might have been, for the English horse (though they received orders to move) stirred not a foot, nor had any share in the action. This is unaccountable, but true; and we shall soon hear a greater noise about it. (Lord G. Sackville.<sup>1</sup>)

Ferdinand's centre; in the French centre were their cavalry. The six English battalions were to advance, according to Ferdinand's order on sound of drum—"but it seems," says Carlyle, "they read it, *by* sound of drum—'beating our drums, yes, of course'—and advanced prematurely, followed by the Hanoverians as second line, under the fire of Contades' artillery on both flanks—and broke successive charges of the French cavalry. Contades said bitterly, 'I have seen what I never thought to be possible—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin.'"

<sup>1</sup> "Had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an army. Lord George—everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him—could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled, would not even let Granby, his

The Prince of Brunswick<sup>1</sup> fell in with the party sent towards Herwart, entirely routed it, took five pieces of cannon, the town, and all the magazines.

The loss of the Russians<sup>2</sup> is not what has been reported. Their march towards Silesia, however, was stopped; <sup>3</sup> and the King of Prussia is gone in person to attack them.<sup>4</sup>

The story of Durell<sup>5</sup> is all a lie.

lieutenant, come, not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking "How am I to come on?" who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, 'Milord, the opportunity is now past!'" Carlyle, *u. s.*

<sup>1</sup> "And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rearguard division to the winds there; and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole [Minden], the retreat rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates, so-called; fatal to Varus' Legions, long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories." Carlyle, *u. s.*

<sup>2</sup> At Zullichau, "The Prussians lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. . . . Soltikoff's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it." Carlyle's "Frederick," bk. xix., chap. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Gray is misinformed about the situation. The objective of the Russians was not Silesia, but a junction with the Austrians under Haddick and Loudon, wherever they could effect it; a design which Wedell failed to prevent: Loudon joined Soltikoff at Frankfort-on-the-Oder on August 3.

<sup>4</sup> He did so, at Kunersdorf, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Aug. 12. He was disastrously defeated, mainly because, after driving the enemy from their first positions, he persisted, against the advice of his generals, in pushing his advantage over more difficult ground, when his troops were exhausted, both by the battle and their rapid march before it. So confident was Frederick of victory after his first success that he sent four successive couriers to Berlin with the news that the Russians were beaten; "and at last a fifth with dolefully contrary news" (Carlyle) Gray must have told the story of Kunersdorf to Miss Speed, for she writes to him from Stoke on the 25th of August "You sent me dreadful news in regard to the K. of P." ("Gray and his Friends," p. 199.)

<sup>5</sup> In January, 1758, Commodore Durell hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Diana*. He went to command the fleet at Halifax. — [*Mitford*.] The story, therefore, whatever it was, probably has to do with his conduct in the North American Seas. For a detail in his previous career, see vol. i., p. 64, n. 2.

Lord H.<sup>1</sup> is blamed for publishing General Yorke's<sup>2</sup> and Mitchell's<sup>3</sup> letters so hastily.

Don't quote me for all this Gazette. The Prussians have had a very considerable advantage over General Harsch.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Holdernessee, in his capacity of Secretary of State. (See vol. i., p. 260, n. 3).

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Yorke was the third son of the Chancellor Hardwicke; had been A. D. C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, and was at this time Major-General, and our diplomat at the Hague. A letter of his thence to Lord Holdernessee was published in the "London Gazette Extraordinary," Aug. 8, 1759. It announced the glorious victory by Prince Ferdinand over the French on the 1st instant; mentions that Ferdinand's messengers to George II. had not taken the Hague in their way; and that they had favoured Yorke with no *details* of the engagement; the success of which, however, the French dispositions along the Rhine seemed to confirm. Major-General Yorke became Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B., Lord Dover in 1786, and died without issue in 1792.

<sup>3</sup> Andrew Mitchell was the friend of Thomson the poet, and was with him when he died, in 1748. He was appointed in 1756 our ambassador at the court of Frederick. "By far the best Excellency England ever had at that court; who grew to a great mutual regard with Frederick, and well deserved to do so; and whose letters are among the perennially valuable documents on Frederick's history." (Carlyle's "Frederick," bk. xvii., chap. iii.). He was a man of pointed speech. When the huge Gottsched insisted that a tragedy must be in five acts, Mitchell asked, if Aristotle had ordered that the clothes of every man were to be cut from five ells of cloth, how Gottsched would like to find himself without breeches? "The king," says Mitford, "was mentioning to him our losses at Port Mahon, and said we had made a bad campaign. Mitchell answered, 'Avec l'aide de Dieu nous en ferons une plus heureuse.' 'Avec l'aide de Dieu? Je ne vous connais pas cet allié là!' 'C'est cependant, Sire, celui qui nous coûte le moins.'" Mitford could not find any letter of Mitchell's in the Gazettes for 1759 or 1760, or in the Annual Register of that time.

<sup>4</sup> No doubt a mistake for Deville; Harsch and Deville were commonly associated in command. Early in July Deville made an attack on Frederick's general, Fouquet, who was holding Landshut, near the south western frontier of Silesia: "but was beautifully dealt with; sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind." (Carlyle, "Frederick," bk. xix., chap. vi.). Harsch did attack Landshut, and was also defeated, but that was at the end of August. Gray probably gets his information from Lord Holdernessee through Mason (see next letter).

CXCII. *To Wharton.*DEAR DOCT<sup>R</sup>

I cannot say anything to you about Mason, whose motions I am entirely a stranger to, and have not once heard from him since he left London; till (the 3<sup>d</sup> of this month) a letter came, in w<sup>ch</sup> he tells me, that Gaskarth<sup>1</sup> is at Aston with him, & that the latter end of the month, or the beginning of the next, he shall be in town as he goes into waiting the last fortnight in October. L<sup>d</sup> H.<sup>2</sup> has sent him no less than four Expresses (literally so) with public News good & bad, w<sup>ch</sup> has made him of infinite importance in the eyes of that neighbourhood. I can not pretend therefore to guess, whether he will be able to come to you. I am sorry to tell you that I try in vain to execute your commission about tapestry. what is so bad, as wry-mouthed histories? and yet for this they ask me at least double the price you talk of. I have seen nothing neither, that would please me at any price: yet I allow tapestry (if at all tolerable) to be a very proper furniture for your sort of house; but doubt, if any bargain of that kind is to be met with, except at some old mansion-sale—in the country, where People will disdain tapestry, because they hear, that Paper is all the fashion. Stonhewer<sup>3</sup> has been in Northamptonshire till now: as you told me the subject of your letter, I did not send it thither to him, besides that he was every day expected in Town. at last he is come, and has it; but I have not yet seen him: he is gone to-day (I believe) to Portsmouth to receive a Morocco Ambassador, but returns very shortly. there is one advantage in getting into your Abbey at Christmas-time: that it will be at its worst, and if you can bear it then, you need not fear for the rest of the year. M<sup>r</sup> W:<sup>4</sup> has lately made a new Bed-chamber, w<sup>ch</sup> as it is in the best tast<sup>5</sup> of anything he has

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Gaskarth, the Bursar of Pembroke.

<sup>2</sup> Holdernessee.

<sup>3</sup> Stonchewer was at this time, I believe, in the office of one of the Secretaries of State. Cf. vol i., p. 280.

<sup>4</sup> Walpole at Strawberry Hill.

<sup>5</sup> He wrote "tast" and "hast" (for "haste"); whether he so

yet done, & in your own Gothic way, I must describe a little.<sup>1</sup> you enter by a peaked door at one corner of the room (out of a narrow winding passage, you may be sure) into an Alcove, in which the bed is to stand, formed by a screen of pierced work opening by one large arch in the middle to the rest of the chamber, w<sup>ch</sup> is lighted at the other end by a bow-window of three bays, whose tops are of rich painted glass in mosaic. the cieling is coved & fretted in star and quatrefoil compartments, with roses at the intersections, all in papier-maché. the chimney on your left is the high-altar in the cathedral of Rouen (from whence the Screen also is taken) consisting of a low sur-based Arch between two octagon Towers, whose pinnacles almost reach the Cieling, all of nich-work. the chairs and dressing-table are real carved ebony, pick'd up at auctions. the hangings uniform purple paper, hung all over with the court of Henry, y<sup>e</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>, copied after the Holbein's in the Queen's Closet at Kensington, in black & gold frames. the bed is to be either from Burleigh<sup>2</sup> (for L<sup>d</sup> Exeter<sup>3</sup> is

pronounced, we cannot say. It seems probable that Pope pronounced "taste" as we do :

"What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to *waste*?  
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto, have a *taste*.'"

On the other hand Gray has

"Why this unavailing *haste*?  
Western gales and skies serene  
Speak not always winter *past*."

Where, however, the rhyme, sanctioned by Dryden, may be conventional. (See n. Pitt Press ed. of "Gray's Poems," p. 243).

<sup>1</sup> It will be seen that this is the Holbein Chamber on the principal floor of Strawberry Hill. The copies of which Gray goes on to speak were "on oil-paper by Vertue from the drawings of Holbein in Queen Catherine's Closet at Kensington." See Mr. Austin Dobson's "Walpole," p. 219, and plan, *ib.*, p. 215.

<sup>2</sup> Burghley, in Northamptonshire, not far from Stamford, the seat of the Earls of Exeter, the eldest branch of the great family of Cecil, deriving from the first marriage of the famous founder of the house with Mary, sister of Sir John Cheke,

"Who first taught Cambridge and King Edward, Greek."

<sup>3</sup> "He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year and has already made several most sumptuous." So Walpole wrote to Montagu, July 25th, 1763, after visiting the



new furnishing it, and means to sell some of his original household-stuff) of the rich old tarnish'd embroidery; or if that is not to be had, & it must be new, it is to be a cut velvet with a dark purple pattern on a stone-colour sattin ground, & deep mixt fringes & tassels. there's for you, but I want you to see it. in the meantime I live in the Musæum, & write volumes of antiquity. I have got (out of the original Ledger-book of the Signet) K: Richard 3<sup>d's</sup> oath to Elizabeth, late *calling herself Queen of England*; to prevail upon her to come out of Sanctuary<sup>1</sup> with her 5

house, where he found a superabundance of the works of Carlo Maratti and Luca Giordano. Writing from recollection of this visit in 1790 to Sir David Dalrymple (Sep. 21) he substitutes Carlo *Dolce* for Carlo *Maratti*; and adds "*The Earl of Exeter, who resided long at Rome in the time of these two painters, seemed to have employed them entirely during his sojourn there.*" He must mean John, the 4th Earl, b. 1628, d. 1688. The Earl at this date, 1759, was Brownlow Cecil (9th Earl), who succeeded to the title in 1754.

<sup>1</sup> On the news of the arrest of Rivers (April 30, 1483) and the bringing of the young King (Edward V.) back to Northampton, the queen-mother left the palace at Westminster, and took refuge in the adjoining sanctuary with her second son, the Duke of York, and her daughters. The Duke of York was taken thence on the 16th of June. It was not till the beginning of March, 1484, that the others came out of sanctuary, after Richard, in the presence of lords spiritual and temporal, and the mayor and aldermen of London, made oath, *verbo regio*, upon the Holy Evangelists, that if Elizabeth, Cecile, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget, the daughters of dame Elizabeth Gray, would come out of the sanctuary, and be guided, ruled, and demeaned after him, he would see that they should be in surety of their lives, and suffer no hurt or imprisonment, but that they should have everything necessary as his kinswomen; and that he would endow such as were marriageable with lands to the yearly value of two hundred marks, and provide them gentlemen born as husbands; and that their mother should receive of him seven hundred marks annually for her support. An Act of Parliament for the settlement of the crown upon Richard, also styled Elizabeth, "sometime wife to Sir John Gray, knight, late naming herself and many years heretofore Queen of England." Perhaps the document to which Gray refers is that given at length in Ellis, "Original Letters," 2d. Ser., v. i., p. 149. Comines tells us that the Bishop of Bath affirmed that he had secretly married Edward IV. to a beautiful young lady before the marriage with Elizabeth, and Dr. Ralph Shaw, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, in the presence of the Protector, declared the children of Edward illegitimate.

daughters. his Grant to Lady Hastings & her Son,<sup>1</sup> dated 6 weeks after he had cut off her Husband's head. a letter to his Mother;<sup>2</sup> another to his Chancellor,<sup>3</sup> to persuade his Solicitor General not to marry Jane Shore then in Ludgate by his command. S<sup>r</sup> Tho: Wyat's Defence at his Tryal,<sup>4</sup> when accused by B<sup>p</sup> Bonner of high-treason; Lady

<sup>1</sup> "He released the estates of Hastings from forfeiture, in favour of his widow and her children,"—*Knight*,—who remarks that Richard "had no petty feelings of revenge towards the representatives of those whom his policy had cast down."

<sup>2</sup> The widow of Richard, Duke of York, slain at the battle of Wakefield, 1460, or butchered after the battle, as the Shakespearean play (Henry VI., pt. iii.) after one account in Holinshed, represents. Richard III., through Buckingham and Dr. Shaw, cast a slur upon his mother's honour, to discredit the legitimacy of Edward IV. I do not know to what letter to the Duchess Gray here refers.

<sup>3</sup> In this letter Richard says that his solicitor, Thomas Lynom, "marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate, hath made contract of matrimony with her, and intendeth to our full great marvel to proceed to the effect of the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that he should so be disposed. Pray you, therefore, to send for him, and, in that ye goodly may, exhort and stir him to the contrary. If ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise will be advertised; then, if it may stand with the law of the church, we be content the time of marriage deferred to our coming next to London; that, upon sufficient surety found of her good bearing, ye do send for her, and discharge him of our said commandment, committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other by your discretion, in the mean season."—(*Harl. MS.* 433.)

<sup>4</sup> This is the elder Wyatt, the poet, father of the Sir Thomas who made insurrection in favour of Lady Jane Grey and was executed at the beginning of Mary's reign. The accusation against the father was made in 1541, in the reign of Henry VIII. He was charged by Bonner "with having communicated secretly with Reginald Pole; with having said when the pacification of Nice was concluded, that 'he feared the King should be cast out of the cart's tail, and by God's blood, if he were so, he was well served, and he would he were,' and again with having spoken against the Act of Supremacy. The first point was the misinterpretation of Bonner's malice. He had 'practised' to gain intelligence from Pole of the intentions of the Pope. 'He supposed that he had but discharged his duty in doing so. He had spoken loosely of the prospects of the King, he admitted. It was a fashion of speech, and not a good one; but that he had expressed his expectations in the form of a hope he denied utterly. Of the Act of Supremacy he allowed that he had said it would be sore rod in evil hands: and he

Purbeck and her Son's remarkable Case,<sup>1</sup> and several more odd things unknown to our Historians. when I come

supposed he had been right in saying so."—Froude ("Hist. Eng.," iii. 455), from Nott's "Wyatt." Nott apparently *resumes* the document Gray mentions. Froude says it is clear that the "oration" was composed, but not delivered, for Wyatt was privately examined, but never put upon his trial, and was indemnified for his brief imprisonment by the grant of an estate from the Crown.

But if Froude had read the speech carefully, he would have seen that Wyat mentions the fact of an inquiry two years before into these same matters before the Privy Council, during which Mason, his colleague, was "in holde detainyned," though finally acquitted; that Wyat sued to come home to clear himself, and did come; that the "Erle of Estsex" [Thomas Cromwell] desired him "to let it pass" for that he was "cleared well enough"; that he was sent "agayne Embassadour to th' Emperour at his comynge into Ffraunce, and the Kynges grace had rewarded him with a good piece of lande above his deservynge." This donation then would seem to be earlier than the Defence in question. Nor is there, perhaps, sufficient reason to question that the speech was actually delivered, as its text indicates, before a committee of the Privy Council and a jury; for the statement of the Council that Wyat had acknowledged his offence might seem to them a permissible gloss upon his admissions, and that the result, as they say, took the form of a pardon, not an acquittal, is surely possible.

It is a very characteristic paper, in which the antics of "the lyttel fat prest" Bonner, as yet a contemptible rather than a terrible object, are described with Demosthenic force and directness, the whole piece being no bad Tudor counterpart to the "De Falsa Legatione." The poet humorously admits that he is a creature of impulse in his talk, and that his accusers in the utterances attributed to him, have well imitated his style, particularly in the use of naughty words.

Gray does not tell Wharton that he has made this transcript for Walpole. But it was printed in 1772 at Strawberry Hill in "Miscellaneous Antiquities" (No. II.), where it is introduced with a tribute to his memory: "The following papers of Sir Thomas Wyat were copied by Mr. Gray from the originals in the Harleian collection, now in the British Museum. The Parnassian Flame that had prophesied from the mouth of the Bards could condescend to be a transcriber. In this instance his labour was the homage of justice paid to a genius, his predecessor. What Mr. Gray thought worth copying, who will not think worth reading?"

<sup>1</sup> Lady Purbeck was Frances, daughter of the celebrated Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Exeter. She married, first, Sir John Villiers (brother of George, Duke of Buckingham), who was created Viscount Purbeck. She eloped from him in 1621 with Sir Robert Howard, K.B., fifth son of Thomas, Earl of Norfolk; assumed the

home, I have a great heap of the Conway Papers <sup>1</sup> (w<sup>ch</sup> is a secret) to read, & make out. in short, I am up to the ears.

The Fish you mention is so accurately described that I know it at sight. It is the *Ink-fish*, or *Loligo* of the Romans. in Greek *Τεuthὺς*, in Italian, *Calamaio*. in French, *Calmar*. you will find it ranged by Linnæus in the class of *Vermes*, the order of *Mollusca*, the genus of *Sepia*, N<sup>o</sup> 4, pag: 659. The smaller ones are eaten as a delicacy fried, with their own ink for sauce, by the Italians and others. you may see it in Aldrovandus.<sup>2</sup>

I do not see much myself of the face of nature here, but I enquire. Wheat was cutting in Kent the 23<sup>d</sup> of July. the 25<sup>th</sup> at Enfield. the 27<sup>th</sup> Wheat, Barley, & oats cutting all at once about Windsor: the forward Pease all got in, ground plough'd. and turnips sow'd. 9<sup>th</sup> of August, Harvest still continued in Buck:<sup>e</sup>. The 27<sup>th</sup> about Kennington it was just over, being delay'd for want of hands. in some places 50 mile from London it is but

name of Wright, and gave birth privately at Somerset House, in 1624, to a son, who was baptized at Cripplegate under the name of Robert Wright. She was sentenced (Archbishop Laud passing the sentence) to do penance in a white sheet at the Savoy Church, but evaded the punishment by concealing herself. Her son Robert married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Danvers [the regicide, stepfather of George Herbert and patron of Fuller], and took the name of Danvers. Their son Robert claimed the earldom of Buckingham, but the House of Lords decided against him upon the ground of his father's illegitimacy. Lady Purbeck died in 1657. The last of her male descendants died in 1774 without issue.—*Lady Russell*, N. & Q., June 8, 1901.

<sup>1</sup> "The Conway Papers are now (1857) by the gift of the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, partly in the State Paper Office, and partly in the British Museum."—*Cunningham*. Walpole wrote to Cole, Aug. 22, 1778: "Lord Hardwicke [the Lord Royston of p. 93, *supra*, where see note] I know, has long been my enemy—latterly, to get a sight of the Conway Papers, he has paid great court to me, which, to show how little I regarded his enmity, I let him see, at least the most curious."

<sup>2</sup> Aldrovandi (1522-1607) was a famous professor at Bologna. He was the first director of the botanical garden there, and was instrumental in founding the still existing museum. Botany was his *fort*, but every department of natural history was his *foible*, and his great work in thirteen volumes, seven of which were published after his death, was illustrated by eminent artists.

just over now for the same reason. the 3<sup>d</sup> of Aug: Catherine-pears, Muscle-Plums, and small black Cherries were sold in wheel barrows. Filberds in plenty the 8<sup>th</sup>. Mulberries, & fine green-gage plums the 19<sup>th</sup>. fine Nectarines & Peaches, the 27<sup>th</sup>. the 4<sup>th</sup> of Sept: Melons and Perdrigon-plums. the 8<sup>th</sup>, Walnuts 20 a penny. this is all I know about fruit. My Weather is not very compleat.

July	20, 1759.	London.	Therm: 5 in the afternoon,	at 79
	21	.	.	.
	22	.	.	same hour 76
	23	Wind N.N.E.	.	d:° 80
	24	.	.	d:° —
	25	.	.	d:° 78
	26	w <sup>d</sup> N:N:W. brisk at noon	.	71
	27	Wind laid at night	.	—
	28	w <sup>d</sup> N: fair, white flying clouds,	9 in morn <sup>g</sup>	68
	29	„ S.S.W. still & cloudy sunshine	d:°	69
	30.	gloomy & hot. w <sup>d</sup> W:S:W: shower at night.	d:°	70
	31.	8 hours rain. w <sup>d</sup> S:W: moonshiny night	d:°	70
Aug:	1.	cloudy. W:S:W: brisk and chill, bright even <sup>g</sup> .	d:°	66
	2.	Cloudy sun, W:S:W: chill. a little rain. night clear	d:°	65
	3.	Fine, w <sup>d</sup> N:W: cool	d:°	64
	4.	gloomy. S:W: high. seven hours heavy rain	d:°	64
	5.	cloudy. N:W: hard rain at night	d:°	66
Aug: <sup>1</sup>	6.	Clouds & sunshine. w <sup>d</sup> N:W: brisk. . . Therm: at 9 . .	d:°	64
	7.	w <sup>d</sup> S:W: fair	d:°	66
	8.	W: clear and hot	„	74
	9.	S:S:W: very hot	„	76
	10.	d:° hot and foggy	„	74
	11.	clear and extreme hot	„	76
	12.	N:N:W: small rain. evening fine	„	66
	13.	N:N:E: brisk. fine day	„	66
	14.	cloudy	„	64
	15.	N:N:W: clouds & sun	„	68
	16.	very fine	„	64
	17.	S:W: overcast. some rain	„	68
	18.	very fine	„	64
	19.	W:N:W: cloudy, but fair. at night hard rain	„	64
	20.	W:S:W: overcast. at night much rain	„	66

<sup>1</sup> A fresh page in Gray's MS. here begins.

I go no farther than you do: but it is down in my book.

what do you say to all our victories? The night we rejoiced for Boscawen,<sup>1</sup> in the midst of squibs and bonfires arrived Lord G. Sackville. He sees company: & to-day has put out a short address to the Publick, saying, he expects a Court-Martial (for no one abroad had authority to try him<sup>2</sup>) and desires people to suspend their judgement. I fear, it is a rueful case.

I believe, I shall go on Monday to Stoke for a time, where Lady Cobh<sup>m</sup><sup>3</sup> has been dying. My best respects to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. Believe me ever faithfully

Yours  
TG:

Southampton-Row, Sept: 18. 1759.

<sup>1</sup> "Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron, and has made you Viceroy of the Mediterranean," writes Walpole to Mann, September 13th. The French admiral was De la Clue; he was on his way from Toulon to operate against the British coast, when he was attacked by Boscawen in the Bay of Lagos on the south coast of Portugal; Boscawen captured three large ships and burnt two and returned to England with his prizes and two thousand prisoners. "They attribute," says Walpole, *l. c.*, "I don't know with what grounds a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England—but before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them."

<sup>2</sup> In his appointment in 1758 he is designated "commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces, horse and foot serving on the Lower Rhine or to be there assembled with the allied army under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the said army."

Walpole, Sep. 13, *u. s.* says: "He immediately applied for a court-martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holderness—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—"If he wanted a Court-Martial, he might go seek it in Germany."

<sup>3</sup> On the 26th of August ("Gray and His Friends," p. 198), Miss Speed wrote to Gray, "Lady Cobham is surprizingly well and most extremely obliged to you for the anxiety you expressed on her acct. We take the air every day, and are returned to our old way of living and hope we shall go on in the same way many years." There was therefore a sudden change.

CXCI. *To Mason.*

Stoke, October 6, 1759.

DEAR MASON—

If you have been happy where you are, or merely better in health for any of your employments or idlenesses, you need no apologies with me: my end is answered, and I am satisfied. One goes to school to the world some time before one learns precisely how long a visit ought to last. At this day I do not pretend to know it exactly, and very often find out (when it is too late) that I have stayed half an hour too long. I shall not wonder, therefore, if your friend should make a mistake of half a year, if your occasions did not call you to town sooner. When you come I should hope you would stay the winter, but can advise nothing in a point where my own interest is so much concerned. Pray let me know of your arrival immediately, that I may cut short my visitation here, or at least (if you are taken up always at Syon,<sup>1</sup> or Kensington<sup>2</sup>) may meet you at Hounslow,<sup>3</sup> or at Billy Robinson's,<sup>4</sup> or somewhere.

<sup>1</sup> With Lord Holderness. See p. 5, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Where Mason resided during the period of residence as chaplain to the King.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> Mitford suggests that he means Strawberry Hill. See vol. i., p. 351, n. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Billy Robinson was his friend the Rev. William Robinson, of Denton in Kent. I possess a list by Gray of the wild plants native to this district, made when on one of his two visits at Denton. He was the third surviving brother of Mrs. Montagu, and was of Westminster School, and St. John's College, Cambridge; Rector of Burfield, Bucks, where he died, aged 75, December, 1803.—*Mitford*. Sir Egerton Brydges (*Mitford's "Gray,"* Ald. ed., App. V., vol. i.) says: "Mr. Robinson was an admirable classical scholar, to whose taste Gray paid great deference. He did not consider Mr. Mason as equal to the task of writing *Gray's Life*: and on that account when Mason (from his knowledge of Mr. R.'s intimacy with Gray) communicated his intention to him, Mr. Robinson declined, returning him an answer, which produced a coolness between them which was never afterwards made up. Mr. Robinson, however, owned that Mason had executed his task better than he had expected. The '*Lines on Lord Holland's House at Kingsgate*,' were written when on a visit to Mr. Robinson, and found in the drawer of Gray's dressing-table after he was gone. They were restored to him for he had no other

My only employment and amusement in town (where I have continued all the summer, till Michaelmas) has been the Museum; but I have been rather historically than poetically given. With a little of your encouragement, perhaps, I may return to my old Lydgate<sup>1</sup> and Occleve, whose works are there in abundance. I can write you no news from hence; yet I have lately heard ill news, which I shall not write. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me most faithfully yours.

At the Lady Viscountess Cobham's, at Stoke House, near Windsor, Bucks.

Your friend Dr. Plumptre<sup>2</sup> has lately sat for his picture to Wilson.<sup>3</sup> The motto, in large letters (the measure of which he himself prescribed) is, "Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus:" i.e. "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

#### CXCIV. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I know not what to say to you after so long a silence, but that I have been down at Stoke to see poor Lady Cobham, & after about three weeks pass'd there, she being obliged to come for advice (as they call it) to Town, I return'd with her, & have been ever since, till about ten days ago, by her desire in the house with her in Hanover Square. she is dying (as it now plainly appears) of a Dropsy, and the contemplation of ling'ring death is not apt to raise the spirits of any Spectator . . . .

copy, and had forgotten them." This was on Gray's visit to Denton in 1766.

<sup>1</sup> See Gray's observations on Lydgate's Poems in Mathias's edition, p. 55 to p. 80, and in Ed. Ald. [vol. v.], pp. 292-321 [vol. i., p. 387 sq., ed. Gosse].—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> In 1760 Dr. Robert Plumptre was President of Queen's College, and from 1760 to 1788 Professor of Casuistry; died in October, 1788. His "*good livings*" were Wimpole and Whadden, in Cambridgeshire; he was afterward Prebendary of Norwich.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> Benjamin Wilson (1721-1788) the portrait-painter, to whom Gray sat for the likeness in oil which now hangs in the common room of Pembroke College, Cambridge.—*Mr. Gosse*.



I have had an enquiry from Mr. Jonathan<sup>1</sup> about painted glass, and have given him such information, as I could procure. The manufacture at York seems to be the thing for your purpose, but the name of the Person I can not learn. he at Worcester sells it for two Shillings a pound (for it is sold by weight). I approve very well of the canopy-work border on the sides of each light descending to the bottom, provided it do not darken the window too much, & take up so much of the 20 inches space, as to make the plain glass in the middle appear over narrow. but I have been more used to see the whole top of colour'd glass (from where the Arch begins to turn), the gloom above contributing much to the beauty of the clear view below. I cannot decide: the first is more Gothic & more uncommon, the latter more convenient, & more chearful. Green glass is not classical, nor ever seen in a real Church window, but where there is History painted, & there the Green is remarkably bad. I propose, the rich amethyst-purple instead of it. the mosaic pattern can hardly come amiss, only do not let too much yellow & scarlet come together. if I could describe the mosaic at Mr. W:<sup>s</sup><sup>2</sup> it would be of no use to you, because it is not merely made of squares put together, but painted in a pattern by Price,<sup>3</sup> & shaded. it is as if little Balaustines,<sup>4</sup> or Pomegranate-flowers, were set four together, & formed a lozenge. these are of a golden yellow with a white Pearl at the junctions, & the spaces inclosed by them are scarlet, or blew. this

<sup>1</sup> Of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan I know nothing except from Gray's letters. They were London friends of Wharton; we shall find them visiting him at Old Park, Durham.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole's.

<sup>3</sup> "Of Price," Mitford; and (independently) Mr. Gosse.

<sup>4</sup> βαλαύστιον (Dioscorides, I. 154). Browning gives this name to the heroine who redeems herself and her companions by reciting to their Syracusan captors the Alcestis of Euripides:

. . . "Although she has some other name  
We only call her Wild-pomegranate-flower,  
Balaustion; since, where'er the red bloom burns  
I' the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,  
You shall find food, drink, odour all at once;  
Cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,  
And, never much away, the nightingale."

repeated makes a Diaper-work, & fills the whole top of the window. I am sorry any of your designs depend upon Virginia; I fear it will fail you. St:<sup>r</sup> <sup>1</sup> tells me, you have a neighbouring scene superior to any banks of the Thames, where I am to live . . . to age me? Mason has been in . . . to Aston, where he . . . =tration are as young (?) . . . & flourishing state of his country . . . clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical speech of Beckford's.<sup>2</sup> the second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours (on proposing a Monument for Wolfe<sup>3</sup>). in the course of it he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, & Beckford (who seconded him) cried too, & wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, w<sup>ch</sup> was very moving. The third was about Gen: Amhurst,<sup>4</sup> & in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American Commanders, very spirited & eloquent. this is a very critical time, an action being hourly expected between the two great Fleets, but no news as yet.

I don't know where my thermometer left off, but I do not find any observations till the 8<sup>th</sup> of Sept:<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Stonehewer, who knew the North Country well.

<sup>2</sup> The famous Alderman Beckford, father of the yet more famous lord of Fonthill, the author of "Vathek." The Alderman was member for the City of London (1753), and twice Lord Mayor. On the famous speech to the King which is inscribed on his statue in the Guildhall, and was uttered (if it was really his) a month before his death in 1770, see Mitford's n. on Gray to Brown, May 22, 1770.

<sup>3</sup> Wolfe's victory and death on the Heights of Abraham took place September 13th of this year. The speeches of Pitt here mentioned were made November 20th. (See also "Gray and his Friends," p. 24.)

<sup>4</sup> General Amherst had taken Ticonderoga in July, '59, Abercrombie having failed to do so in '58. He also secured Crown Point. In the same month Sir William Johnson with a body of the American militia had captured the fortress of Niagara. Indians were engaged on both sides, and their war-whoop was heard above the roar of the cataract. Walpole wrote (Sep. 13, '59): "If we did but call Johnson 'Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus' and Amherst 'Galfridus [Jeffery] Amhersta Ticonderogicus' we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory."

Sept.

8, at 68. close and gloomy . Walnuts 20 a penny.

9, at 70. same.

10, ... 72. very fine.      W<sup>d</sup> S:W: then N:W... Bergamot  
Pears.

11, ... 68. wet, evening fine. . S:W: foggy night.

12, ... 64. cloudy . . . . . S:S:W:

13, ... 68. showry afternoon . S:W:

14, ... 62. fair . . . . . W:N:W: cool.

15, . 62. a little rain . . . N:W: little frost at night.

16, ... 61. fair . . . . N:N:W: evening N:E: bright  
& cool.

17. 59. . . . . N:W:

18. 58.

19. ... 57. . . . . W<sup>d</sup> N:

[illegible]

21. 60. fair . . . . . N:E: high.

22, ... 60. fair & cool. . . N:E: at night a little frost.

23, 59. fair. aftern: cold & gloomy. set by a fire. (Went to Stoke.)

24, ..... fine black & white Muscadine Grapes, black Figs (the white are over) Melons & Walnuts.

25, Red and Blew double Astors, Musk and Monthly Roses, Marygolds, Sweet Peas, Carnations, Mignonette, & double Stocks, in bloom.

26, ... 59. . . . . Wd N:W: high.

Elm, Oak, & Old Ash in full verdure. Horse Chesnut & Lime turn yellow. Young Beeches russet, Cherry-Trees red, & dropping their Leaves.

27, 62. Clouds & Sun.

28. — " " " " " "

29, ... 64, fine.

30. 62.

Oct: 1 . Catherine-Peaches very ripe. black Frontignac  
Grapes.

(all the rest is lost.)

The 20 of November, some Snow fell in the night.

23<sup>d</sup> Therm: at 32 (freezing point) for the first time ; since wch  
it has continued rising : weather wet.

Today, the 28<sup>th</sup>, at 54. Wd W:N:W: high. warm and wet.

My best respects to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I am, Dear S<sup>r</sup>, ever  
Yours.

[November 28, 1759.]

CXCV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

1759.

DEAR SIR

You will receive to-morrow *Caractacus*, piping-hot, I hope, before anybody else has it. Observe, it is I that send it, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and, moreover, you are desired to lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them; for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do. I believe you will think it (as I do) greatly improved. The last chorus, and the lines that introduce it, are to me one of the best things I ever read, and surely superior to anything he ever wrote. He has had infinite fits of affectation as the hour approached, and is now gone into the country for a week, like a new married couple.

I am glad to find you are so lapt<sup>1</sup> in music at Cambridge, and that Mingotti<sup>2</sup> is to crown the whole; I heard her within this fortnight, and think her voice (which always had a roughness), is considerably harsher than it was, but yet she is a noble singer. I shall not partake of these delights,<sup>3</sup> nor, I fear, be able to see Cambridge for some time yet; but in a week I shall know better. Dr. Wharton, who desires his love to you, will, I believe, set out for Durham in about three weeks to settle at Old Park; at present his least girl is ill of the small-pox, joined with a scarlet fever, but likely to get over it. Yesterday I and M. dined with Mr. Bonfoy.<sup>4</sup> He told me that the old lady was eloped from Ripon, just at a time when he seemed to want her there, and was, I thought, a little ruffled at it;

<sup>1</sup> "And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."—*L'Allegro*.

<sup>2</sup> Catarina Mingotti, born at Naples 1726, married Mingotti, a Venetian, Manager of the Opera at Dresden. Sang with great applause at the theatres in Italy, Germany and Spain. She came to London in 1754, and made her first appearance in "*Ipermestra*" in 1758. She quitted England in 1772, having still preserved her voice. The date of her death is not known.—*Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 285, n. 4.

<sup>3</sup> "These *delights* if thou canst give," etc.—*L'Allegro*.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 281, n. 3. I suppose that "the old lady" is Mrs. Bonfoy. It is possible that Ripon is Mitford's mistake for Ripton.

but I (in my heart) commended her, and think her very well revenged upon him. Pray, make her my best compliments. Old Turner<sup>1</sup> is very declining, and I was sounded by Dr. — about my designs (so I understood it). I assured him I should not *ask* for it, not choosing to be refused. He told me two people had applied already. *N.B.*—All this is a secret. Adieu, dear Sir.—Believe me ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

*P.S.*—The parcel will come by one of the flies. There is a copy for old Pa,<sup>2</sup> who is outrageous about it. I rejoice in Jack's good fortune. Lord Strathmore<sup>3</sup> is much out of order, but goes abroad.

### CXCVI. *To Mason.*

December 1, 1759.

DEAR MASON

I am extremely obliged to you for the kind attention you bestow on me and my affairs. I have not been a sufferer by this calamity; it was on the other side of the street, and did not reach so far as the houses opposite to mine;<sup>4</sup> but there was an attorney, who had writings be-

<sup>1</sup> Shallet Turner, D.C.L., of Peterhouse, Professor of Modern History, from 1735 to 1762.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Palgrave.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i., p. 58, n. and index.

<sup>4</sup> In the parish of St. Michael's, Cornhill.

I do not notice misinterpretations of these letters, extraordinary as some of them are, except where they may mislead Gray's future biographers. Mr. Gosse states ("Life of Gray," p. 145): "Poor Gray, ever pursued by the terrors of arson, had a great fright in the last days of November in this year. A fire broke out *in the house of an organist on the opposite side of Southampton Row*, and the poor householder was burned to death; the fire spread to the house of *Gray's lawyer*, who fortunately saved his papers. A few nights later, the poet *was roused* by a conflagration close at hand in Lincoln's Inn Fields." The italics are mine. Surely never did the wit of man concentrate so many misconceptions in so small a space. The house Gray speaks of as *his* was not that in Southampton Row (which was *not* his); there was no opposite side to Southampton Row, except Bedford House and the grounds in which it stood. The glass-organist was not an organist, he was a player on the musical glasses. He lived nowhere near Gray; he

longing to me in his hands, that had his house burnt down among the first, yet he has had the good fortune to save all his papers. The fire is said to have begun in the chamber of that poor glass-organist who lodged at a coffee-house in Swithin's Alley, and perished in the flames. Two other persons were destroyed (in the charitable office of assisting their friends), by the fall of some buildings. Last night there was another fire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that burnt the Sardinian Ambassador's chapel and stables, with some adjacent houses. 'Tis strange that we all of us (here in town) lay ourselves down every night on our funereal pile, ready made, and compose ourselves to rest, while every drunken footman and drowsy old woman has a candle ready to light it before the morning.

lived near Gray's property in the parish of St. Michael's, Cornhill ; he was not a "householder," he simply had a room in a coffee-house in Swithin's Alley, which is either now St. Swithin's Lane, or has disappeared, and which was certainly in the heart of the city. Gray could have had no "great fright" from this fire ; it is not likely that he heard of it until it was all over, and he was doubtless simultaneously assured that his own house had escaped. There is no sufficient evidence that the attorney was Gray's lawyer ; it might rather be concluded from the way in which Gray speaks of him, that he was not. It does not appear that Gray was *roused* by the conflagration in Lincoln's Inn fields. It was sufficiently remote from his almost rural retreat to cause him no possible apprehension, and he probably never heard about it till the next morning.

I strongly suspect that the unfortunate "glass-organist" was Richard Puckeridge (whose name I find variously given as Pockrich, Pockeridge, and Pickeridge). According to the "Dictionary of National Biography" he invented the musical glasses, gave practical exhibitions of these in various parts of England, and died in this very year, 1759. Is it likely that there were two inventors or exhibitors of this novelty who died in the same year ? From the same source I learn that Puckeridge was born in co. Monaghan, was left at the age of twenty-five an unencumbered fortune of £4,000 a year, but dissipated all his resources in the pursuit of visionary projects. This would account for the chamber in the coffee-house.

Stainer ("Dict. of Musical Terms") says that the idea of the musical glasses was suggested by a Mr. Pickeridge, an Irish gentleman, and first carried out by M. Delaval, and was in use long before the name *armonica* was given to it by Franklin (the great Benjamin, to whom the invention is sometimes attributed). He takes Delaval for a Frenchman ; but the person is Gray's friend,

You will have heard of Hawke's victory<sup>1</sup> before this can reach you; perhaps by an express.<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> . . . Monsieur de Conflans' own ship<sup>4</sup> of . . . 74, were driven on shore, and . . . two sunk (capital ships), with . . . r it blew a storm during the whole . . . could be saved out of them. Eight . . . ng over their cannon were able to run . . . mouth of a shallow river (where, if the wind will permit, it is probable they may be set on fire), and eight ran away, and are supposed to have got into Rochefort; two of Hawke's fleet (of seventy and sixty guns) out of eagerness ran aground, and are lost, but most of the men preserved and brought off. There is an end of the invasion, unless you are afraid of Thurot,<sup>5</sup> who is hovering off Scotland. It is an odd contemplation that somebody<sup>6</sup> should have

Edward Delaval, of Pembroke College. See letter to Brown of April, 1760.

<sup>1</sup> Over Conflans in Quiberon Bay.

<sup>2</sup> From Lord Holderness.

<sup>3</sup> Torn off.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> "Conflans tried to save himself behind the rocks of Belleisle, but was forced to burn his ship of eighty guns and twelve hundred men. The 'Formidable,' of eighty, and one thousand men, is taken; we burned the 'Hero' of seventy-four, eight hundred and fifteen men. The 'Thesée' and 'Superbe' of seventy-four, and seventy, and of eight hundred and fifteen and eight hundred men, were sunk in the action, and the crews lost. Eight of their ships are driven up the Vilaine, after having thrown over their guns; they have moored two frigates to defend the entrance, but Hawke hopes to destroy them. Our loss is a scratch, one lieutenant and thirty-nine men killed, and two hundred and two wounded. The 'Resolution' of seventy-four guns, and the 'Essex' of sixty-four, are lost, but the crews saved; they it is supposed, perished by the tempest, which raged all the time, for

'We rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm.

Sir Edward heard guns of distress in the night, but could not tell whether of friend or foe, nor could assist them."—*Walpole to Mann*, Nov. 30.

<sup>5</sup> Thurot was to have co-operated with Conflans. He landed in Ireland, and attacked Carrickfergus, which was bravely defended by seventy-two men; and then went again to sea, having plundered the town, and carried off the mayor and three other inhabitants as his prisoners.—*Knight*.

<sup>6</sup> George II. The "Great year," as Walpole dates it (November 30th) was the last complete year of his reign. He died October 25th, 1760.

lived long enough to grow a great and glorious monarch. As to the nation, I fear it will not know how to behave itself, being just in the circumstances of a chambermaid that has got the £20,000 prize in the lottery.

You mistake me. I was always a friend to employment, and no foe to money; but they are no friends to each other. Promise me to be always busy, and I will allow you to be rich.—I am, dear Mason, in all situations truly yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, in Southampton Row. I received your letter November 29, the day on which it is dated; a wonderful instance of expedition in the post.<sup>1</sup>

### CXCVII. *To Wharton.*

London, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1760.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am much obliged to you for your antique news: Froissard<sup>2</sup> is a favourite book of mine (tho' I have not attentively read him, but only dip'd here and there) & it is strange to me that people who would give thousands for a dozen Portraits (Originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, & thoughts of their

<sup>1</sup> Mason is bantered for misdating.

<sup>2</sup> Readers of Sainte-Beuve will remember that he quotes this praise of Froissart from "le charmant poëte Gray qui, dans sa solitude mélancolique de Cambridge, étudiait tant de choses avec originalité et avec goût." He goes on to speak of the delight afforded by the illuminated manuscripts of Froissart in the great Library of Paris or the British Museum, with their wonderfully coloured vignettes, which make the text speak to the eyes; the towns and *châteaux*, ceremonies, sieges, battles by land and sea, all pictured with naïve minuteness and fidelity. "Toutes ces choses," he says, "y sont peintes comme d'hier; la poésie de Gray elle-même n'est pas plus nette et plus fraîche, et ne reluit pas mieux." Something of the fascination here so prettily described, is exercised even by the abridged and modernized Froissart of Mme. de Witt, which reproduces many of these old designs. In associating all this with the poetry of Gray, Sainte-Beuve is perhaps influenced by the kind of heraldic splendour which belongs to the Bard and the Installation Ode.



ancestors done on the spot, & in strong tho' simple colours. In the succeeding century<sup>1</sup> Froissard (I find) was read with great satisfaction by everybody, that could read; & on the same footing with King Arthur,<sup>2</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Tristram,<sup>3</sup> & Archbishop Turpin:<sup>4</sup> not because they thought him a

<sup>1</sup> He perhaps means the fifteenth, since Froissart's Chronicle ends A.D. 1400. But the remark would be just as true of the sixteenth, and even some part of the seventeenth century. We know that Hector Boece, Hall, and Holinshed, and their most intelligent readers, including Shakespeare, made no attempt to discriminate between history and legend.

<sup>2</sup> Geoffrey of Monmouth's "*Historia Britonum*" was dedicated to Robert Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1147. Mythical as it is, its merits as a work of imagination have been greatly exaggerated, as far as the Arthurian legend is concerned. It gives an impossible account of Arthur's military exploits and conquests; and the supernatural and dramatic traits which poetry has enhanced appear either crudely or not at all. The "Round Table," for instance, is found first, I believe, in the "*Brut*" of Wace—I mean, of course, in the *literary* development of the legend, for he tells us that it was sung among the Bretons; the Holy Grail story, whatever its origin, was perhaps first told effectively by Walter Map, to whom also is attributed the successful linking with this of the legends of Lancelot, Gawain, and Percival. The element of romantic love in the Arthurian legend is mainly due to Breton, Anglo-Norman, and French sources. The great work of Sir Thomas Malory, printed by Caxton in 1485, professed to be a translation from the French.

<sup>3</sup> "I know him by his harp of gold,  
Famous in Arthur's court of old;  
I know him by his forest dress,  
The peerless hunter, harper, knight,  
Tristram of Lyonesse."

The story of his two loves, Iseult of Ireland and Iseult of Brittany, of his uncle King Mark of Tintagel, husband of the Irish Iseult, and of the fate of Tristram himself, is variously told in Tennyson's "*Last Tournament*," and Matthew Arnold's "*Tristram and Iseult*." At first the hero of a separate legend, Tristram (or Tristan) was associated with the Arthurian romance at the close of the twelfth century approximately.

<sup>4</sup> Turpin (Tilpin), Archbishop of Rheims, was himself a contemporary of Charlemagne, and figured in legend and *chanson* as one of his peers; but his name was borrowed for the Chronicle which took shape in the latter half of the twelfth century, and for a long time passed as historic. The interest of the Chronicle centres in the Spanish campaigns of Charlemagne, the prowess of Roland and Oliver, the treachery of Ganelon, the disaster of Roncesvalles, etc.

fabulous Writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic Historians. to so little purpose was it in that age for a Man to be at the pains of writing truth!<sup>1</sup> pray, are you come to the four Irish Kings,<sup>2</sup> that went to school to K. Richard the 2d.'s Master of the Ceremonies; and the Man<sup>3</sup> who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St Patrick's Purgatory?

<sup>1</sup> Sainte-Beuve here says: "Gray va ici un peu loin. Froissart à sa manière et selon sa mesure de jugement, s'était mis fort en peine de recueillir la vérité dans ce qu'il raconte." But the critic misunderstands the poet. This is precisely what Gray means, while regretting that Froissart's pains should not have distinguished him in the common judgment from other chroniclers. To Gray and Sainte-Beuve alike, Froissart is the mediæval counterpart of Herodotus—sincere and *de bonne foi*, if somewhat credulous.

<sup>2</sup> Wharton must have read far to have reached this, for it is in the fourth and last volume of Froissart (ch. 63). Henri Castide (so Froissart gives his name) had been squire to the Duke of Ormond, and was for seven years a prisoner among the Irish, but well treated by his captor (called by Froissart Brin Costeret), who gave him his daughter in marriage. On his redemption from captivity, he was of great service to the English through his knowledge of the Erse tongue, and was employed to *debarbarise* the four Irish kings who made voluntary submission to Richard II. Castide tells Froissart with what difficulty he broke these monarchs of the habit of eating out of the same dish and drinking out of the same cup with their varlets; how he taught them to wear breeches and clean linen, to ride with stirrups, etc.

<sup>3</sup> William de l'Isle, *Chevalier Anglais*, who had been in Ireland with Richard II. Froissart, riding with him one day, asks him if what was told about "ce qu'on appelle le Trou Saint-Patrice" was true. He answered "Yes," and that he and an English knight, when the king was at Dimelin (Dublin) had been there, and were shut in there at sunset, stayed there all night, and came forth at dawn. "When," he continued, "I and my companion had passed the door of the cellar which they call St. Patrick's Purgatory, and had gone down three or four steps, our heads grew very hot; and we sat on the stone steps, and we were strongly inclined to sleep; and we slept all night." "Did you know where you were?" asked Froissart—"What visions did you see?" De l'Isle answered that they had "great imaginations and marvellous dreams, and saw (as it seemed to them) far more things in their sleep than they would have done if they had been in their chambers or their beds." When, however, they were let out, they could not remember a thing, and set it all down to fantasy. Froissart then would have *probably* continued the subject, but they were interrupted by others. The passage is a good instance of sincerity battling with love of the marvellous. (Vol. iv. ch. 61.)

You ask after Quebec. Gen: Townsend says, it is much like Richmond-Hill, and the river as fine (but bigger) & the Vale as *riant*, as rich, & as well cultivated. no great matters are attributed to his conduct. the Officer, who brought over the news, when the Pr: of W: ask'd, how long Gen: T: <sup>1</sup> commanded in the action after Wolfe's death? answer'd, a Minute, S<sup>r</sup>. it is certain, he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. he has brought home an Indian Boy with him (designed for L<sup>d</sup> G: Sackville, but he did not chuse to take him) who goes about in his own dress, & is brought into the room to divert his company. the Gen<sup>l</sup>: after dinner one day had been shewing them a box of scalps & some Indian arms & utensils. when they were gone, the Boy got to <sup>2</sup> the box, and found a scalp, w<sup>ch</sup> he knew by the hair belong'd to one of his own nation. he grew into a sudden fury (tho' but eleven years old) & catching up one of the scalping-knives made at his Master with intention to murder him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him, & by laying open his breast, making signs, & with a few words of French Jargon, that the Boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. the first rejoicing night he was terribly frightened, and thought the bonfire was made for him, & that they were going to torture and devour him. he is mighty fond of venison blood-raw; & once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because (he said) it was *bon manger*.

You have heard of the Irish disturbances <sup>3</sup> (I reckon);

<sup>1</sup> This was George, eldest son of Viscount Townshend, Charles, the famous and erratic statesman, being the second son. George was at this time close on thirty-six years of age. He lived till 1807, succeeded his father in the peerage, and was elevated to the Marquisate in 1786. He also became a Field-Marshal. Walpole wrote to the Earl of Strafford October 30th, 1759, *à propos* of the victory of Quebec: "I have not even seen the conqueror's mother [Lady Townshend], though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood."

<sup>2</sup> Mitford and (independently) Mr. Gosse, "got the box."

<sup>3</sup> Walpole to George Montagu, Jan<sup>y</sup>. 7, '60: "There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland, whither the Duke of Bedford still persists in going. Æolus to

never were two Houses of Parliament so bep——d & s—— upon. this is not a figure, but literally so. they placed an old Woman on the Throne, & called for pipes & tobacco; made my Lord Chief-Justice administer an oath (w<sup>ch</sup> they dictated) to my L<sup>d</sup> Chancellor; beat the B<sup>p</sup> of Killaloe<sup>1</sup> black and blew; play'd at football with Chenevix, the old refugic<sup>2</sup> B<sup>p</sup> of Waterford; roll'd my L<sup>d</sup> Farnham<sup>3</sup> in the

quell a storm!" The Duke (and this explains what follows in Gray), was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Gray exhibits more interest in Irish affairs than Walpole. It will be observed that he suggests that the rising was *Papist*, and encouraged by hopes from "the Brest-Fleet," and at the same time that the insurgents were in favour of the retention of the Irish Parliaments, exclusively Protestant as those assemblies then were. Are we to fasten this inconsistency on the fascinating Gray, or the no less fascinating Irishman?

<sup>1</sup> This was Nicholas Synge, who succeeded Chenevix in this bishopric in 1746.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Richard Chenevix was of French extraction, his parents having left their native country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His first patron was Lord Scarborough, by whom he was recommended to Lord Chesterfield as his chaplain in Holland. In 1745, Lord Chesterfield's influence as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, raised him to the Bishopric first of Killaloe and then of Waterford. Dr. Chenevix always retained a grateful sense of Lord Chesterfield's kindness, and continued his regular correspondent until his death.—*Lord Mahon*. His grand-daughter and heiress, Melusina Chenevix, was the mother of Richard Chenevix Trench, late Archbishop of Dublin.—*Dr. Bradshaw*.

It seems as if Gray was drawing largely on his imagination in his account of these riots. Chesterfield's letters to Chenevix, Dec. 9, '59, and Jan. 22, '60, in response to the Bishop, contain no hint that the episcopal person had been subject to any sort of indignity. On December 9th he writes to Chenevix, "You are not quite so philosophical [as I am] in Ireland, where all the *tourbillons* of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them." On Feb'y 7, '60, he wrote to Alderman Faulkner, "You will perhaps tell me that no dignity, no authority whatsoever, can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can? Will the multitude, enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters, who are as full of drink as they are, only with claret?"

<sup>3</sup> This was Robert Maxwell, second Baron Farnham, of co. Cavan. He had recently succeeded his father (d. 1759) in the peerage of Ireland. He was made a Viscount in 1761, and Earl in 1763. He died in 1779.

Kennel; pulled Sr Tho: Prendergast<sup>1</sup> by the nose (naturally large) till it was the size of a Cauliflower; and would have hanged Rigby,<sup>2</sup> if he had not got out of a window. all this time *the Castle* remain'd in perfect tranquillity. at last the Guard was obliged to move (with orders not to fire), but the Mob threw dirt at them. then the horse broke in upon them, cutting & slashing, and took 17 prisoners: next morning they were all set at liberty, and said to be poor silly people, that knew nothing of the

<sup>1</sup> The son of that Colonel Sir Thomas Prendergast, of whom was told, by General Oglethorpe, the remarkable story to be read in Boswell's "Johnson" (A.D. 1772, ætat. 63). The elder Prendergast (Pendergrass, *ap.* Macaulay) was a Roman Catholic gentleman, of Gort, co. Galway. Macaulay ("Hist.," iv. c. 21) treats him with singular tenderness, but seems to have been imperfectly informed about him. The infamous George Porter, one of the leaders in the plot to assassinate William III., had summoned Prendergast (to whom "he had been a most kind friend, indeed, almost a father") to town, to join in it. Prendergast, horrified, revealed it to Bentinck and William, on a pledge that his evidence should not be used against anyone without his consent. He seems, however, to have been admitted among the conspirators, and acted as an informer. I am afraid that Sir John Friend, who had no part in the assassination plot, though he conspired for an overt rebellion, was convicted partly on his evidence. Prendergast was made a baronet in 1699, and commanded the 22nd foot at the battle of Malplaquet. He made a note in his pocket-book that he had dreamt or seen in vision Sir John Friend meeting him on a particular day; and took it as an intimation that on that day he himself was to die. It was the day of Malplaquet (Sept. 11th, 1709); he survived the fight, and his friends jested him upon his prophecy. He answered, "I shall die notwithstanding;" and soon afterwards a belated shot killed him. (So the account *ap.* Boswell; it is stated elsewhere that he was mortally wounded immediately after Malplaquet in an attack on some French troops intrenched in a wood). The son, our Sir Thomas, became a Protestant. He was member for Chichester and Clonmell, and Postmaster-General of Ireland. He died without issue in this year 1760 (Sept. 23), whilst a patent was preparing to create him Viscount Clonmell. His nephew and successor became Viscount Gort in 1816.

Both the Sir Thomas Prendergasts were assailed bitterly by Swift, who in 1733 called the son "Noisy Tom" and

"the spawn of him who shamed our isle  
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile."

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 328, n. 9.

matter. the same night there was a Ball at the Castle, and Play till four in the morning. this tumult happened two days before the news of Hawke's victory got to Dublin; & there was another some time before, when first it was known that the Brest Fleet had sail'd. warning was given (from the *best hands* in England) six weeks before that time, that there would be a *rising of the Papists* in Ireland; & the first person whom the Mob insulted was a Mr Rowley, a Member always in opposition to the Court, but a *Presbyterian*. it is strange (but, I am assured, true) that the Government have not yet received any account of the matter from thence, & all the Irish here are ready to fight a Man, that says there has been any riot at all at Dublin. the notion, that had possess'd the crowd, was, that a Union was to be voted between the two nations, & they should have no more Parliaments there.

Prince F:<sup>1</sup> has done a strange thing in Germany. we have always studiously avoided doing anything to incur the Ban of the Empire. he has now (without waiting for commands from hence) detach'd 14000 men, the Flower of his flock, to assist the K: of Prussia in Saxony against the Empress-Queen & the Empire. The old Gentleman<sup>2</sup> does not know how to digest it after giving him 2000£ a year on the Irish Establishment, & 20000£ for the Battle of Minden (not out of his own pocket; don't mistake: but out of yours under the head of Extraordinaries). a great Fleet is preparing, & an expedition going forward; but

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand. Of course, our war was with France, and direct co-operation with Frederick against Austria, with which we had no ostensible quarrel, was "a new departure," and it brought at least Hanover under the Ban. It is strange that Carlyle, while mentioning with a discrepancy in the figures the fact to which Gray refers here, does not comment on its significance. It was after the disaster of Maxen, and the surrender of Finck. "Friedrich was very loath to quit the field this winter [1759-60]. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavourablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden, first, and drive Daun home. 'Had I but a 12,000 of auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it,' said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince [of Brunswick] with 12,000, who stayed about two months"—without, however, making any active movement.

<sup>2</sup> George II.

nobody knows whereto: some say Martinico, others Minorca. all thought of a Congress is vanished, since the Empress has shew'd herself so cool to our proposal.

Mr. Pitt<sup>1</sup> (not the Great, but the little one, my acquaintance) is setting out on his travels. he goes with my L<sup>d</sup> Kinnoul<sup>2</sup> to Lisbon; then (by Sea still) to Cales, then up the Guadalquiver to Seville & Cordova, and so perhaps to Toledo, but certainly to Granada; and after breathing the perfumed air of Andalusia, and contemplating the remains of Moorish Magnificence, re-embarks at Gibraltar or Malaga, and sails to Genoa. sure an extraordinary good way of passing a few winter-months, & better than dragging through Holland, Germany, & Switzerland, to the same place. now we have been contriving to get my L<sup>d</sup> Str: (for whose advantage it will be in several respects) to bear a part in this expedition, & to-day we have brought it about, and they will go in a fortnight: but this is a secret, and you must not tell, for fear my Lady<sup>3</sup> should be frightened at so much Sea.

The Attorney and Sollic:<sup>r</sup> General (to whom it was refer'd) have declared that L<sup>d</sup> G: S:<sup>5</sup> may be tried by a Court-Martial. L<sup>d</sup> H<sup>sec</sup>:<sup>6</sup> has wrote him a letter to inform him of this, & *desires* to know (these are the words) how his L<sup>dp</sup> *would have* them proceed, as there is no *specific charge* against him. I am told, he has answer'd, that he cannot pretend to prescribe how a Court, that sits in judgement upon him, is to proceed against him. that he well knows, nothing can justly be alledged against him; but doubts not from Pr: Ferdinand's treatment of him, that there was some charge against him, especially as he finds

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pitt of Boconnock. See vol. i., p. 365, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> "My Lord Kinnoul is going to Lisbon to ask pardon for Boscawen's beating De la Clue in their *House*." Walpole to Mann, Nov. 30, '59, referring to the destruction of the French ships in the bay of Lagos. Thomas Hay, 8th Earl of Kinnoul, had succeeded to the title in 1758. He died without surviving issue in 1787.

<sup>3</sup> Strathmore. See vol. i., p. 258, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> The dowager Lady Strathmore.

<sup>5</sup> Lord George Sackville, in disgrace for his conduct at Minden.

<sup>6</sup> Holderness. I think this duty devolved on him as Secretary of State for Hanover.

himself *dismiss'd from all his employments*. I hear too, that (whatever the lawyers have said) the General Officers insist, they will not have anything to do with his cause, as he is no longer of the Army. so (I suppose) after a little bustle the matter will drop.

Here is a new farce of Macklin<sup>1</sup> the Player's, that delights the Town much, *Love-a-la-Mode*,<sup>2</sup> a *Beau-Jew*,<sup>3</sup> an English Gentleman-Jockey,<sup>4</sup> a Scotch Baronet,<sup>5</sup> & an Irish Officer in the Prussian-Service,<sup>6</sup> that make love to a Merchant's Niece.<sup>7</sup> the Irishman is the Heroe, and the happy Man, as he deserves; for S<sup>r</sup> Reilichan O'Callaghan

<sup>1</sup> According to Boaden, this extraordinary man lived to be 107, and, born in 1690, was at this time close on 70 years of age. On the 7th of May, 1789, he attempted the part of Shylock, in which he had long been famous, but his memory failed him, a fact not surprising, if he was really 99<sup>1</sup>. In 1754 he had set up an ordinary, "the British Inquisition," where everyone, at 3 shillings a head was permitted to call for what liquor he chose, and listen to a lecture by the great actor. The scheme ended in bankruptcy. Boaden ("Mem. of Kemble," vol. i., p. 439 *sq.*) gives an interesting description of the veteran, whom he knew well. He was very positive and dogmatic,—and, according to George Steevens, Johnson said of his conversation that "it was a constant renovation of hope, and an unvaried succession of disappointment." Macklin ridiculed the Scotch upon the stage a second time in his "*Man of the World*" (first produced in London in 1781, but written some years before), wherein his "Sir Pertinax Macsycophant," a part played by himself, was very famous; but that he was ninety-one when he achieved this triumph is a large order on our credulity and we should probably, with Mrs. Inchbald, deduct at least ten years from his reputed age.

<sup>2</sup> It is printed in Mrs. Inchbald's "Collection of Farces," vol. i., as performed at Covent-Garden. It had perhaps undergone some alterations since its first appearance; at any rate the Irishman is named in the printed piece *Sir Callaghan O' Brallaghan*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Mordecai.

<sup>4</sup> Squire Groom.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Archy Macsarcasm, "whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age." He anticipates in this Scott's Sir Mungo Malagrowth, has "an insolence of family," and is extremely avaricious. Though we are told that "we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, as a national but a personal vice," the satire has some significance, in view of the influence of Bute and his following at this date.

<sup>6</sup> At this time so popular with the English.

<sup>7</sup> Miss Charlotte, niece to Sir Theodore Goodchild (a surname doubtless borrowed from Hogarth).



is a modest, brave, & generous Soldier; yet with the manners, the Brogue, & the understanding, of an Irishman, w<sup>ch</sup> makes a new Character. the K: is so pleased with the Scotch character (which is no compliment to that nation) that he has sent for a copy of the piece, for it is not printed, to read.

I am sorry to hear, you have reason to complain of Mr Bell,<sup>1</sup> because he seem'd to have some taste in Gothick, and it may not be easy to find such another. It is for my sake, not from your own judgement, that you see the *affair* I mentioned to you in so good a light; I wish, I could foresee any such consequences, as you do: but fear, it will be the very reverse, & so do others than I. The Musæum goes on as usual: I have got the Earl of Huntingdon<sup>2</sup> & S<sup>r</sup> George Bowes's<sup>3</sup> letters to Cecil about the Rebellion in the North. Heberden<sup>4</sup> has married Miss Wollaston of Charterhouse square, this week, whom he formerly courted, but could not then afford to have; for she has (they say) but 2000£ fortune. I have not yet seen her.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am, ever

Yours,  
TG:

<sup>1</sup> I know nothing of this Mr. Bell, but it may be conjectured that Wharton was doing something in the fashionable Gothic way (of which Strawberry Hill had set the example), at Old Park, Durham.

<sup>2</sup> Had for a time, alternately with Shrewsbury, the custody of the Queen of Scots during the Rising of the North, 1569. Some of the places and persons connected with this movement had a special interest for Gray—Raby Castle, Durham, the Swinburnes, etc.

<sup>3</sup> He commanded at Barncastle, but had to surrender it through the disaffection of his men. The siege of this place was almost the only overt act of war in this abortive rising. He was employed to punish the insurgents, and strung them, says Froude, "leisurely upon the trees in the towns and village greens."

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 160, n. 4. N.B.—It was his *son* who translated Cicero's Letters.

CXCVIII. *To Walpole.*<sup>1</sup>

I am so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry,<sup>2</sup> that I cannot help giving you the trouble to enquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be? Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it? I have been often told that the Poem called *Hardy-canute*<sup>3</sup> (which I always admired and still admire) was the

<sup>1</sup> This letter is to be found in Walpole's Correspondence (ed. Cunningham, vol. iii., p. 297), as quoted by him to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760, with the preface that it comes from "a friend whom you, Sir, will be glad to have made curious, as you originally pointed him out as a likely person to be charmed with the old Irish poetry you sent me. It is Mr. Gray, who is an enthusiast about those poems, and begs me to put the following queries to you; which I will do in his own words, and I may say truly, *Poeta loquitur.*"

<sup>2</sup> Sent by Dalrymple in January, 1760, to Walpole, who acknowledged them on Feb. 3. It is a mistake therefore to suppose that the reference is to the printed volume, "Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language"; this was not published until June of this year. The poems here spoken of are, I suppose, the samples submitted to Home (the author of "Douglas") when he met Macpherson at Moffat in '59; they were circulated in manuscript. Walpole to Dalrymple (Feb. 3, 60), commends the expression "Son of the Rock" for Echo; this is now to be found in the poem called "The Songs of Selma."

<sup>3</sup> Walter Scott says in his "Autobiography" "The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance [at Sandy-knowe] of the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty—and would exclaim 'One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is.'" He records in a marginal note on his grandfather's copy of Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" (ed. 1724) that out of it he was taught Hardyknute before he could read—"the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget." But Scott admitted, in 1831, that it was not a veritable old ballad, but "just old enough," and a noble imitation of the best style. According to Percy ("Reliques," vol. ii., b. 1, xvii. Introd. and nn.), the poem was written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, who professed to have found it "in a vault

work of somebody that lived a few years ago. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand: but however, I am authorised by this report to ask, whether the two Poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this enquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it: for, if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them to divert himself, and laugh at the credulity of the world,<sup>1</sup> I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.

CXCIX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

April 1760.

DEAR SIR—

I received the little letter, and the inclosed, which was a summons from the insurance office. On Tuesday last came a dispatch from Lisbon. It is probable you have

at Dumfermline, written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." Thus he wrote to Lord Binning (the man whose son the poet Thomson tutored). But it seems that he got Lady Wardlaw (*née* Halket) "to be the midwife," as Percy has it, "of his poetry and suppressed the story of the vault." She in her turn "pretended that she had found this poem written on shreds of paper employed for what is called the bottoms of clues" But she did not disavow the authorship; she rather claimed it, and produced in proof the two last stanzas which are given in Percy's "*Reliques*,"—but were not in the first printed edition of the poem, 1719. In spite of its Lowland Scotch and affected archaism, there is in "*Hardyknute*" a certain complexity of sentiment and expression which is quite modern, and it is certainly odd, as Scott remarks, that a chief with a Norse name should figure as the hero who repulses a Norse invasion.

<sup>1</sup> If Macpherson had avowedly acted in this spirit, it would have been better for his moral reputation, but the results would have been less interesting and momentous. "*Ossian*" would have died out after this first experiment; the eighteenth century with its modest mistrust of its own inspiration, would never have endured two epics such as "*Fingal*" and "*Temora*" from an acknowledged contemporary. The best apology we can make for Macpherson and poor Chatterton is that they wrote in an age impatient of itself, and only too ready to be convinced that "the old was better."

had one from my lord; <sup>1</sup> but lest you should not I will tell you the chief contents of mine. Mr. Pitt <sup>2</sup> says they were both dreadfully sick all the time they were beating about the Channel, but when they came to Plymouth (I find) my lord was so well, however, that he opened a ball in the dockyard with the Master-attendant's daughter. They set sail from thence on the 28th, and crossed the bay with a very smooth sea, came in sight of Cape Finisterre in three days' time, and before night saw the rugged mountains of Galicia with great delight, and came near the coast of Portugal, opposite to Oporto; but (the wind changing in the night) they drove off to the west, and were in a way to visit the Brazils. However, on the 7th of this month they entered the Tagus. He describes the rock <sup>3</sup> of Lisbon as a most romantic and beautiful scene, and all the north bank of the river up to the city has (he says) every charm but verdure. <sup>4</sup> The city itself too in that view is very noble, <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lord Kinnoul. See Letter CXCVII. n., and Index.

<sup>2</sup> Of Boconnock, Lord Kinnoul's companion (vol. i., p. 365, n. 4.)

<sup>3</sup> Fielding came to Lisbon something less than six years before the visit of Gray's acquaintances, and died there Oct. 8, 1754. The rock, he says "is a very high mountain, on the northern side of the mouth of the Tajo . . . which empties itself into the sea about four leagues below Lisbon. On a summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lisbon; and having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family, and particularly from the present queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expense by which she may make a proselyte, being used to say that the saving of one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life." ("A Voyage to Lisbon.")

<sup>4</sup> "The soil at this season [August] exactly resembles an old brick-kiln, or a field where the green sward is pared up and set a burning, or rather a smoking, in little heaps to manure the land. The sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of, and pleased with, his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here is the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles." (Fielding, *ib.*)

<sup>5</sup> "After passing [on the Tagus] several old castles and other buildings which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were,

and shows but little of the earthquake. This is all as yet. My lord is to write next packet.<sup>1</sup>

Lord G. S.<sup>2</sup> proceeds in his defence. People wonder at (and some there are that celebrate) his dexterity, his easy elocution, and unembarrassed manner. He told General Cholmondeley,<sup>3</sup> one of his judges, who was asking a witness some question, that it was such a question as no gentleman, no man of honour, would put, and it was one of his misfortunes to have him among his judges; upon which some persons behind him gave a loud clap; but I do not find the court either committed or reprimanded them. Lord Albemarle<sup>4</sup> only contented himself with saying he was sure that those men could be neither

indeed, within three miles of it." (*Id. ib.*) He tells us that in the church at Bellisle lies "buried Catharine of Aragon," and that "close by is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal." But the poor invalid was by no means so enthusiastic as the younger travellers of 1760. He says:

"As the houses, convents, churches, etc., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me that, if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the ancient architecture appear to him! and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several eras of these cities."—This, it will be noted, was *before* the earthquake; and Wood's "Palmyra" had come forth in 1753. (Cf. vol. i., p. 349.)

<sup>1</sup> A copy of Mr. Pitt's MS. Diary of his travels in Spain and Portugal is in existence. . . Mr. Gough tells a friend that "he has just had the perusal of a most delicious Tour which Thomas Pitt and Lord Strathmore made through Spain and Portugal in 1760, with most accurate descriptions." Lord Strathmore had joined the party.—*From Mitford.*

<sup>2</sup> Lord George Sackville.

<sup>3</sup> This was James Cholmondeley, third son of the second earl of that name. General Cholmondeley had been at Fontenoy (1745) and Falkirk (1746). He was at this time just fifty-two, and died without issue in 1775.

<sup>4</sup> George Keppel, third earl, born 1724, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, was also at Culloden, and brought the news of the victory to London. He had succeeded to the title at the end of 1754.

gentlemen nor men of honour. In the midst of this I do not hear any one point made out in his favour; and . . . whose evidence bore the hardest upon him, and whom he had reflected upon with great warmth and very opprobrious terms, has offered the court (if they had any doubt of his veracity) to procure sixteen more witnesses who will say the same thing. To be sure nothing in the field of Minden could be half so dreadful as this daily baiting he now is exposed to; so (supposing him a coward) he has chosen very ill.

I am not very sorry your Venetians have abandoned you; no more I believe are you. Mason is very well, sitting as usual for his picture, and while that is doing will not think of Yorkshire. We heard Delaval<sup>1</sup> the other night play upon the water-glasses, and I was astonished. No instrument that I know has so celestial a tone. I thought it was a cherubim in a box.

Adieu, dear sir: remember me to such as remember me; particularly (whether she does or not) to Mrs. Bonfoy.<sup>2</sup>

I suppose you know Dr. Ross<sup>3</sup> has got the living of Frome from Lord Weymouth.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 115, n. *ad fin.*, and vol. i., p. 217, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 281, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 197, n. 3. A disappointment of his, I suppose in the matter of promotion, is mentioned by Gray to Wharton, Dec. 19, 1752.—Ed. "Ross was a friend of Conyers Middleton, and author of a tract against Markland's 'Observations on Cicero's Epistles to Brutus,' etc. . . . Lord Hailes . . . calls Dr. Ross 'an excellent critic to whom another age will do full credit.'" In my copy of Markland's work, which belonged to Gray, he has written: "This book is answered in an ingenious way, but the irony not quite transparent." Ross's tract is entitled, "A dissertation, in which the Defence of P. Sulla—ascribed to M. T. Cicero—is *clearly shown to be spurious after the manner of Mr. Markland*; with some remarks on the writings of the Ancients never before suspected." Gray is said to have given some assistance to Dr. Ross in this Answer.—*Mitford*.

CC. *To Wharton.*

April 22, 1760. London.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am not sorry to hear, you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you, & as it has been occasion'd by a little vexation & disappointment. to find oneself business<sup>1</sup> (I am persuaded) is the great art of life; & I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employ'd in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other People, than at one's own; & as if they could not go, unless they were wound up. yet I know and feel, what they mean by this complaint: it proves, that some spirit, something of Genius (more than common) is required to teach a Man how to employ himself. I say *a Man*, for Women commonly speaking never feel this distemper: they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies) a variety of small inventions & occupations fill up the void<sup>2</sup> & their eyes are never open in vain.

I thank you heartily for the Sow. if you have no occasion for her, I have; & if his L<sup>dp</sup> will be so kind as to drive her up to Town, will gladly give him 40 shillings and the Chitterlings into the bargain. I could repay you with the Story of my Lady Fr.<sup>3</sup> but (I doubt) you know my Sow<sup>4</sup> already, especially as you dwell near Raby.<sup>5</sup> however

<sup>1</sup> "To be employed is to be happy." (Gray to Hurd, Aug. 25. '57.)

<sup>2</sup> "A man cannot hem a pocket-handkerchief," said a lady of quality [Lady Frances Burgoyne] to Johnson one day, "and so he runs mad, and torments his family and friends." The expression struck him exceedingly; and when one acquaintance grew troublesome, and another unhealthy, he used to quote Lady Frances's observation, "that a man cannot hem a pocket-handkerchief."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

<sup>3</sup> I cannot identify this lady.

<sup>4</sup> This shows that "the offer of a sow" is only some sorry jest, though it had been taken quite literally.

<sup>5</sup> Castle. See vol. i., p. 171, n. 1; *ib.*, p. 224, n. 10.

I'll venture: it may happen, you have not heard it. About two months ago Mr. Creswick (the D: of Cleveland's<sup>1</sup> managing Man) received an anonymous letter as from a Lady, offering him (if he would bring about a match between her & his Lord) 3000£ to be paid after marriage out of the Estate. if he came into the proposal, a place was named, where he might speak with the Party. He carried the letter directly to the old Lady Darlington<sup>2</sup> & they agreed, he should go to the place. he did so, and found there a Man, Agent for the Lady: but refusing to treat with any but Principals, after a little difficulty was conducted to her in person, and found it was my Lady F: (S<sup>r</sup> Ev: F: 'fine young Widow). what passed between them, I know not: but that very night she was at Lady Darl:<sup>n</sup>s Assembly (as she had used to be) and no notice taken. the next morning she received a card to say, Lady D: had not expected to see her, *after what had passed*: otherwise she would have ordered her Porter not to let her in. the whole affair was immediately told to every body. yet she has continued going about to all public places *tête levée*, and solemnly denying the whole to her acquaintance. since that I hear she owns it, & says, her Children were unprovided for, & desires to know, w<sup>ch</sup> of her Friends would not have done the same? but as neither of these expedients succeed very well, she has hired a small house, & is going into the Country for the summer.

Here has just been a Duel between the Duke of Bolton and Mr. Stuart (a Candidate for the County of Hampshire at the late Election) what the quarrel was, I do not know: but they met near Marybone, & the D: in making a pass over-reached himself, fell down, & hurt his knee. The other bid him get up, but he could not. then he bid him

<sup>1</sup> The second Duke of Cleveland; he was a widower, having lost in 1742 his wife, Lady Henrietta Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchelsea; "so," writes Walpole, "the poor creature the Duke, is again to let." He died in 1774.

<sup>2</sup> The dowager, relict of Henry Vane, first Earl, who had died in 1758. She was the sister of the Duke of Cleveland, and interested in protecting him against designing widows. As a matter of fact, some of his fortune passed to her son. (Walpole to Mann, May 15, 1774.)



ask his life, but he would not. so he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Steuart was slightly wounded.<sup>1</sup>

The old Pundles, that sat on L<sup>d</sup> G: Sackville (for they were all such, but two, Gen: Cholmondeley,<sup>2</sup> & L<sup>d</sup> Albermarle) have at last hammer'd out their sentence. he is declared disobedient, and unfit for all military command. it is said, that 9 (out of the 15) were for death,<sup>3</sup> but as two-thirds must be unanimous, some of them came over to the merciful side. I do not affirm the truth of this. what he will do with himself, nobody guesses. the poor old Duke<sup>4</sup> went into the country some time ago, & (they say) can hardly bear the sight of anybody. the unembarrass'd countenance, the looks of sovereign contempt & superiority, that his L<sup>p</sup> bestow'd on his Accusers during the tryal, were the admiration of all: but his usual Talents and Art did not appear, in short his cause would not support him. be that as it will, everybody blames *somebody*,<sup>5</sup> who has been out of all temper, & intractable during the whole time. Smith (the Aid-de-Camp, and principal Witness for L<sup>d</sup> G:) had no sooner finish'd his evidence, but he was forbid to mount guard, & order'd to sell out. The Court & the Criminal went halves in the expence of the short-hand Writer, so L<sup>d</sup> G: has already publish'd the Tryal, before the authentic Copy appears; and in it are all the foolish questions, that were asked, and the absurdities of his Judges. you may think perhaps that he intends to go abroad, & hide his head. au contraire, all the World visits him on his condemnation. he says himself, his situation is better, than ever it was.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the arm, according to Walpole. (To Montagu, Ap. 19, 1760.)

<sup>2</sup> See on preceding letter to Brown for this and the following name.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole says the mob was angry at missing his execution. (To Montagu, May 6, 1760.)

<sup>4</sup> The Duke of Dorset, at this time seventy-two years old. Lord George Sackville was his third son.

<sup>5</sup> George II. "Prince Ferdinand's narrative has proved to set out with a heap of lies. *There is an old gentleman of the same family* who has spared no indecency to give weight to them." (Walpole to Mann, Mar. 26, '60.)

<sup>6</sup> Sterne writes, May, 1760, "Lord George Sackville was last Saturday at the opera, some say with great effrontery—others, with great dejection."

the Scotch have all along affected to take him under their protection; his Wife has been daily walking with Lady Augusta<sup>1</sup> (during the tryal) in Leicester-Gardens, and L<sup>d</sup> B<sup>s</sup><sup>2</sup> chariot stands at his door by the hour.

L<sup>d</sup> Ferrers<sup>3</sup> has entertained the Town for three days. I was not there, but Mason and Stonhewer were in the D: of Ancaster's<sup>4</sup> gallery and in the greatest danger (w<sup>ch</sup> I believe they do not yet know themselves) for the Cell underneath them (to w<sup>ch</sup> the prisoner retires) was on fire during the tryal, & the D: of Anc<sup>r</sup>: with the Workmen by sawing away some timbers & other assistance contrived to put it out without any alarm given to the Court: several now recollect they smelt burning & heard a noise of sawing, but no one guest at the cause. Miss Johnson, Daughter to the murdered Man, appeared so cool, & gave so gentle an evidence, that at first sight every one concluded, she was bought off: but this could do him little good. the Surgeon and his own Servants laid open such a scene of barbarity & long-meditated malice, as left no room for his plea of Lunacy, nor any thought of pity<sup>5</sup> in the hearers. the oddest thing was this plea of temporary Lunacy, and his producing two Brothers of his to prove it, one a Clergyman<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of the deceased Frederick, Prince of Wales. She afterwards married William, Duke of Brunswick.

<sup>2</sup> Bute's.

<sup>3</sup> "What will your Italians say to a peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized?" (Walpole to Mann, May 7, 1760.) According to Walpole this wretch, from whom his wife obtained a separation by act of parliament, murdered his steward for paying her fifty pounds without his knowledge. He shot him at three in the afternoon, tried to tear off his bandages, and worried him till one next morning, when the victim was carried away to his own house to die. Ferrers was a man of some ability, but vicious and maddened by drink.

<sup>4</sup> Peregrine Bertie, a descendant of the Baron Willoughby d'Eresby who died fighting bravely at Edgehill. He was 3rd Duke of Ancaster, succeeding to the title in 1742.

<sup>5</sup> "You cannot conceive the shock this evidence [of ferocity] gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation." Walpole, *l. c.*

<sup>6</sup> This was the Rev. Walter Shirley, the fourth son of the Hon.

(suspended for Methodism by the B<sup>p</sup> of London) the other a sort of Squire,<sup>1</sup> that goes in the country by the name of *Ragged & Dangerous*. he managed the cause himself with more cleverness than any of his Counsell,<sup>2</sup> & (when found guilty) asked pardon for his plea, & laid it upon the persuasions of his family. M<sup>rs</sup> Shirley (his mother<sup>3</sup>) Lady Huntingdon,<sup>4</sup> & others of the relations were at Court yesterday with a petition for mercy; but on the 5<sup>th</sup> of May he is to be hang'd at Tyburn.<sup>5</sup>

The town are reading the K: of Prussia's poetry,<sup>6</sup> (Le

Laurence Shirley. The wicked earl (also named Laurence), had succeeded his uncle, the third Earl Ferrers. The suspended parson was grandfather to a Bishop of Sodor and Man, and great-grandfather of the professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, who died in 1866.

<sup>1</sup> "A wild vagabond," says Walpole; who remarks that both brothers "are almost as ill-looking men as the earl." (To Montagu, Ap. 19, '60.) I think the "squire" was Robert, the third son of Laurence Shirley, and became sixth earl. The second son, Washington, appears to have been a sailor—(vice-admiral of the Blue)—he succeeded (as fifth earl) to the title after the execution of Ferrers, but died without issue.

<sup>2</sup> Walpole, on the other hand, says: "I had heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords [the divorce proceedings] he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended, that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts—but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable." (To Mann, May 7, '60.)

<sup>3</sup> She was Anne, fourth daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, Bt., married to Laurence Shirley. (See n. *supra*.)

<sup>4</sup> The famous Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. She was the second daughter of Washington Shirley, second Earl Ferrers, the guilty man's uncle, and was therefore a cousin, not, as Walpole calls her, an aunt of the culprit. "She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him, and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone." (To Mann, May 7, '60.)

<sup>5</sup> A long account of his execution is given in Walpole's letter of May 7, cited above. "

<sup>6</sup> "Have you seen the works of the philosopher of Sans Souci,

Philosophe sans Souci) and I have done, like the town, they do not seem so sick of it, as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and L<sup>d</sup> Bolingbroke, the *Crambe recocta*<sup>1</sup> of our worst Free-thinkers, toss'd up in German-French rhyme.<sup>2</sup> Tristram Shandy<sup>3</sup> is still a greater object of admiration, the Man as well as the Book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand. his portrait is done by Reynolds, and now engraving. Dodsley gives

or rather of the man who is no philosopher, and who has more Souci than any man now in Europe? How contemptible they are! Miserable poetry; not a new thought, not an old one newly expressed. I say nothing of the folly of publishing his aversion to the English, at the very time they are ruining themselves for him; nor of the greater folly of his irreligion. The epistle to Keith is puerile and shocking. He is not so sensible as Lord Ferrers, who did not think such sentiments ought to be published." [This authority, on his way to Tyburn, had said: "I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error."] "His Majesty could not resist the vanity of showing how disengaged he can be, even at this time." (Walpole to Mann, May 7, '60.) But the publication *at this time* was Frederick's misfortune, not his fault. This was the collection for the recovery of which Voltaire suffered his historic arrest at Frankfort in 1753. Twelve copies had then been printed, of which Voltaire had one, which he was compelled to surrender. In January, 1760, the book was maliciously published, but not by Voltaire, under the title "*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci*," ostensibly at Potsdam, but really at Paris. The object was, as Carlyle says, to "put Frederick out with his Uncle of England [at this crisis his ally] whom it quizzed in passages." In consequence Frederick caused an edition, professedly the real one, to be published (April 9, 1760) at Berlin, under the title "*Poésies Diverses*." It is clear both by the dates and the title which they quote, that Gray and Walpole and the London world had as yet seen only the unauthorized, but very genuine version. Of the epistle to Keith a sample will be found in a note Dec. 10, '60, but Frederick's loathsome verses after the battle of Rossbach (1757) for which strange *Te Deum* Carlyle makes a lamentable apology, show of what literary atrocities he was capable.

<sup>1</sup> Occidit miseros crambe *repetita* magistros.—*Juv.* vii. 154.

But Frederick's trash is often worse than "warmed-up cabbage."

<sup>2</sup> On Voltaire's labours to improve Frederick's German-French, and his exclamation, "Will he never tire then of sending me his dirty linen to wash?" see Carlyle's "Frederick," Book XVI., chap. ix.

<sup>3</sup> The first two volumes appeared on the 1st of January, 1760.

700£ for a second edition, & two new volumes not yet written; & to-morrow will come out two Volumes of Sermons<sup>1</sup> by him. Your friend,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hall has printed two Lyric Epistles,<sup>3</sup> one to my Cousin Shandy on his coming to Town, the other to the grown gentlewomen, the Misses of York: they seem to me to be absolute madness. these are the best lines in them:—

I'll tell you a story of Elijah—  
 Close by a Mob of Children stood,  
 Commenting on his sober mood &c. :  
 And backed them (their opinions) like such sort of folks  
 With a few stones & a few jokes :  
 Till, weary of their pelting & their prattle,  
 He order'd out his Bears to battle.  
 It was delightful fun  
 To see them run  
 And eat up the young Cattle.

The 7<sup>th</sup> Vol of Buffon is come over: do you chuse to have it?

Poor Lady Cobham is at last deliverd from a painful life. she has given Miss Speed above 30,000£.

<sup>1</sup> The sermon on Hebrews xiii., 18, "For we trust we have a good conscience," which Corporal Trim reads aloud in vol. ii. of "Tristram Shandy" is followed by the intimation (chap. xvii.) that "in case the character of parson *Yorick*, and the sample of his sermons, is liked—there are now in the possession of the *Shandy* family as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service—and much good may it do it." This threat was soon fulfilled.

<sup>2</sup> John Hall Stevenson was owner of Skelton Castle, in the North Riding of Yorkshire and the Cleveland District, and not far from the mouth of the Tees, a fairly near neighbour therefore of Wharton's. Sterne, whose living of Sutton was eight miles north of York, was nevertheless a constant guest at Skelton Castle nearly forty miles distant.

<sup>3</sup> Warburton writes to Sterne from Prior Park, June 15 of this year: "There are two Odes, as they are called, printed by Dodsley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness—yet, such is the malignity of the scribblers, some have given them to your friend Hall;—and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself; though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and ridiculous light." This must have been wormwood to Sterne. John Hall [Stevenson] the Eugenius of "Tristram Shandy," wrote under the same pseudonym, a continuation of the "Sentimental Journey." He was also the author of "Crazy Tales," and other rubbish.

Mr Brown is well: I heard from him yesterday, and think of visiting him soon. Mason & Stonhewer are both in Town, & (if they were here) would send their best comp:<sup>ts</sup> to you & Mrs. Wh:<sup>n</sup> with mine. you see, I have left no room for weather: yet I have observed the birth of the spring, w<sup>ch</sup> (tho' backward) is very beautiful at present. mind, from this day the Therm<sup>r</sup>: goes to its old place below in the yard, & so pray let its Sister do. Mr Stillingfleet<sup>1</sup> (with whom I am grown acquainted) has convinced me, it ought to do so. Adieu!

CCI. *To Mason.*

London, June 7, 1760.

DEAR MASON—

First and foremost pray take notice of the paper on which I am writing to you; it is the first that ever was made of silk rags upon the encouragement given by your Society of Arts; and (if this were all the fruits) I think you need not regret your two guineas a-year. The colour and texture you see; and besides I am told it will not burn (at least will not flame) like ordinary paper, so that it may be of great use for hanging rooms; it is uncommonly tough, and, though very thin, you observe, is not transparent. Here is another sort of it, intended for the uses of drawing.

You have lately had a visit<sup>2</sup> where you are that I am

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Stillingfleet, of whom Boswell says ("Life of Johnson," 1781, stat. 72), that he was the author of tracts relating to natural history, etc. He ought to be immortal, because he was the next man, after Adam, to fix indelibly upon woman the stigma of a craving for knowledge. He used (see Boswell, *l. c.*), to wear blue stockings, and his conversation was so delightful, that the ladies in their literary coteries would say, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*" (Boswell, *l. c.*, who mentions, *à propos*, the "*Bas Bleu*" of Hannah More). As early as 1757, Stillingfleet had given up his blue stockings. (See Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell, vol. iv., p. 108, n. 2.) Hannah's poem (1784) is the authority for the epithet, "*bas bleu*," which has actually passed from her into the French language. (Littré, *s. v.*, *bas* has drawn from Boswell.)

<sup>2</sup> Lord Holderness, at Aston. In Gray's "*bodes no good*" there lurks the mischievous suggestion that Mason's hopes of

sure bodes no good, especially just at the time that the Dean of Canterbury<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Blacowe died; we attribute it to a miff about the garter, and some other humps and grumps that he has received. Alas! I fear it will never do. The Condé de Fuentes<sup>2</sup> was much at a loss, and had like to have made a quarrel of it, that he had nobody but the D. of N.<sup>3</sup> to introduce him; but Miss Chudleigh<sup>4</sup> has appeased him with a ball.

I have sent Musæus<sup>5</sup> to Mr. Fraser, scratched here and there; and with it I desired him to inclose a bloody satire,<sup>6</sup> written against no less persons than you and me by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. Pottinger, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and of fashion, especially as to Odes, for to them

Church preferment are in some way dashed by his patron's dis-appointments.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lynch, Dean of Canterbury from 1734 to May 25, 1760, when he died; succeeded, June 14, by Dr. William Friend, son of the third master of Westminster School. The Rev. Richard Blacowe, Canon of Windsor, F.R.S., died on 13th May 1760.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> The Spanish Ambassador, newly arrived.

<sup>3</sup> Duke of Newcastle.

<sup>4</sup> At this time mistress of the Duke of Kingston. She was one of the Maids of Honour to the Dowager Princess of Wales, and though privately married, as early as 1744, to the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards third Earl of Bristol, she married, in 1769, the Duke of Kingston, and was convicted of bigamy in 1776. According to *Mitford* (after *Walpole*) she was received by the royal Family (of George III.) as Duchess of Kingston, though the previous relations between the couple were publicly known. Of Miss Chudleigh's ball, on the birthday (June 4) of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., an amusing account is given by *Walpole* to the Earl of Strafford, June 7.

<sup>5</sup> Mason's "Monody on the Death of Pope," written in 1744, and first published in 1747. Gray has just revised it for him, and sends it to Fraser, who would frank it to the author.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to two odes, to *Obscurity* and *Oblivion*, written by G. Colman and R. Lloyd, which appeared in ridicule of him and Mason. The Ode to *Obscurity* was chiefly directed against Gray, that to *Oblivion* against Mason. Warburton, in a letter to Hurd (*Let. CXXI.*), calls them "two miserable buffoon odes," and not without reason. Dr. J. Warton says, "The Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once said to me that they repented of the attempt."—*Mitford*.

his abuse is confined. So it is not Secretary Pottinger,<sup>1</sup> but Mr. Colman,<sup>2</sup> nephew to my Lady Bath, author of "The Connoisseur," a member of some [?] one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick's. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before. He makes very tolerable fun with me, where I understand him, which is not everywhere, but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their fingers' ends), he writes letters in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says that it is like to produce a great *combustion* in the literary world; so if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so *combustible*.

I am going into Oxfordshire for a fortnight to a place near Henley,<sup>3</sup> and then to Cambridge, if that owl Fobus<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Richard Pottinger, Under-Secretary of State in 1754.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> George Colman the elder. His father had been English envoy at Florence; he himself was born there. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the bar, but in this year, 1760, practically deserted the law for the theatre, and produced his first play, "Polly Honeycombe," at Drury Lane. In his "Connoisseur," had appeared as early as 1756, papers by Cowper (then also a Templar), his schoolfellow, his senior by about a year, and destined (1763) to fall into the tragic melancholy which gave a new bias to his life. In later years Cowper confessed that he had shared the opinions of his early associates respecting the poetry of Gray—but he very nobly recanted them. I have seen this prejudice attributed to the rivalry between Eton and Westminster; but this will not account for the attack on Mason, who was not Eton-bred. The antipathy is to be traced to a literary conservatism, deep-rooted and widely spread. The elder Colman ended his days in a lunatic asylum in 1794.

<sup>3</sup> Park Place, near Henley, at that time the seat of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury. Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu (July 4, '60), "My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighbourhood. Lady Carlisle says, 'He is extremely like me in his manner.' They went as a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my lady, I believe so.'"—*From Mitford*. But see on next letter.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Holland in a few words drew the character of the Duke



does not hinder me, who talks of going to fizzle there at the commencement.

What do you say to Lord Lyttelton, your old patron,<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Montagu,<sup>2</sup> with their secondhand Dialogues of the Dead? And then there is your friend the little black man;<sup>3</sup> he has written one supplemental dialogue,<sup>4</sup> but I did not read it.

Do tell me of your health, your doings, your designs, and your golden dreams, and try to love me a little better

of Newcastle (*the owl Fobus*) a little before the latter's death, and not long before his own. "His Grace had no friends, and deserved none. He had no rancour, no ill nature, which I think much to his honour; but, though a very good quality, it is only a negative one, and he had absolutely no one portion good, either of his heart or head." See Selwyn Correspondence, ii. 269.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> If the obliterated name, vol. i., p. 280, is rightly explained as "Scroddles," the old patron there would perhaps be Lyttelton, as here.

<sup>2</sup> The fashionable "blue," authoress, in 1769, of the "Essay on Shakespeare," in reply to the criticisms of Voltaire. Her collaboration with Lord Lyttelton caused some gossip, as may be inferred from a silly story by Walpole to George Montagu, Nov. 8, 1759. She was the widow of Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich (Pepys' patron), and lived till 1800. Johnson's account of Lyttelton in "Lives of the Poets" grievously displeased her.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. John Brown, author of the "Estimate," wrote the last Dialogue, that between Pericles and Aristides.—*From Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Montagu's contributions were the Dialogues between Cadmus and Hercules, between Mercury and a Modern Fine Lady (Mrs. Modish); and between Plutarch, Charon, and a Modern Bookseller. The second of these is really clever. As for Lyttelton's Dialogues,—they are all more or less Lyttelton, as Landor's Imaginary Conversations are all more or less Landor. But Landor could characterize to some extent; Lyttelton has scarcely any gift that way; in power and picturesque effect there is of course no comparison between the two men. Lyttelton's best dialogue is that between an English Duellist and a North-American Indian; here to characterize was easy. But his historical personages only talk history in sections. Dr. Brown's Dialogue between Pericles and Aristides does not appear in the collected edition of 1776, which contains four more by Lyttelton. In Gray's epithet "second-hand" there is an allusion to the like works of Lucian, Fénelon, and Fontenelle. Walpole's opinion of Lyttelton's performance, with some account of it, will be found in his letters to Sir David Dalrymple May 15, and to Mann May 24, '60. According to him, the Pericles of Lyttelton is Pitt.

in Yorkshire than you did in Middlesex,—For I am ever yours

T G:

CCII. *To Wharton.*

[June 1760] <sup>1</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

I heard yesterday from your old friend Mr. Field, that M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton had brought you a Son, and as I sincerely hope this may be some addition to your happiness, I heartily congratulate you both on the occasion. another thing I rejoice in is, to know, that you not only grow reconciled to your scene, but discover beauties round you, that once were deformities. I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they, that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle, that can watch the brood of a Hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatch'd roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent-Garden. I will not believe in the *vocality* of Old-Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust my own ears.

I remain (bating some few little excursions, that I have made) still in Town, though for these three weeks I have been going into Oxfordshire<sup>2</sup> with Madam Speed; but her affairs, as she says, or her vagaries, as I say, have obliged her to alter her mind ten times within that space: no wonder, for she has got at least 30,000£ with a house in Town, plate, jewels, china, and old-japan infinite, so that indeed it would be ridiculous for her to know her own mind. I, who know mine, do intend to go to Cambridge,

<sup>1</sup> Wharton dates this at the beginning July 1760, and at the end, July 1761. Neither date is correct. Here Gray is "still in town"; on June 27th 1760, he announces to Mason that he is going into Oxfordshire "to-morrow." At the same date "the siege of Quebec is raised." At the date of this letter "We are in great alarms about Quebec." The year is of course '60.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. preceding letter. But it is not clear that Gray was bound or Park Place—rather for a house somewhere near, as we might infer from Walpole's letter.

but that Owl Fobus is going thither to the commencement, so that I am forced to stay till his Nonsense is at an end. Chapman<sup>1</sup> you see is dead at last, w<sup>ch</sup> signifies not much, I take it, to any body, for his family (they say) are left in good circumstances. I am neither sorry, nor glad, for M: (I doubt) will scarce succeed to his Prebend.<sup>2</sup> The old Creature is down at Aston, where my Lord<sup>3</sup> has paid him a visit lately, as the Town says, in a *miff*, about the garter, and other *Trumps*, he has met with of late. I believe, this at least is certain, that he has deserted his old attachments,<sup>4</sup> & worships another idol, who receives his incense with a good deal of coldness and negligence.

I can tell you but little of S<sup>t</sup> Germain. He saw Monsieur D'Affry at the Hague, who, in a day or two (on receiving a Courier from his own Court) ask'd the State's leave to apprehend him,<sup>5</sup> but he was gone, & arrived safe in S<sup>t</sup> Mary Ax, where he had lodgings (I fancy) at his old Friend La-Cour's, the Jew-Physician. after some days a Messenger took charge of him, & he was examined (I believe), before M<sup>r</sup> Pitt. They however dismissed him, but with orders to leave England directly, yet I know care was taken, that he should be furnish'd with proper passports to go safe through Holland to Hamb'rough: w<sup>ch</sup> gives some room to believe, what many at first imagined, that he was charged with some proposal from the French Court. he is a likely person enough to make them believe at Paris, that he could somehow serve them on such an occasion.

We are in great alarms about Quebec.<sup>6</sup> the force in

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 159, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Of Durham. See vol. i., p. 220.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Holderness.—*Mitford*. See preceding letter.

<sup>4</sup> Holderness had been dependent on the Newcastle clique; the new idol is, I imagine, either Pitt or Bute. This is his second disappointment about the Garter; he missed it in 1757 when it was given to Lord Waldegrave.

<sup>5</sup> Count de St. Germain, who commanded an army on the Rhine of 30,000 men against the Allied forces, conceiving disgust at being obliged to serve under the Duke de Broglie, who was his junior in the service, relinquished his command; and it is, I conclude, to him that Gray alludes. Count d'Affray was the French Ambassador at the Hague.—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> "An account came two days ago that the French on the march to besiege Quebec, had been attacked by General Murray,

the town was not 3000 Men, sufficient to defend the place (naturally strong) against any attack of the French forces, unfurnish'd as they must be for a formal siege: but by no means to meet them in the field. This however is what Murray has chose to do, whether from rashness, or deceived by false intelligence, I can not tell. the returns of our loss are undoubtedly false, for we have above 100 officers killed or taken. all depends upon the arrival of our garrison from Louisbourg, w<sup>ch</sup> was daily expected, but even that (unless they bring provisions with them) may increase the distress, for at the time, when we were told of the plenty and cheapness of all things at Quebec, I am assured, a piece of fresh meat could not be had for 20 Guineas.

If you have seen Stenhewer he has probably told you of my old Scotch (or rather Irish) poetry. I am gone mad about them. they are said to be translations (literal & in prose) from the *Erse*-tongue, done by one Macpherson, a young Clergyman<sup>1</sup> in the High-lands. he means to publish a Collection<sup>2</sup> he has of these specimens of antiquity, if it be antiquity: but what plagues me is, I cannot come at any certainty on that head. I was so struck, so *extasié* with their infinite beauty, that I writ into Scotland to make a thousand enquiries. The letters I have in return are ill-wrote, ill-reasoned, unsatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive one, & yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. in short, the whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments (for so he calls

who got into a mistake and a morass, attacked two bodies that were joined, when he hoped to come up with one of them before the junction, was enclosed, embogged and defeated. By the list of officers killed and wounded, I believe there has been a rueful slaughter—the place, too, I suppose, will be retaken. The year 1760 is not the year 1759.”—Walpole to Mann, June 20, 1760.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson was not a clergyman; he was at this time ostensibly a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry; but he was never ordained.

<sup>2</sup> The first *printed* volume Walpole acknowledges to Sir David Dalrymple on June 20th. Even on June 29th (see at that date to Stenhewer) Gray had received nothing but manuscript (and cf. to Mason *infra* Aug. 7). The reader who will take the trouble to look at the letter of Walpole (*l. c.*) will find that the fraud of an “*epic poem*” was already in project.

them, tho' nothing can be more entire)<sup>1</sup> counterfeit: but the internal is so strong on the other side, that I am resolved to believe them genuine, spite of the Devil & the Kirk. It is impossible to convince me, that they were invented by the same Man, that writes me these letters. on the other hand it is almost as hard to suppose, if they are original, that he should be able to translate them so admirably. what can one do? since St<sup>r</sup> went, I have received another of a very different & inferior kind (being merely descriptive) much more modern than the former (he says) yet very old too; this too in its way is extremely fine. In short this Man is the very Demon of Poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages. the Welch Poets are also coming to light: I have seen a Discourse in MS. about them (by one M<sup>r</sup> Evans,<sup>2</sup> a Clergyman) with specimens of their writings. this is in Latin, and tho' it don't approach the other, there are fine scraps among it.

<sup>1</sup> A very just remark. Read the "Songs of Selma," which as we have seen (p. 127 n. 2) had already been submitted in MS. to Walpole; nothing could be more complete in structure, yet even "Comala," a very complex and dramatic poem indeed, is described as a "fragment" by a recent apologist for Macpherson. It is probable that neither of these poems would have seen the light, at any rate in their present form, but for the suggestion of Gray's "Bard." It is strange that Gray could read without suspicion of its real source this from the "Songs of Selma"—"I behold my departed friends. Their gathering in on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist! his heroes are around: and see the bards of song, grey-haired Ullin; stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends," etc., etc. Mason's "Caractacus" is perhaps a minor source of the same inspiration.

<sup>2</sup> The "Dissertatio de Bardis," which Gray has seen in MS., was probably included in the volume which Evans published in 1764, "Specimens of the Poetry of Ancient Welsh Bards," etc., from which Gray adapted "The Triumphs of Owen," which he inserted, with the Norse Odes, in place of the Long Story, in the collected edition of his Poems, 1768 (See Gray's "English Poems," xxiv-xxvii and nn. Pitt Press ed.). Though Gray in 1768 refers to the printed edition of Evans's book, it is possible that his versions from the Welsh were made not long after the date of this letter. Evan Evans was curate of Llanvair Talyhaern in Denbighshire, and (August 5, 1774) was mentioned to Johnson as "incorrigibly addicted to strong drink." (Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. v., p. 443.)

You will think I am grown mighty poetical of a sudden ; you would think so still more, if you knew, there was a Satyr<sup>1</sup> printed against me & Mason jointly. it is call'd *Two Odes* : the one is inscribed to Obscurity (that is me) the other to Oblivion. it tells me what I never heard before, for (speaking of himself) the Author says, tho' he has,

“Nor the Pride, nor Self-Opinion,  
That possess the happy Pair,  
Each of Taste the fav'rite Minion,  
Prancing thro' the desert air :  
Yet shall he mount, with classick housings graced,  
By help mechanick of equestrian block ;  
And all unheedful of the Critick's mock  
Spur his light Courser o'er the bounds of Taste.”

The writer is a Mr Coleman, who publish'd the *Connoisseur*, nephew to the late Lady Bath, & a Friend of Garrick's. I believe his Odes sell no more than mine did, for I saw a heap of them lie in a Bookseller's window, who recommended them to me as a very pretty thing.

If I did not mention Tristram to you, it was because I thought I had done so before. There is much good fun in it, & humour sometimes hit & sometimes mist. I agree with your opinion of it, & shall see the two future volumes with pleasure. have you read his Sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them) ? they are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and shew a very strong imagination and a sensible<sup>2</sup> heart : but you see him often

<sup>1</sup> See for this, and Sterne's "Tristram," and Sermons, nn. on letter to Mason of June 7, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Sensitive. Cf.

“The *sensible* warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod”

Shakespeare, “Measure for Measure,” iii. i. 120. Cf. Chesterfield to his son, April 27, 1759, “if a person is born of a very *sensible* gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it. . .” The legitimate meanings of the word at this date were sensitive, perceptible, or perceptive of something in particular. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says that the word has the meaning “reasonable,” or “of good sense,” “only in low conversation.” Yet Walpole sometimes uses it in the modern way, and in Smollett, in one and the same passage, it occurs both in a legitimate and in the commonest of its uses now : “A predilection for the land of Yesso, which had given such *sensible* umbrage to all the *sensible*

tottering on the verge of laughter, & ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience. now for my season.

- April 10. I observed the Elm putting out.  
 12. That, & the Pear looked green. Therm: at 62.  
 13. very fine; White-Poplar & Willow put out.  
 15. Standard-Pear (shelter'd) in full bloom.  
 18. Lime & Horn-beam green.  
 19. Swallows flying.  
 20. Th: at 60. w<sup>d</sup> S:W: Sky-Lark, Chaffinch, Thrush, Wren, & Robin singing. Horse-Chesnut, Wild-Bryar, Bramble, and Sallow had spread their leaves. Haw-thorn & Lilac had formed their blossoms. Black-thorn, double-flowered Peach, & Pears in full bloom; Double Jonquils, Hyacinths, Anemones, single Wall-flowers, & Auriculas in flower. In the fields, Dog-Violets, Daisies, Dandelion, Butter-cups, Red-Archangel, & Shepherd's Purse.  
 21. Almond out of bloom, & spreading its leaves.  
 26. Lilacs flow'ring.
- May 1. Gentianella in flower.  
 2. Pear goes off; Apple blooms. Th: at 63. W<sup>d</sup> N:E: still fair and dry.  
 3. Evening & all night hard rain.  
 4. Th: at 40. W<sup>d</sup> N:E:, rain.  
 11. Very fine. W<sup>d</sup> N:E: Horse-Chesnut in full bloom. Walnut & Vine spread. Lilacs, Persian Jasmine, Tulips, Wall-flowers, Pheasant-eye, Lilly in the Valley in flower. In the fields, Furze, Cowslips, Harebells, and Cow-Parsnip.
- May 13. Jasmine and Acacia spread. fine weather.  
 18. Show'ry. w<sup>d</sup> high.  
 19. Same. Therm: at 56.  
 20. Thunder, Rain. . . 54.  
 21. Rain. w<sup>d</sup> N:E: 52.  
 31. Green Peas 15d a Quart.
- June 1. . . . . at 78.  
 2. Scarlet Strawberries, Duke-Cherries; hay-making here.  
 3. w<sup>d</sup> S:S:E: Therm: at 84 (the highest I ever saw it) it was at Noon. since w<sup>ch</sup> till last week we had hot dry weather. now it rains like mad. Cherries and Strawberries in bushels.

I believe, there is no fear of War with Spain.<sup>1</sup>

Japanese, who made use of their own reason" ("Adventures of an Atom").

<sup>1</sup> The storm, nevertheless, was already gathering. In 1759 died Ferdinand VI., whose policy had been peaceful; his successor Charles III. inclined to the French alliance, and in 1761 made that

CCIII. *To Mason.*

London, June 27, 1760.

DEAR OLD SOUL

I cannot figure to myself what you should mean by my old papers. I sent none; all I can make out is this—when I sent the *Musæus* and the *Satire* home to Mr. Fraser,<sup>1</sup> my boy carried back the *Conway Papers*<sup>2</sup> to a house in your street,<sup>3</sup> as I remember they were divided into three parcels, on the least of which I had written the word “nothing,” or “of no consequence.” It did not consist of above twenty letters at most; and if you find anything about Mr. Bourne’s<sup>4</sup> affairs, or stewards’ and servants’ letters and bills, it is certainly so. This was carried to Mr. Fraser by mistake, and sent to Aston; and if this is the case, they may as well be burnt; but if there is a good number, and about affairs of State (which you may smell out), then it is one of the other parcels, and I am distressed, and must find some method of getting it up again. I think I had inscribed the two packets that signified anything, one, “Papers of Queen Elizabeth or

third Family Compact with France, the existence of which Pitt suspecting was urgent for a declaration of war with Spain, and resigned when he could not carry the Cabinet with him. His successors were after all forced to carry out his policy, and the war, of which, as we see from Gray, there was in June 1760 some inkling, broke out in January 1762. No doubt the well-known proclivities of Charles III. caused these early rumours.

<sup>1</sup> Fraser (for whom see references in Index) franked much of the correspondence between Gray and Mason.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 105, n. 1. Macaulay notes, December 21, 1849, at Althorp (Lord Spencer’s)—“There is here a large collection of pamphlets formerly the property of General Conway. The volumes relating to William’s reign cannot have been fewer than fourteen or fifteen; the pamphlets, I should think, at least a dozen to a volume. Many I have, and many are to my knowledge at the British Museum. But there were many which I had never seen; and I found abundant, and useful, and pleasing occupation for five or six hours.”

<sup>3</sup> To Horace Walpole’s house in Arlington Street.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> A Bourne is mentioned interrogatively, as a friend of Mason’s near Andover, to Mason, January 3, 1758; but the papers here referred to seem to connect the name with Walpole.



earlier," the other, which was a great bundle, "Papers of King James and Charles the First." Pray Heaven it is neither of these; therefore do not be precipitate in burning.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling;<sup>1</sup> if I come I will set fire to it. Your policy and your gratitude I approve, and your determination never to quarrel and ever to pray; but I, that believe it want of power, am certainly civilier to a certain person than you, that call it want of exertion.<sup>2</sup> I will never believe they are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people<sup>3</sup> always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The bells are ringing, the squibs bouncing, the siege of Quebec<sup>4</sup> is raised. Swanton got up the river when they were bombarding the town. Murray made a sally and routed them, and took all their baggage. This is the sum and substance in the vulgar tongue, for I cannot get the *Gazette* till midnight. Perhaps you<sup>5</sup> have had an *estafette*,

<sup>1</sup> Mason pulled down the old rectory and built another very commodious house, changing the site, so as from his windows to command a beautiful and extensive prospect, bounded by the Derbyshire hills. He also much enlarged and improved the garden, planting a small group of tulip-trees at the farther end, near the summer-house dedicated to Gray. In another site, opposite the front door, and seen between some clumps, is a terminus, with the head of Milton: on the landing of the staircase, a copy of the Bocca Padugli eagle from Strawberry Hill. Since Mason's time the country round Aston has been much more exposed by the woods being cut down, and the beauty of the views from his place in that respect injured.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> It is clear that Mason replied to Gray's bantering hint (June 7) *à propos* of the deaths of the Dean of Canterbury and Mr. Blacowe; probably he professed that he was too much obliged to Lord Holderness (the "certain person") to push his claims to promotion.

<sup>3</sup> Church dignitaries.

<sup>4</sup> See on preceding letter. According to Walpole (*Memoirs* George II., v. 3, p. 284) the frost had compelled our fleet to retire, and the Chevalier de Levis, who succeeded Montcalm, forestalled us by bringing ships up the St. Lawrence before we had a single vessel there. "The place must have fallen into the hands of its old masters, if on the 9th of May, Lord Colville, with two frigates, outsailing the British squadron, had not entered the river and demolished the French armament."

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.* Lord Holderness, who received such couriers as Secretary

since I find their cannon are all taken ; and that two days after a French fleet, going to their assistance, was intercepted and sunk or burnt.

To-morrow I go into Oxfordshire, and a fortnight hence, when old Fobus's owl's nest<sup>1</sup> is a little aired, I go into it. Adieu, am ever and ever T. G.

#### CCIV. *To Richard Stonehewer.*

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves.<sup>2</sup> It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert,<sup>3</sup> and (like you) am of State, and communicated news to Mason. Walpole writes to Conway the day after this, "Last night I went to see the Holdernesses, in Sion-lane [see p. 5, n. 1]. As Cibber says of the Revolution, I met the Raising of the Siege ; that is I met my Lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manx horse thirteen little fingers high, with Lady Emily :

et sibi Countess  
Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem.

Mr. Milbank was walking in ovation by himself after the car ; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse round the corner. The whole procession returned with me ; and from the countess's dressing-room we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, "God bless the good news !"—These are all the particulars I know of the siege ; my lord would have showed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves."

<sup>1</sup> When the University, after the Commemoration has passed, is again quiet, which Gray calls the "*nest*" of the Chancellor the Duke of Newcastle.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishopric of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.—*Mason*.

<sup>3</sup> "29th October 1783 D'Alembert died ; born 16th Nov. 1717"—a Foundling, as is well-known ; Mother a Sister of Cardinal Tencin's : Father, "accidental," "an Officer in the Artillery."—*Carlyle* ("Frederick the Great," bk. xxi., chap. ii., n. 12).

D'Alembert, if not the greatest, is the most pleasant figure

totally disappointed in his Elements.<sup>1</sup> I could only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau<sup>2</sup> is like himself; and the "Discourses on Elocution,"<sup>3</sup>

among the Encyclopédistes. His devotion to his foster-mother, the glazier's wife, and his honourable poverty, are fascinating traits in his character. As early as 1746 he had won the notice of Frederick the Great, by dedicating to him his "Réflexions sur la cause générale des Vents," in Latin lines which referred to the king's triumphs and the peace just concluded:

"Haec ego de ventis, dum ventorum ocyor alis  
Palantes agit Austriacos Fredericus et orbi,  
Insignis lauro, ramum praetendit olivae."

But he refused all tempting offers from Berlin, although he visited Frederick, and maintained with him an independent friendship and correspondence. He was primarily a man of science and a mathematician; it was his association with the Encyclopédie which made him take a wider range.

<sup>1</sup> "Eléments de Philosophie," published in 1759.

<sup>2</sup> In the "Encyclopédie" D'Alembert had written the article "Genève." Therein he had regretted the proscription of comedy at Geneva, and had spoken of the Genevan presbyters, noting however, rather with praise than censure, their tendency towards Socinianism, and moral rather than doctrinal preaching. They were indignant and published a protest; and Rousseau, in his character as "Citoyen de Genève," wrote a letter to D'Alembert (pub. March 20th, 1758) in which he insists that D'Alembert either could not know the real opinions of the pastors, or if he had gathered them in the freedom of private converse, had no right to make them public; and that he did them a real disservice by praising them in a fashion of which they disapproved,—and which hurt their reputation. The letter also contains Rousseau's famous denunciation of "les Spectacles," in general, tragic as well as comic. D'Alembert's reply is a fine blending of respect with gentle irony; and in remarking on the glaring inconsistencies between principle and practice in Rousseau, he anticipates, without acrimony, a famous passage of Voltaire's. It is noteworthy that in his defence of his criticism of the pastors, he writes as a Catholic, and insists that they were but fulfilling the prediction of Bossuet as to the inevitable tendencies of Protestantism.

<sup>3</sup> There are, I believe, two, but the only one which I have read is that reprinted from the "Encyclopédie." Here he distinguishes between *style* and *diction*, closely connecting style with the writer and his subject, as a personal and variable characteristic; he points out after Diderot the change of meaning between *disertus* and the French *disert*, the latter implying not only natural eloquence, but a certain elegance of expression; he instances, mainly from Latin sources, the finer sense of harmony among the ancients;—remarks

and on the "Liberty of Music,"<sup>1</sup> are divine. He has

that Balzac (1594-1654) was the first to give harmony to French prose, and illustrates the fact that Molière's prose is harmonious and abounds in unconscious verse. He combats a criticism of Lamotte's, who, by way of disparaging poetry, had put the opening lines of Racine's "Mithridate" into prose, simply changing the order, without altering the words; he disputes the inference that the pleasure of verse is nothing but a conventional prejudice; the harmony, he says, has disappeared in the transposition, and Racine, if he had written the same passage in prose, would have written it otherwise, and with another choice of words. Yet it is noteworthy that the words Racine actually uses are none of them *distinctively* poetic; and the passage may interest us as confirming what Gray says to West (April, 1742), that the verse of the French—he means as to diction—where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. It is significant that D'Alembert speaks incidentally of the *great interests* which may justify *action* in the orator, "comme autrefois à Athènes et à Rome, et quelquefois aujourd'hui en Angleterre."

<sup>1</sup> Rousseau's "Lettre sur la musique Française" had appeared in 1753. In this he had supported the "bouffons," and the "bouffonistes," members and partisans of the Italian "opera buffa," and declared that the French *could* have no music, but that if ever they did have any, it would be so much the worse for them. D'Alembert agrees that they *have* no music, but rejects the "wild and whirling words" with which this sentence ends. The *brochure* "De la Liberté de la Musique," includes a brief sketch of the previous history of this controversy. About forty years before, these "bouffons" had received their first welcome in France, but had been forced to yield to opposition. Nevertheless Mouret attempted some little in the Italian style, and in 1733 Rameau with his "Hippolyte" proceeded still farther in the same direction; his efforts culminating in "Platée"—"son chef-d'œuvre et celui de la musique française," says D'Alembert; adding, "he gave the French not the best music of which he was capable, but the best we were able to receive." D'Alembert makes a graceful reference to the early death of Pergolesi, one of Gray's favourites (see vol. i., p. 106, n. 3), especially noting the *Serva Padrona*, the recitative of which he contrasts favourably with that of the French opera, which was as noisy, elaborate and ambitious as the *arias* to which it ought to form the setting. It is not surprising that Gray applauds this criticism, for he has anticipated it in his letters from Paris (see especially to West, April 12, 1739), and in the French letter of his of which Mason quotes but a fragment (see vol. i., p. 21, n. 2) forestalls the very language of D'Alembert about this "tintamarre du diable." Compare the graphic description in the "Nouvelle Héloïse," which ends: "Pour les diables, passe encore; cette musique a quelque chose d'inférieur qui ne leur messied pas. Aussi les magies, les évocations, et toutes les fêtes du

added to his translations from Tacitus;<sup>1</sup> and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than anything, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards<sup>2</sup> pass the night at the Castle of a Chief (himself a principal Bard); each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen; it is an October night (the harvest-month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest<sup>3</sup> thing is, that every one of them sees Ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

"Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night:  
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;  
*Their songs are of other worlds!*"

Did you never observe (*while rocking winds are piping loud*)<sup>4</sup> that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising

sabbat, sont-elles toujours ce qu'on admire le plus a l'Opéra françois."—(2<sup>d</sup>e P. L. xxiii.) At a later date Rousseau and D'Alembert were divided as to the merits of Gluck, against whom, perhaps somewhat inconsistently, D'Alembert set himself in opposition.

<sup>1</sup> "Traduction de quelques morceaux choisis de Tacite."

<sup>2</sup> In the poem of "Croma" also after the victory, "*Five bards advance, and sing by turns the praise of Ossian.*" See Mason's note *infra*.

<sup>3</sup> But, as Gray would discover later, it is the custom of Macpherson's heroes to see ghosts; they all do it. *E.g.*, in the poem "Cathlin of Clutha"—"Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes who were all claiming the command of a certain expedition, they retired 'each to his hill of ghosts' to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar" (*Argument*). In the same poem "Carmal's tribes were a dark ridge of waves. The grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the strife around with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks: a son of Loda was there, *a voice in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high.*"

<sup>4</sup> Milton, "Il Penseroso," l. 126.

upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his "Winter."<sup>1</sup> There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

"The waves are tumbling on the lake,  
And lash the rocky sides.  
The boat is brim-full in the cove,  
The oars on the rocking tide.  
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,  
And eyes the rolling stream:  
Her lover promised to come,  
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;  
*Are these his groans in the gale?*  
*Is this his broken boat on the shore?"*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There are three places in "Winter" which Gray—who had no verbal memory—may have had in mind:

"Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm,  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear."  
(ll. 67-71.)

Or:

... "From the shore  
Ate into caverns by the restless wave,  
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice  
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare."  
(ll. 149-152.)

Or:

"Then too, they say, through all the burdened air  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, uttered by the demon of the night  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death."  
(ll. 191-195.)

This last is the most likely.

<sup>2</sup> The whole of this descriptive piece has been since published in a note to a poem entitled "Croma." (See Ossian's "Poems," vol. i., p. 350, 8vo.) It is somewhat remarkable that the manuscript, in

CCV. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

July 1760.

DEAR SIR

I guess what the packet is, and desire you would keep it, for I am come back hither,<sup>1</sup> and hope to be with you on Tuesday night. I shall trouble you to have my bed aired, and to speak about a lodging for my servant; though (if it be not contrary to the etiquette of the college) I should rather hope there might be some garret vacant this summer time, and that he might lie within your walls; but this I leave to your consideration.

This very night Billy Robinson<sup>2</sup> consummates his good fortune; she has £10,000 in her pocket, and a brother unmarried with at least as much more. He is infirm, and the first convoy that sails they all three set out together for Naples to pass a year or two. I insist upon it he owes all this to Mr. Talbot<sup>3</sup> in the first place, and in the second to me, and have insisted on a couple of thousand pounds between us—the least penny—or he is a shabby fellow.

the translator's own hand, which I have in my possession, varies considerably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuscript, *the spirit of the mountain shrieks*. In the tragedy of Douglas, published at least three years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry spirit of the water shriek'd*.—Quere: Did Mr. Home take this sublime image from Ossian, or has the translator of Ossian since borrowed it from Mr. Home?—*Mason*.

Mason has not observed that Macpherson, in the note above-mentioned, cites this as an example of extempore compositions "a thousand years later than Ossian." The chief is made to say, as Macpherson prints the poem, "Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? Scarce their mossy tombs remain." Among the signs which the second bard notes I find "Windows flap." Most of the bards conclude with the same burden, "My friends, receive me from the night." One, however, more fortunate in his weather, remarks: "Night is settled, calm, blue, starry bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night."

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, to his lodgings in town.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 108, n. 4. The lady was a Miss Richardson—as we shall see (to Mason, August 7).

<sup>3</sup> See p. 54, n. 3.

I ask pardon about Madame de Fuentes<sup>1</sup> and her twelve ladies. I heard it in good company, when first she arrived, piping hot; and I suppose it was rather what people apprehended than what they experienced. She surely brought them over, but I do not find she has carried them about; on the contrary, she calls on my Lady Hervey<sup>2</sup> in a morning in an undress, and desires to be without ceremony; and the whole tribe, except Madame de Mora<sup>3</sup> (the young countess), were at Miss Chudleigh's ball<sup>4</sup> and many other places: but of late D'Abreu<sup>5</sup> (whom nobody ever liked)

<sup>1</sup> See to Mason, June 7, 1760, and n. 2. "Mons. de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my Lord Huntingdon. His wife homely, but good-natured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness; the daughter-in-law was sick, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have when one has but two and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed, the ambassadress could see nothing; for Dodington [Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, who had once been minister in Spain] stood before her the whole time [at Miss Chudleigh's ball, see on June 7, *l.c.*] swearing Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their *fête-dieu* they dared not even fast plentifully."—Walpole to the Earl of Strafford, June 7, 1760.

<sup>2</sup> She was the Mary Lepell of Pope. To her Voltaire addressed some English verses. Born 1700; married John Lord Hervey 1720; died in 1768, aged 67; lived on terms of friendship with Horace Walpole. There is an original portrait of her at Lord Bristol's, at Ickworth, and I possess a beautiful pencil drawing of her by Richardson. An edition of her letters to Mr. Morris was published by Mr. Croker in 1821.—*From Mitford*. There is an engraving from a miniature of her formerly at Strawberry Hill, in Cunningham's "Walpole's Letters," vol. v., facing p. 130.

<sup>3</sup> The daughter-in-law of the Spanish ambassador.

<sup>4</sup> On the 4th of June.

<sup>5</sup> Probably the Catholic priest attending on the family.—*Mitford*. Walpole writes to Mann (August 1, 1760): "I will tell you who will turn neither Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes will not; he has given the Virgin Mary (who he fancies hates public places, because he has never met her at one,) his honour that he never will go to any more. What a charming sort of Spanish Ambassador! I wish they always sent us such—the worst they can do, is to buy half a dozen converts." The scruples of Fuentes were sometimes



has advised them to be disagreeable, and they accept of no invitations.

Adieu, dear sir; I hope so soon to be with you, that I may spare you the trouble of reading any more.—I am ever yours,  
T. G.

I hear there was a quarrel at the Commons<sup>1</sup> between Dr. Barnard and Dr. Ogden<sup>2</sup>—mackerel or turbot.

respectable. In 1771 he was ambassador to France, and Walpole then wrote of the Dubarry (to Mann, September 9): "This street-walker has just received the homage of Europe. The holy Nuncio, and every Ambassador but he of Spain, have waited on her, and brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Fuentes alone would neither bow the knee to her nor to the Chancellor."

<sup>1</sup> I suppose this is Doctors' Commons. The Barnard here mentioned, if Mitford is right, was Edward Barnard, D.D., at this time Head Master of Eton, in which capacity he flogged Charles James Fox. He became Provost in 1765. He was a genial and popular man; one of the learned Bryant's titles to fame is that he rescued Barnard from a watery grave; another that he wrote the inscription for his monument (a seated figure) in the ante-chapel of Eton College. Barnard was liked by the boys, although—as the "New Bath Guide" has it—

"He burnt all their ruffles and cut off their queues."

"He was the only man," said Johnson quite seriously, "that did justice to my good breeding." It happened that the other Dr. Barnard (Thomas), Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe, whom Mitford confuses with the Eton Barnard, paid Johnson the same compliment in irony, in the well-known verses occasioned by the lexicographer's rudeness:

"From him I'll learn to write;  
Copy his *free and easy style*,  
And from the roughness of his file  
Grow, *like himself, polite*."

(See the whole story, as told by Miss Reynolds, Murray's "Johnsoniana," p. 194 sq., or Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies," vol. ii., p. 262 sq.) It must remain a question whether it was the future provost or the future bishop, or either, who quarrelled on the momentous question of mackerel or turbot; and I know nothing to connect them or Ogden with the "Commons."

<sup>2</sup> Doctor Samuel Ogden was Boswell's favourite divine; "in Rowlandson's caricatures of the tour to the Hebrides," says Dr. Birkbeck Hill, "he is commonly represented as having his sermons in his hand or pocket." He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and was appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology in 1764. He is mentioned (in connection with the candidature for

CCVI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Saturday, August 1760.

DEAR SIR

This is to inform you that I hope to see you on Monday night at Cambridge. If Fobus will come, I cannot help it. I must go and see somebody during that week—no matter where. Pray let Bleek make an universal rummage of cobwebs, and massacre all spiders, old and young, that live behind window-shutters and books. As to airing, I hear Dick Forrester<sup>1</sup> has done it. Mason is at Prior Park, so I can say nothing of him. The stocks fell, I believe, in consequence of your prayers, for there was no other reason. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CCVII. *To Mason.*

August 7, 1760, Pembroke Hall.

DEAR MASON

Your packet, being directed to me here, lay some days in expectation of my arrival (for I did not come till about ten days since); so, if the letter inclosed to Dr. Zachary Howlet<sup>2</sup> were not delivered so soon as it ought to have been, you must not lay the fault to my charge.

the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity) by Gray in January, 1765. "I should like to read all that Ogden has written," said Johnson (1776, *ætat.* 69). The Sermons on Prayer are specially commended, and a quotation from one of these (simple and practical in style) is given in Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" (see references in Hill's "Boswell's Life of Johnson," *Index*).

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 338, n. 6, where for 1759 read 1769; also *ib.*, p. 374 and n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly, as Mitford says, Zachary Grey, LL.D. He was the editor of Butler's "Hudibras" (Cambridge, 1744), and collected materials for the life of Thomas Baker the antiquary. His high Toryism would make Gray dislike him. Yet I think Gray's "howlets" *par excellence* are the D.D.'s. Mitford, indeed, may have a clue, which he has not revealed, to this name. Else I should conjecture that Zachary Brooke, D.D. (on whom see *infra*, to Mason, at the beginning of 1765) is meant.

It is a great misfortune that I dare not present your new seal to the senate in congregation assembled, as I long to do. Not only the likeness, but the character of the fowl is so strongly marked, that I should wish it were executed in marble, by way of bas-relief, on the pedestal of George the Second, which his Grace<sup>1</sup> proposes soon to erect in the Theatre. Mr. Brown and I think we discover beauties which perhaps the designer never intended. There is a brave little mitred Madge<sup>2</sup> already on the wing, who is flying, as it were, in the face of his parent; this, we say, is Bishop K.:<sup>3</sup> then there is a second, with ingratitude in its face, though not in its attitude, that will do the same as soon as it is fledged and has the courage; this is Bishop Y.: a third, that looks mighty modest, and has two little ears sprouting, but no mitre yet, we take for Dean G.:<sup>4</sup> the rest are embryos that have nothing distinguishing, and only sit and pull for a bit of mouse; they won't be prebends these five days, grace of God, and if the nest is not taken first.

Your friend Dr. Ch.:<sup>5</sup> died of a looseness: about a week before, he eat five large mackerel, full of roe, to his own share; but what gave the finishing stroke was a turbot, on Trinity Sunday, of which he left but very little for the company. Of the mackerel I have eyewitnesses, so the turbot may well find credit. He has left, I am told, £15,000 behind him.

The Erse Fragments have been published five weeks

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle.

<sup>2</sup> "*Chat Huant*, an owle, or *madge-howlet*."—*Cotgrave*.

<sup>3</sup> Bishops Edmund Keene and Philip Yonge are meant.—*Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 194, n. 3; vol. ii., pp. 34, 36 and nn. From the anecdote which Gray tells (p. 36), it would seem that "Fobus" himself estimated the subservience of his creatures at its proper value.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Dr. Thomas Green, Dean of Salisbury, whom Gray mentions with such disgust to Mason, June, 1757 (vol. i., p. 337 and n.). Mitford presumes that John Green (or Greene) is here meant. John Green was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1761 (died in 1779, not 1790 as Mitford states, *supra*, vol. i., p. 341 n.). He was at this date Master of Bene't (Corpus Christi), Cambridge, and I find from Walpole that he held therewith the Deanery of Lincoln.

<sup>5</sup> Chapman. See vol. i., p. 159 and n. 2; to Wharton, *supra*, June, 1760; to Clarke (August 12), *infra*.

ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till last week. As you tell me new things do not soon reach you at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow when you tell me whether you have not got it already. I send the two which I had before, for Mr. Wood,<sup>1</sup> because he has not the affectation of not admiring. I continue to think them genuine, though my reasons for believing the contrary are rather stronger than ever: but I will have them antique, for I never knew a Scotchman of my own time that could read, much less write, poetry; and such poetry too! I have one (from Mr. Macpherson) which he has not printed: it is mere description, but excellent, too, in its kind. If you are good, and will learn to admire, I will transcribe it. Pray send to Sheffield for the last *Monthly Review*: there is a deal of stuff about us and Mr. Colman.<sup>2</sup> It says one of us, at least, has always borne his faculties meekly.<sup>3</sup> I leave you to guess which that is: I think I know. You oaf, you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it!

I thank you for your care of the old papers: <sup>4</sup> they were entirely insignificant, as you suspected.

Billy Robinson <sup>5</sup> has been married near a fortnight to a Miss Richardson (of his own age, he says, and not handsome), with £10,000 in her pocket; she lived with an (unmarried) infirm brother, who (the first convoy that sails) sets out with the bride and bridegroom in his company for Naples; you see it is better to be curate of Kensington than rector of Aston.

Lord J: C: <sup>6</sup> called upon me here the other day; young Ponsonby, <sup>7</sup> his nephew, is to come this year to the Univer-

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Robert—"Palmyra"—Wood, a friend of Mason's. See vol. i., p. 349, n. 4 and Index. But Mason had a curate of that name.

<sup>2</sup> Colman, one of the parodists of Gray and Mason, as we have already seen (To Wharton, June '60). Though Aston is in the Ainstey or county of the city of York, it would seem that Mason had to send to Sheffield for the literature of the day.

<sup>3</sup> This was certainly not Mason.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. to Mason, June 27, 1760.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 108, n. 4, and to Brown, July, 1760.

<sup>6</sup> John Cavendish, for whom see vol. i., p. 264, n. 4.

<sup>7</sup> The second Earl of Bessborough married in 1739 Lady Caroline Cavendish, sister of Lord John. The Ponsonby here spoken of is

sity, and, as his Lordship (very justly) thinks that almost everything depends on the choice of a private tutor, he desires me to look out for such a thing, but without engaging him to anything. Now I am extremely unacquainted with the younger part of Cambridge, and consequently can only enquire of other people, and (what is worse) have nobody now here whose judgment I could much rely on. In my own conscience I know no one I should sooner recommend than Onley,<sup>1</sup> and besides (I own) should wish to bring him to this college; yet I have scruples, first because I am afraid Onley should not answer my lord's expectations (for what he is by way of a scholar I cannot tell), and next because the young man (who is high-spirited and unruly) may chance to be more than a match for Mr. B.;<sup>2</sup> with whom the authority must be lodged. I have said I would enquire, and mean (if I could) to do so without partiality to any college: but believe, after all, I shall find no better. Now I perceive you have said something to Lord J: already to the same purpose, therefore tell me what I shall do in this case. If you chance to see his lordship you need not mention it, unless he tell you himself what has passed between us.

Adieu, dear Mason, I am ever yours.

*A Note.*—Having made many enquiries about the authenticity of these Fragments, I have got a letter from Mr. David Hume,<sup>3</sup> the historian, which is more satisfactory

one of the sons by this marriage; but, according to Mitford, he died young. The only son who was surviving at the death of the father in 1793, was at the date of this letter an infant between two and three years old. The mother, says Mitford, died this year, 1760.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Onley, elected a fellow of Pembroke College in 1756, and vacated in 1763. He took the degree of Twelfth Wrangler in 1755.—*Mitford*. In that year he was last of the Wranglers. "The family," says Mr. Gosse, "has remained faithful to Pembroke to this day" (1884).

<sup>2</sup> Brown, the "*petit bonhomme*."

<sup>3</sup> This letter is printed entire in the "European Magazine," vol. v., p. 327, March, 1784; it concludes in this manner; "It gives me pleasure to find that a person of so fine a taste as Mr Gray approves of these fragments, as it may convince us that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossession, which, however, you know to be a little strong; the translation is

than anything I have yet met with on that subject: he says,—

“Certain it is that these poems are in everybody’s mouth in the Highlands—have been handed down from father to son—and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition. Adam Smith, the celebrated<sup>1</sup> Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae’s brother) told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarlane (the greatest antiquarian we have in this country), and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as the poetical beauty, of

elegant, but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it, there appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them of the same measure with Mr. Shenstone’s famous ballad :

‘Ye shepherds so careless and free,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam.’

Pray ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish.” It appears from this letter that Macpherson first showed the copies of these MSS. to John Home, the poet, at Moffat, in the autumn of 1759, and that he translated them at Mr. Home’s request.—*Mitford*. But Mitford’s account is inexact or misleading. Macpherson never showed Home any *Gaelic* MSS. at Moffat. He said he possessed them and Home asked to see them. He asked Home if he understood Gaelic. Home replied in the negative. “Then how can I show you them?” asked Macpherson. Home said he would be contented if Macpherson would translate one of them, that he might form some notion of Gaelic poetry. Macpherson replied that any translation he might make would give a very imperfect idea of the original; but after much importunity on Home’s part, he brought a fragment of a poem entitled “The Death of Oscar,” and a few days later two or three more fragments. It does not appear that he showed Home anything which professed to be Gaelic, though, if he did, the fact would prove absolutely nothing. (See Bailey Saunders, “Life and Letters of James Macpherson,” pp. 67, 68.)

<sup>1</sup> Adam Smith’s reputation rested at this time on the “Theory of Moral Sentiments” which had appeared in the preceding year, 1759. The “Wealth of Nations” was not published until 1776. His long friendship with Hume dates from 1748 or thereabouts. He was made Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow in 1752, and resigned the chair in 1763, to go abroad as tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch.

these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod,<sup>1</sup> with many more that live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and could only be acquainted with what had become (in a manner) national works. There is a country-surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart the entire epic poem<sup>2</sup> mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his Preface, and, as he is old, is perhaps the only person living that knows it all, and has never committed it to writing. We are in the more haste to recover a monument which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters. We have therefore set about a subscription of a guinea or two guineas a-piece in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover this poem and other fragments of antiquity."

I forgot to mention<sup>3</sup> to you that the names of Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, etc., are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, etc.

<sup>1</sup> This was, I believe, the grandfather of the young Macleod of Skye, who so hospitably entertained Johnson in the course of his tour to the Hebrides. The young laird came in for a very encumbered domain. His mother welcomed Johnson, whom she had known in London, at Dunvegan.

<sup>2</sup> This is "Fingal," which consists of about 2,000 lines in English prose, and would probably consist of a great many more in the Gaelic original, if any such original existed. It is noteworthy that after the appearance of "Fingal" in 1762, Hume, in 1763, changed his mind. He asks Dr. Blair, the great supporter of Macpherson, for "proof that these poems were not forged within these five years by James Macpherson." In a letter to Gibbon, 1776, he is still more certain that Macpherson is an impostor. Gibbon ("Decline and Fall," i., c. 6) had spoken of the "mist that still hangs over these Highland traditions"; Hume upon this tells him, "You are over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation." See Dr. B. Hill's interesting note, Boswell's Johnson, vol. ii., p. 302.

<sup>3</sup> Gray gets this also from Hume's letter, in which, says Mitford, the names are thus given, Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Oscan, Dermid.

CCVIII. *To Dr. Clarke.*<sup>1</sup>

Pembroke Hall, August 12, 1760.

Not knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house<sup>2</sup> with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Cliefden,<sup>3</sup> opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

<sup>1</sup> Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.—*Mason*. Gray wrote to Wharton from Florence, Mar. 12, 1740: "If my old friends, Thompson or Clark fall in your way, say I am extremely theirs." Dr. Clarke's wife (Jane) died April 27th, 1757, at the age of thirty-one (as appears from the inscription in the church at Beckenham, Kent) leaving an infant child. The verse of the epitaph was written by Gray and will be found on p. 59 of Gray's "English Poems" (Pitt Press Edition).

<sup>2</sup> I question whether this is Conway's seat, Park Place, Henley. Walpole, it will be noted, wrote "Gray is in their *neighbourhood*." He was in the company of Miss Speed (who was, we may suppose, duly *chaperoned*), in some house near.

<sup>3</sup> Cliefden (Bucks) on the Thames. In 1740 it belonged to Frederick Prince of Wales. Here he gave theatrical entertainments, and here on the 1st of August of that year was first sung "Rule Britannia" in the "Masque of Alfred," which masque was the joint composition of Thomson and Mallet. In 1743 Walpole (under date Sept. 7 to Mann) relates how one of a troop of French players there, whose presence at that time, just after Dettingen, gave umbrage, was beaten by a country fellow who told the Prince that "he thought to have pleased his Highness in beating one of them who had tried to kill his father, and had wounded his brother." The house which Gray has in mind was burned down in 1795, and "nothing," says Wright, "of its furniture preserved but the tapestry that represented the Duke of Marlborough's victories." The more modern fabric was some years ago the property of the Duke of Westminster, but passed into the hands of the Astors of America.



I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. Chapman<sup>1</sup> (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off.—They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse Fragments<sup>2</sup> since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against everybody's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

### CCIX. *To Wharton.*

London. Oct. 21. 1760.

DEAR DOCTOR

Don't be afraid of me: I will not come, till you tell me, I may: though I long very much to see you. I hear, you have let your hair grow,<sup>3</sup> & visit none of your neighbouring gentry, two (I should think) capital crimes in

<sup>1</sup> See to Mason, Aug. 7, *supra*. Gray has evidently a boyish pride in this unseemly jest, which he repeats to Wharton on Oct. 21.

<sup>2</sup> See preceding letter.

<sup>3</sup> This year, 1760, the year of the accession of George III., marks approximately an epoch in the history of the wig; for we learn from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," *s.v.*, that early in this reign "the general fashion of wearing wigs began to wane and gradually died out; but among professional men the practice continued to hold its place, and it was by slow degrees that military officers and clergymen gave up the habit." We may infer that Wharton had ceased practice as a physician, and was able, after his father's death, to neglect conventions that did not suit him.

that county, and indeed in all counties. I hear too (& rejoice) that you have recover'd your hearing. I have nothing equally important to tell you of myself, but that I have not had the Gout, since I saw you: yet don't let me brag; the winter is but just begun.

I have pass'd a part of the summer on a charming hill near Henley<sup>1</sup> with the Thames running at my foot; but in the company of a pack of Women, that wore my spirits, tho' not their own. the rest of the season I was at Cambridge in a duller, & more congenial, situation. did I tell you, that our friend Chapman, a week before he died, eat five huge mackerel (fat and full of roe) at one dinner, w<sup>ch</sup> produced an indigestion: but on Trinity-Sunday he finish'd himself with the best part of a large Turbot, w<sup>ch</sup> he carried to his grave, poor Man! he never held up his head after. from Cambridge I am come hither, yet am going into Kent for a fortnight, or so. you astonish me in wondering, that my Lady C: left me nothing. for my part I wonder'd to find she had given me 20£ for a ring; as much as she gave to several of her own Nieces. The World said before her death, that M<sup>rs</sup> Sp: and I had shut ourselves up with her in order to make her Will, & that afterwards we were to be married.

There is a second Edition of the Scotch Fragments, yet very few admire them, & almost all take them for fictions. I have a letter from D: Hume,<sup>2</sup> the Historian, that asserts them to be genuine, & cites the names of several People (that know both languages) who have heard them current in the mouths of Pipers & other illiterate persons in various & distant parts of the Highlands. there is a subscription for M<sup>r</sup> Macpherson, w<sup>ch</sup> will enable him to undertake a mission among the Mountaineers, & pick up all the scattered remnants of old poetry. he is certainly an admirable Judge; if his *learned* Friends do not pervert or over-rule his taste.

Mason is here in Town, but so dissipated with his duties at Sion-Hill,<sup>3</sup> or his attention to the Beaux Arts, that I see

<sup>1</sup> See n. on preceding letter; so also for reference to Chapman, which follows.

<sup>2</sup> See Gray's note on letter to Mason, Aug. 7, '60.

<sup>3</sup> P. 5, n. 1, *supra*.

but little of him. the last spring (for the first time) there was an Exhibition<sup>1</sup> in a public room of pictures, sculptures, engravings, &c.: sent in by all the Artists in imitation of what has been long practised at Paris. among the rest there is a M<sup>r</sup> Sandby,<sup>2</sup> who excells in Landscape, with figures, Views of Buildings, Ruins, &c: & has been much employed by the Duke,<sup>3</sup> L<sup>d</sup> Harcourt,<sup>4</sup> L<sup>d</sup> Scarborough,<sup>5</sup> & others. hitherto he has dealt in wash'd

<sup>1</sup> Opened April 21st, 1760, at the Room of the Society of Arts, in the Strand. "As a consequence of their success, grew the incorporation of a Society of Artists in 1765, by secession from which finally was constituted the Royal Academy" [in December, 1768]. For the third exhibition Johnson wrote the preface to the Catalogue. (Taylor's "Reynolds," vol. i., p. 179, and Boswell's Johnson, ed. Hill, vol. i., p. 363.) Johnson wrote from London to Baretti at Milan, June 10th, 1761: "The Artists have instituted a yearly Exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second Exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English School will rise in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands. . . . This Exhibition has filled the heads of the Artists and lovers of art. *Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time, of that time which never can return.*"

<sup>2</sup> Paul (1725-1809), born at Nottingham; in 1741 found employment in the military drawing department at the Tower of London. In 1746 the Duke of Cumberland employed him as draughtsman to the survey of the Highlands, after the rebellion. In 1752 he went to live at Windsor, and is said to have made seventy-six drawings of Windsor and Eton. Sir Joseph Banks commissioned him to bring out in aquatinta (Sandby's *fort*) forty-eight drawings made during a tour in Wales. The conception of an Academy for Arts was opposed by Hogarth, and Sandby, who favoured it, appeared as a rival caricaturist to Hogarth, with some success. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy (1768). Mitford calls him "the father of the unrivalled English school of water-colours," and adds: "Many of the first and earliest specimens of his pencil which exist, and which I have seen, are still in the possession of his family." I have seen it stated that his water-colours are outlined with the pen. He had an elder brother Thomas (1721-1798), appointed deputy ranger of Windsor Park in 1746, who also became a Royal Academician, and was the first professor of Architecture to the Academy.

<sup>3</sup> Of Cumberland; see prec. note.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 266, n. 2. Probably at Nuneham.

<sup>5</sup> Probably Richard, 4th Earl. Sandby was perhaps employed at Lumley Castle, co. Durham, which I find described in

Drawings & Water-Colours, but has of late only practised in oil. he (& Mason together) have cook'd up a great picture of M: Snowdon, in w<sup>ch</sup> the Bard & Edward the first make their appearance; and this is to be his *Exhibition-Picture* for next year, but (till then) it is a sort of secret.

The great Expedition <sup>1</sup> takes up every body's thoughts. there is such a train of artillery on board, as never was seen before during this war. some talk of Brest, others of Rochefort. if the wind (w<sup>ch</sup> is very high) does not blow it away, I do believe, it will succeed, for the French seem in a miserable way.

The Duke <sup>2</sup> is well-recover'd of his paralytick attack,<sup>3</sup> tho' it is still visible in his face, when he speaks. it has been occasioned by the long intermission of his usual violent exercises, for he can not ride, or walk much now on account of a dropsy confined to a certain part, and not dangerous in itself. yet he appears at New-Market, but in his Chaise.

Mason and M<sup>r</sup> Brown send their best services. D<sup>r</sup> Heberden <sup>4</sup> enquires kindly after you, & has his good

1832 as "a noble mansion, majestically situated on an eminence, and commanding the most beautiful & extensive prospects." To Lord Scarborough also belonged Roche Abbey, a picturesque ruin which Sandby may have sketched. See Walpole to Cole, Aug. 25, 1772; Gray to Wharton, June 21, 1767.

<sup>1</sup> The strong Armament destined for a secret Expedition was collected at Portsmouth; but after being detained there the whole summer, the design was laid aside. See Smollett's "History of England," vol. v., p. 230.—*Mitford*. "Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley, Craufurd and Keppel are the generals, and Commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased: they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. . . . Draper has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes."—Walpole to Montagu, Oct. 14, '60. Dec. 5, '60, he writes to Mann: "The Secret Expedition is beating about off Portsmouth"; and to the same on the following 2nd of January: "The laying aside of the expedition gave universal pleasure; as France has had so much time to be upon its guard, and the season is so far advanced, and so tempestuous."

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Cumberland.

<sup>3</sup> Announced by Walpole to Mann, Aug. 28, '60.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 160, n. 4, and Index.

dinners as usual. Adieu, dear S<sup>r</sup>, & present my compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton.—I am ever

Truly Yours  
TG:

CCX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

South<sup>n</sup>. Row, October 23, 1760.

DEAR SIR

I am obliged to you for your letter, and the bills inclosed, which I shall take the first opportunity I have to satisfy.

I imagine by this then Lord John is or has been with you to settle matters. Mr. Onley<sup>1</sup> (from whom I have twice heard) consents, though with great diffidence of himself, to undertake this task; but cannot well be there himself till about the 13th of November. I would gladly hear what your first impressions are of the young man, for (I must tell you plainly) our Mason, who had seen him at Chatsworth, was not greatly edified; but he hopes the best. To-morrow Dr. Gisborne<sup>2</sup> and I go to dine with

<sup>1</sup> See to Mason, Aug. 7, '60.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Thomas Gisborne, in 1759, was elected a Fellow and Censor of the College of Physicians; he is also designated Med. Reg. ad Familiam. In 1791 he was President of the College, again in 1794, in 1796, and every succeeding year till 1803, inclusive: his name does not appear after 1805. He had been Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dr. Gisborne was known to the present learned President of the College of Physicians, who remembers having met him at the dinner-table of Sir Isaac Pennington, at Cambridge. He was rather short and corpulent. When the Government of the day agreed to purchase John Hunter's Museum, the offer of being the Conservator[s] of the Collection was made to the College of Physicians, *through Dr. Gisborne*, then President of the College. He put the letter in his pocket, forgot it, and the offer was never brought before the consideration of the College. The Government subsequently made an offer of it to the College of Surgeons, and it now forms the chief part of their valuable Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was said that the College of Physicians declined to receive this collection, and this has been constantly repeated. For this curious anecdote, I am indebted to the kindness of the precent learned President, Dr. Ayrton Paris. Dr. Gisborne was called in to attend Gray in his last illness. He died February 24, 1806. See "Gent. Mag.," 1806, p. 287.—*Mitford*.

that reverend gentleman (Mason) at Kensington during his waiting. He makes many kind enquiries after you, but I see very little of him, he is so taken up with the beaux-arts. He has lately etched my head with his own hand;<sup>1</sup> and his friend Mr. Sandby, the landscape painter, is doing a great picture with a view of M. Snowdon, the Bard, Edward the First, etc. Now all this I take for a bribe, a sort of hush-money to me, who caught him last year sitting for his own picture, and know that at this time there is another painter doing one of the scenes in *Elfrida*.

In my way to town I met with the first news of the expedition from Sir William Williams,<sup>2</sup> who makes a part of it, and perhaps may lay his fine Vandyck head in the dust. They talk, some of Rochefort, some of Brest, and others of Calais. It is sure<sup>3</sup> the preparations are great, but the wind blows violently.

Here is a second edition of the Fragments,<sup>4</sup> with a new and fine one added to them. You will perhaps soon see a very serious Elegy<sup>5</sup> (but this is a secret) on the death of my Lady Coventry.<sup>6</sup> Watch for it.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gosse says: "This hideous little work is still preserved in the Master's Lodge at Pembroke College; it has very little value even as a portrait." The pencil sketch for it, for which Gray sat to Mason, is engraved as the frontispiece to the second volume of Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray's works.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Peere Williams, a baronet, member for Shoreham, captain in Burgoyne's dragoons—a regiment raised in 1759—now the 16th Lancers. His death is announced by Walpole to Montagu, May 5, 1761: "shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery," at Belle-Île (off the coast of Morbihan, almost due south of Quiberon, and west of the mouth of the Loire). Mitford quotes a statement that his death was due to the recklessness of a desponding mind, and it is certain that his affairs were embarrassed. His younger brother was "Gilly" Williams, the friend of George Selwyn, depicted with him and "Dick" Edgcumbe in the "Conversation" piece by Reynolds, now in the National Portrait Gallery. Of Gray's epitaph on him we shall hear further. See notes on Poem XX in Pitt Press edit. of Gray's English Poems.

<sup>3</sup> A fashionable Gallicism at this date.

<sup>4</sup> Ossian, see p. 161, etc.

<sup>5</sup> Mason's.

<sup>6</sup> See vol. i., p. 288, n. 3. On August 1st Walpole wrote to Mann: "My Lady Coventry is still alive, sometimes at the point of death, sometimes recovering. They fixed the spring: now the

If I had been aware Mr. Mapletoft<sup>1</sup> was in town I should have returned him the two guineas I have of his. Neither Osborn nor Bathurst [?] know when the book will come out. I will therefore pay it to any one he pleases.

Adieu, dear sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

I did not mean to carry away your paper of the two pictures at Were Park; but I find I have got it here.

autumn is to be critical to her." And, October 5th: "The charming Countess is dead at last." Mason writes in the *Elegy* upon her:

"Long at her couch Death took his patient stand  
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow."

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 304, n. 5. Mitford notes that his place in the Mathematical Tripos was next to (Beilby) Porteus (of Christ's, Bishop of London, 1787-1809). The two guineas were no doubt for the purchase of a work destined to be put in the market by Osborn and other booksellers. "Bathurst" I suspect to be a mistake of Mitford's, perhaps through some contraction of Gray's, for "Bathoe," a bookseller who lived, Wright tells us, near Exeter Change, in the Strand, and died in 1768. He was Walpole's bookseller (see Walpole to Dalrymple, Jan<sup>y</sup> 31, '64); and it is possible that the work Mapletoft wanted to secure is the "Anecdotes of Painting." Walpole had begun to put two volumes in the press at Strawberry Hill before the end of November, 1760, but was hesitating whether he should not defer publication until the whole book was complete, and even the two volumes did not appear till 1762. Gray displayed (to Walpole) an interest in it in November, 1760. "It has warmed Gray's coldness," writes Walpole to Montagu (September 24th), "so much that he is violent about it"; but our poet was very secretive about his relations with Strawberry Hill. I ought to add that the *Lucan* which the younger Bentley (succeeded by Cumberland), edited with his famous father's notes, appeared, after long delay, a little later than Christmas, 1760, from the Strawberry Hill Press; and therefore this might be the work expected at this date.

<sup>2</sup> Ware Park, near Hertford.—*Mitford*. Ware Park is described by Mr. H. W. Tompkins (1902) as a noble Italian house, "bosomed high in tufted trees." The Ermin Street passes through the Park. It was anciently the property of the Fanshawes, who (and especially Sir H. Fanshawe, temp. Eliz.) were great in gardening. In 1668 the manor was sold to the Byde family, and the owner in 1760 was probably Thomas Plumer Byde. The British Museum (Large Room, C. 28 a 15) has a small book undated which apparently came from the Stowe sale. It is "A Catalogue of Antiquities, etc.," and has the Advertisement, "This Catalogue was originally drawn up on the blank pages of

CCXI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

October 25, 1760.

DEAR SIR

You will wonder at another letter so soon; it is only to tell you what you will probably hear before this letter reaches you.

The King is dead.<sup>1</sup> He rose this morning about six (his usual early hour) in perfect health, and had his chocolate between seven and eight. An unaccountable noise was heard in his chamber; they ran in, and found him lying on the floor. He was directly bled, and a few drops came from him, but he instantly expired.

This event happens at an unlucky time, but (I should think) will make little alteration in public measures.

I am rather glad of the alteration with regard to Chambers, for a reason which you will guess at.

My service to Pa.<sup>2</sup> I will write to him soon, and long to see his manuscripts, and blue books, and precipices. Adieu.—I am yours, T. G.

CCXII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

London, Nov: 8, 1760.

DEAR SIR

You will excuse me if I write you a little news in this busy time, tho' I have nothing else to write the ladies are rejoiced to hear they may probably have a marriage before the Coronation, which will restore to that pomp all the beauties it would otherwise have lost. I hear (but this

Kitchin's English Atlas, by a person of too much eminence to be mentioned on so slight an occasion." In the margin is *written* "Mr. Gray." The Advertisement is quite in the manner of Hurd (see vol. i., p. 333, n. 2) whom I suspect to have made it. In this list under "Hartfordshire" is "2. Ware Park (Mr Byde's) N.N.E. of Hartford." Of the pictures mentioned above I can find no trace. (I owe the details here to Mr. H. E. Davis.)

<sup>1</sup> Compare Walpole's cynical account of the event (to Montagu, Oct. 25).

<sup>2</sup> Palgrave; in allusion to the manuscript diaries kept during his travels.—*Mitford*. See p. 49 and n. 1, *supra*.



is *sub sigillo*) no very extraordinary account of the . . .<sup>1</sup> Mr Mason<sup>2</sup> walks in the same procession, and, as you possibly may see him the next day, he will give you the best account of it. you have heard, I suppose, that there are two wills (not duplicates).<sup>3</sup> he had given to the D: all his jewels,<sup>4</sup> but at the last going to H:<sup>r</sup> had taken with him all the best of them, and made them Crown Jewels, so that they come to the Successor. He had also given the D: three Millions of Rix-Dollars in money, but in the last will (made since the affair at *Closter-Seven*), after an apology to him, as the best Son, that ever lived, and *one that has never offended him*, declares that the expenses of the war have consumed all this money. he gives him (and had before done so by a deed of gift) all his mortgages in Germany, valued at 170,000£;<sup>5</sup> but the French are in possession of part of these lands, and the rest are devoured by the war. He gives to P<sup>ss</sup> Emily, and

<sup>1</sup> A whole passage is erased. If the words "Princess of Saxe-Gotha," which Mitford and Mr. Gosse print without question, are there, they must, I think, have been discovered under the obliteration. The only Princess of Saxe-Gotha who figures conspicuously at this time is the Princess Dowager, mother of the young king. Walpole writes to Montagu, Nov. 24, '60: "Seditious papers are again set up: one t'other day in Westminster Hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan Princess." Was this merely an attack on the Princess Dowager, or a protest also against another alliance, more or less apprehended, with the same house? Walpole writes, Dec. 5, '60: "Of a Queen the talk is dropped." It was soon, of course, to begin again.

<sup>2</sup> Mason, as one of the Royal Chaplains. The reference is to the coronation procession, mentioned in the erased passage.

<sup>3</sup> "He [George III.] sent to Princess Amelia [his aunt] to know where her father's will was deposited. She said one copy had been entrusted to her eight or nine years before; but thinking the King had forgotten it, she had lately put him in mind of it. He had replied, 'Did not she know, that when a new will was made, it cancelled all preceding?' No curiosity, no eagerness, no haste was expressed by the new King on that head; nor the smallest impediment thrown in the way of his grandfather's intentions." (Walpole, "Memoirs of George III.," vol. iii., chap. i.)

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Walpole to Montagu, Nov. 4. '60.

<sup>5</sup> Walpole, *l.c.*, says £180,000. "A pretty strong comment on the affair of *Closter-Seven*!" he exclaims, in reference to the acknowledgement that the Duke "was the best son that ever lived and had never offended him." On the business of *Closter-Seven*, see vol. i., pp. 370, n. 2; *ib.*, 342, n. 2.

Mary, about 37,000£<sup>1</sup> between them, the Survivor to take the whole I have heard, that the D: was to have a third of this, but has given up his share to his Sisters. to Lady Y:<sup>2</sup> a box, which is said to have in it 10,000£<sup>3</sup> in notes. The K: is residuary Legatee; what that amounts to, no one will know; and consequently it must remain a doubt, whether he died rich or poor:<sup>4</sup> I incline to believe rather the latter,<sup>5</sup> I mean in comparison of what was expected.

The Bishop<sup>6</sup> is the most assiduous of Courtiers, stand-

<sup>1</sup> Walpole says £50,000.

<sup>2</sup> Yarmouth,—Madame de Walmoden. See vol. i., p. 12, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole says £11,000.

<sup>4</sup> "King George the Second is dead richer than Sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my Lord Hardwicke" (Walpole, *l.c.*). [Sir Robert Brown had formerly been a merchant and British Consul at Venice. His wife was the Lady Brown whose name served as an excuse for the visit to Gray which gave rise to the "Long Story,"—and her "Sunday Nights" were, says Walpole, "the great mart for all travelling and travelled calves." See note on "Long Story" in Pitt Press edit. of Gray's Poems. The Baronet died October 5th, 1760, and Walpole writes to Montagu, October 25th: "Sir Robert Brown has left everything to my Lady—aye, everything I believe—his very avarice." Lord Hardwicke, Philip Yorke the celebrated Chancellor, did not die until 1764. He accumulated a large fortune.]

<sup>5</sup> But Walpole says (to Montagu, Nov. 1): "I cannot believe in this apparent poverty. It is pretended that the present war exhausted all his [George II.'s] savings; I was going to say credat Judaeus—but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so."

<sup>6</sup> The name of the bishop is erased in the MS., but *Secker* is meant.—*Mitford*. Walpole tells the same story, *minus* the remark to the Spanish Ambassador. He has a prejudice against Secker, which he seems to have imparted to Gray. Secker only became Archbishop in 1758; having been previously (1735) Bishop of Bristol and (1737) of Oxford. But he was *the* bishop to Walpole, who held him in aversion, called him Jesuitical,—a man-midwife, etc., sneered at him as a promoter of influential marriages, as originally a dissenter, and as president of a freethinking club. There seems to have been no ground for the last imputation; it may have been due to Secker's friendship with Rundel, his schoolfellow, who was suspected that way:—Pope, it will be remembered, connects the names in mild panegyric in 1738:

"Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert:  
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart."

(Epilogue to "Satires," Dial. II.) Johnson had a strong prejudice against the political character of Secker (Boswell, *etat.* 71). This

ing for ever upright in the midst of a thousand Ladies. the other day he trod on the toes of the D:<sup>1</sup> who turned to him (for he made no sort of excuse), and said aloud, If your G:<sup>2</sup> is so eager to make your court, that is the way (pointing towards the King) and then to the Count de Fuentes,<sup>3</sup> You see priests are the same in this country as in yours.

Mr E: Finch<sup>4</sup> (your Representative) has got the place that S<sup>r</sup> H: E: (my friend) had, Surveyor (I think) of the Roads, w<sup>ch</sup> is about 600£ a-year. what then (you will ask) has become of my Friend? oh, he is a vast Favourite, is restored to his Regiment, and made Groom of the Bed-Chamber. I have not been to see him yet, and am half afraid, for I hear he has a *Levee*. pray, don't tell.

L<sup>d</sup> J: C:<sup>5</sup> is fix'd to come at his time in spite of the World. I hear within the year, you may expect a visit from his Majesty in person.

was no doubt because the bishop was a favourite at the court of George II.; otherwise Secker, who once belonged, as Dean, to "high St. Paul's," as Pope calls it, would have pleased him. The same reason is at the bottom of Horace Walpole's hostility; there could have been no great affection between his father and the bishop. Secker at first intended to practice medicine (hence in part Walpole's sneer about the "*man-midwife*"); he was educated at the dissenting academy of Jones (at Gloucester, afterwards at Tewkesbury)—a school which produced also Nathaniel Lardner; and, above all, Butler of the "*Analogy*," who found in his school-mate Secker a constant friend and advocate.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Cumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Grace. Gray therefore only wrote "Bishop" from habit.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 157, nn. 1 and 5, *supra*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Finch was Member for Cambridge [University], and his predecessor as surveyor of the king's roads was *Sir Henry Erskine*. It was Sir Henry Erskine who made the unsuccessful application to Lord Bute for the place of Professor of Modern Languages [and History] in favour of Gray in 1762.—*Mitford*. The Hon. Edward Finch, fifth son of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchilsea, and second Earl of Nottingham, was father of the ninth Earl of Winchilsea. He took the name of Finch-Hatton, as heir to his mother's brother, Viscount Hatton. He and his two brothers, Daniel and William, were called, says Walpole, "the dark funereal Finches" by Sir C. Hanbury Williams, on account of the blackness of their complexions. Edward died in 1771.

<sup>5</sup> John Cavendish. See vol. i., p. 264, n. 4.

When the D: of Dev:<sup>1</sup> introduced my L<sup>d</sup> Mayor,<sup>2</sup> he desired his Grace would be so kind to tell him, w<sup>ch</sup> was my Lord *Boot*? this must not be told at all, nor anything else *as from me*.<sup>3</sup> Adieu!

CCXIII. *Mason to Gray.*

Aston, Nov 28 '60.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

I send you the Elegy;<sup>4</sup> you will find I have altered all the things you marked,<sup>5</sup> and some perhaps I have improved. Mr. Wood<sup>6</sup> thinks the conclusion equal enough to the rest, therefore I have ventured to send a copy to Lord Holderness; but I hope to have your scratches upon that part also soon. I wish you would let your servant take a copy and send it to Mr. Brown, to whom I talked about it. When I was at Cambridge I saw a great deal of Onley,<sup>7</sup> and am very sanguine in my hopes that his pupilage will not turn out ill. Dr. Acton<sup>8</sup> came down while I was there, and entertained us

<sup>1</sup> Fourth Duke of Devonshire, brother of Lord John. He was Lord Chamberlain.

<sup>2</sup> The common pronunciation of the Londoners encouraged the popular jest of the petticoat and boot. See vol. i., p. 306, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Gray, about this time, is beginning to look forward to the Professorship (cf. *supra*, p. 114 and n. 1), and this is one reason why he must not be supposed to be circulating at Cambridge political jests, especially upon the favourite.

<sup>4</sup> "On the Death of a Lady" (Lady Coventry).

<sup>5</sup> Gray's first notes on this poem have not been preserved, for it is certain that those hitherto printed with the letter to Mason of January, 1758, were made in anticipation of the first collected edition of Mason's Elegies.

<sup>6</sup> Robert (Palmyra) Wood. See vol. i., p. 349, n. 4; vol. ii., p. 17, n. 3.

<sup>7</sup> See letters of Aug. 7 and Oct. 23, '60, *supra*.

<sup>8</sup> Nathaniel Acton was admitted a Fellow Commoner of Pembroke in 1743; he might be revisiting his old college; and a Thomas Acton was elected Fellow in 1756, who vacated in 1763.—*Mitford*. There was also living at this time John Acton, Doctor of Divinity, younger brother of Sir Whitmore Acton. Sir Whitmore married a Gibbon, of the line of the historian (see Gibbon's "Autobiography"); from a collateral branch of this Acton line (which terminated 1791) was descended Lord Acton, one of Gray's successors in the Chair of History at Cambridge, who died in 1902.

much with his beaver and camblet surtout. Do write to me soon, and promise yourself that I will be as regular a correspondent for the future as I have always been.

Your sincere friend,

W. MASON.

#### CCXIV. *To Mason.*

London, at Mr. Jauncey's, not Jenour's,  
December 10, 1760.

DEAR MASON

It is not good to give copies of a thing before you have given it the last hand.<sup>1</sup> If you would send it to Lord H:<sup>2</sup> you might have spared that to Lady M: C:;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Elegy on Lady Coventry.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Holderness.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Coke, fourth daughter of John Duke of Argyll, married Edward Viscount Coke 1747, heir-apparent of Thomas Earl of Leicester, who died in his father's lifetime. Walpole writes: "I have regard and esteem for her good qualities, which are many, but I doubt her genius will never suffer her to be quite happy," etc. She lived at Notting Hill, and died at a great age in 1811.—*Mitford*. She was ill-treated by her husband, much to the indignation of the Scotch, and swore the peace against him (Walpole to Mann, Nov. 17, '49). The husband died in 1753. Walpole amuses himself with chronieling to his correspondents Lady Mary's airs and graces and ambitions as a "dainty widow"—and was himself chaffed by Prince Edward and others upon his supposed intention to marry her. She, however, believed herself in love with this prince (Duke of York and brother of George III.) and now and then, as if she was really his consort, signed her name (so Walpole says) as a royal personage, and when he died in 1767 wore widow's weeds for a while, a second time. Walpole seems to have had a genuine liking for her for a long time; he addressed to her complimentary verses, dedicated to her the second edition of the "Castle of Otranto," and tried to laugh her out of her eccentricities, which had a touch of madness in them, and made her notorious both in England and on her foreign travels. He grows more malicious about her as time goes on: in 1778, with a shocking pun on her name and liability to crack, she is "Marie à la Coque."—ED. Two volumes of her "Letters and Journals," with an excellent introduction by Lady Louisa Stuart, were printed privately at Edinburgh in 1889 from MSS. in the possession of the Earl of Home. A third volume, which includes a number of epistles addressed to her by Walpole, found among the papers of the late Mr. Drummond Moray of Abercairny, was issued in 1892.—*Mr. Austin Dobson*.

they have both shewed it to particular friends, and so it is half published before it is finished. I begin again from the beginning :—

“Ah, mark,” is rather languid. I would read “Heard ye.”<sup>1</sup>

V. 3. I read, “and now with rising knell,” to avoid two “the’s.”<sup>2</sup>

V. 10. I read, “since now that bloom,” &c.<sup>3</sup>

V. 11, 12, are altered for the better, and so are the following; but for “liquid lightning,” Lord J. Cavendish says there is a dram which goes by that name; and T. G. adds, that the words are stolen from a sonnet of the late Prince of Wales. What if we read “liquid radiance,” and change the word “radiant” soon after.

V. 18. Read, “that o’er her form,” &c.<sup>5</sup>

V. 23. “Cease, cease, luxuriant muse.”<sup>6</sup> Though

<sup>1</sup> “ . . . hark, the bell  
Of Death beats slow! *Heard ye* the note profound?”  
(Present text.)

<sup>2</sup> “It pauses now; and now *with rising knell*  
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.”  
(Present text.)

<sup>3</sup> Present text :

“For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom  
(This Envy owns, *since now her bloom* is fled).”

<sup>4</sup> Present text (ll. 15, 16) :

“How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild  
The *liquid lustre* darted from her eyes.”

Frederick was not guilty of “liquid lightning.” Mitford quotes the first two stanzas of “The Charms of Sylvia” :

“’Tis not the *liquid brightness* of those eyes  
That swim with pleasure and delight;  
Nor those heavenly arches which arise  
O’er each of them to shade the light.

“’Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,  
And loves to wanton round thy face;  
Now straying round thy forehead, now behind,  
Rocking with unresisting grace.”

“The whole,” adds Mitford, “may be seen in Mr. Jesse’s ‘Memoirs of the Court of England,’ vol. iii., p. 151.”

<sup>5</sup> “*That o’er her form its transient glory cast.*” Where perhaps “radiant” originally stood instead of “transient.”

<sup>6</sup> “Luxuriant Fancy pause”: a later suggestion of Gray’s.

mended, it is still weakly. I do not much care for any muse at all here.

V. 26. "Mould'ring" is better than "clay-cold;"<sup>1</sup> somewhat else might be better perhaps than either.

V. 35. "Whirl you in her wild career."<sup>2</sup> This image does not come in so well here between two real happinesses. The word "lead" before it, as there is no epithet left to "purple," is a little faint.

"Of her choicest stores an ampler share," seems to me prosaic.

"Zenith-height" is harsh to the ear and too scientific.

I take it the interrogation point comes after "fresh delight;" and there the sense ends. If so, the question is too long in asking, and leaves a sort of obscurity.<sup>3</sup>

V. 46. I understand, but cannot read, this line. Does "tho' soon" belong to "lead her hence," or to "the steps were slow?" I take it to the latter; and if so, it is

<sup>1</sup> The line now is:

"Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head."

And then follow two lines which Gray must have read with a smile:

"In still small whispers to Reflection's ear  
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead."

They are badly modelled on a rejected stanza of the *Elegy* well-known to Mason:

"[Hark how the sacred Calm, that broods around  
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous Passion cease]  
*In still small Accents whisp'ring from the Ground*  
A grateful Earnest of eternal Peace."

As this stanza was not *printed*, Gray generously forbears to "remind" Mason that he has stolen anything from it; he has no scruple, as we shall see, when it is certain that the public would make a like discovery.

<sup>2</sup> The line now is:

"Ev'n in the midst of Pleasure's wild career";

but the context has been altered completely.

<sup>3</sup> This is the stanza, as remodelled:

"For say than [Coventry]'s propitious star,  
What brighter planet on your births arose;  
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,  
In life to lavish, or in death to lose!"—

the second and fourth lines originally ending "Zenith-height" and "fresh delight."

hardly grammar; if to the former, the end of the line appears very naked without it.<sup>1</sup>

V. 55. "Rouse, then—his voice pursue."<sup>2</sup> I do not like this broken line.

V. 74. "Firm as the sons," that is, "as firmly as." The adjective used for the adverb here gives it some obscurity, and has the appearance of a contradiction.

V. 76. A less metaphorical line would become this place better.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now:

"[. . . revere the heavenly hand]

That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow:"

Mason no doubt originally wrote (however he may have punctuated):

"That led her hence; though soon, the steps were slow."

If we take "though soon" with what follows, "soon" is an adjective, which it ought not to be; if with what precedes, "the steps were slow" is certainly a "naked" ending. Gray's "it" therefore refers to "though soon." His comment well illustrates Mason's slipshod fashions.

<sup>2</sup> Now:

"Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,"

The lines were probably at first:

"Say, are ye sure his mercy shall to you

Extend so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:

Rouse then,—while yet ye may, his voice pursue," etc.

Mason transposed "to you" and "extend," for the new rhyme.

<sup>3</sup> The stanza to which this and the previous comment refer, now is:

"Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,

More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,

Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,

Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;"

Mason, it is clear, had been trying to say in his awkward fashion that the pleasure-seeker and the warrior of the day both with equal *firmness* deny the immortality of the soul, but that the warrior is the less excusable of the two in his negations. He has in view Frederick the Great; concerning whom he gives us the ensuing note:

"In a book of French verses, entitled 'Œuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci,' and lately reprinted at Berlin, by authority, under the title of 'Poésies Diverses,' may be found an epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines:



V. 80. This, though a good line,<sup>1</sup> would be better too if it were more simple, for the same figure is amplified in the following stanza, and there is no occasion for anticipating it here.

V. 85. "And why?" I do not understand.<sup>2</sup> You mean, I imagine, that the warrior must not expect to establish his fame as a hero while he is yet alive; but how does "living fame" signify this? The construction too, is not good; if you mean, with regard to Fame, while he yet lives, Fate denies him that. The next line is a bold expression of Shakespeare. The third, "ere from her trump—heaven breathed," is not good.

V. 89. "Is it the grasp?"<sup>3</sup> You will call me a coxcomb

"De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé;  
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,  
De même, après ma mort quand toutes mes parties  
Par la corruption seront anéanties,  
Par un même destin il ne pensera plus;  
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu," etc.

For "il" one might read "elle," *i.e.*, "l'âme;" but perhaps the context speaks of "mon corps." Mason's obvious blunders I have altered. "It is to this epistle," he adds, "that the rest of the Elegy alludes." Newman ("History of my Religious Opinions") tells us: "I recollect copying out at the age of fourteen, some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, against the immortality of the soul, and saying to myself something like 'How dreadful, but how plausible!'" They were perhaps these of Frederick's, encountered in reading Mason's innocuous poetry.

<sup>1</sup> It is now:

"The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail";  
and the next stanza runs:

"On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer  
Your little course to cold Oblivion's shore:  
They dare the storm," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Now:

"Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.  
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,  
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise  
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd."

Mason was incorrigible, therefore, as to the third line, which was too Masonic to be parted with.

<sup>3</sup> Now:

"Is it his grasp of empire to extend?  
To curb the fury of insulting foes?"

if I remind you, that this stanza in the turn of it is too like a stanza of "another body's."

V. 98. "Truth ne'er can sanctify,"<sup>1</sup> is an indifferent line. Both Mr. Brown and I have some doubt about the justness of this sentiment. A kingdom is purchased, we think, too dear with the life of any man; and this no less if there "be a life hereafter" than if there be none.

V. 102. We say the juice of the grape "mantles,"<sup>2</sup> but not the grape.

V. 107. "By earth's poor pittance;"<sup>3</sup> will not do; the end is very well, but the whole is rather too long, and I would wish it reduced a little in the latter part.

I am sorry you went so soon out of town, because you lost your share in his Majesty's reproof to his chaplains: "I desire those gentlemen may be told that I come here to praise God, and not to hear my own praises." Kitt

Ambition cease: the idle contest end:

'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose."

Mitford conjectures that the lines, before they were altered, resembled the stanza in the *Elegy* beginning:

"Th' applause of list'ning senates to command."

<sup>1</sup> Present text:

"And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,

(*If life be all*) why desolation lour,

With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,

That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?"

Mason remained unconvinced, as to the sentiment.

<sup>2</sup> Now:

"Crown with the mantling *juice* the goblet high;"

Gray consistently (but feebly and affectedly) wrote in 1761 (of mead):

"*Mantling* in the goblet see  
The pure *bev'rage* of the bee."

"Descent of Odin," ll. 43, 44.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Mason wrote:

"Bade him by earth's poor pittance unconfin'd,—"

It is now:

"Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,—"

The last two lines are not bad:

"Eternity by all or wish'd or fear'd,  
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd."

Wilson<sup>1</sup> was, I think, the person that had been preaching. This and another thing I have been told give me great hopes of the young man. Fobus was asking him what sum it was his pleasure should be laid out on the next election.<sup>2</sup> "Nothing, my lord." The duke stared, and said, "Sir!" "Nothing, I say, my lord; I desire to be tried by my country."

There has been as great confusion this week as if the French were landed. You see the heads of the Tories are invited into the bedchamber;<sup>3</sup> and Mr. P.<sup>4</sup> avows it to be his advice, not as to the particular men, but the measure. Fobus knew nothing of it till it was done; and has talked loudly for two days of resigning.<sup>5</sup> Lord Hardwick and his people say they will support the Whig interest, as if all was going to ruin, and they hoped to raise a party. What will come of it is doubtful, but I fancy they will acquiesce and stay in as long as they can. Great confusion in the army too, about Lord Fitzmaurice,<sup>6</sup> who is put over the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Christopher Wilson, of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, M.A. 1740, Rector of Fulham and of Halsted, Essex, Canon of St. Paul's, Bishop of Bristol in 1783, died April 1792, aged 77. "He died extremely rich, having, as Prebendary of Finsbury, made a most fortunate and lucrative contract for a lease with the City of London;" for when he came in possession of it, it brought in only a life-interest of £39:13:4; and from it he received £50,000 in his lifetime, and charged his estate with £50,000 more in his will. See a full account of him and his contract in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. ix., pp. 519-524.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Mitford here quotes Walpole on the profusion with which [in 1762] the Court secured support for the preliminaries of the Peace with France and Spain; this, says Walpole, "reduced the Court to stop even the payments of the King's bedchamber, and made men recall severely to mind the King's declaration on the choice of the Parliament, that he would not permit any money to be spent on elections" ("Memoirs of George III.," vol. i., c. xiv.).

<sup>3</sup> Walpole mentions as Tories thus appointed Lords Oxford and Bruce; and Norbonne Berkeley, George Pitt, and Northey. Mrs. Hardinge, a physician's wife, said at this time: "It is a great question what coal the King is to burn in his chamber, whether Scotch-coal, Newcastle-coal, or Pitt-coal" (Walpole to Mann, Dec. 5, '60).

<sup>4</sup> Pitt.

<sup>5</sup> "On the appointment of Lord Oxford and Lord Bruce without his knowledge."—Walpole to Montagu, Dec. 11.

<sup>6</sup> William Viscount Fitzmaurice, promoted to the rank of

head of Lord Lennox,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fitzroy,<sup>2</sup> and also of almost all the American officers.<sup>3</sup>

I have seen Mr. Southwell,<sup>4</sup> and approve him much.

Colonel, December 4, 1760. He became a Major-General, July 10, 1762; Lieutenant-General, May 25, 1772; General, February 19, 1783; and died senior of that rank in May 1805. *He never commanded a regiment.* Created Marquess of Lansdowne, November 30, 1784. He attained the courtesy-title of Viscount Fitzmaurice, June 26, 1753, on his father being created Earl of Shelburne. Walpole writes to Montagu, Dec. 11, '60: "Lord Fitzmaurice, made *aide-de-camp* to the King, has disgusted the army."—*From Mitford.*

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Henry Lennox, second son of the second Duke of Richmond, junior Captain in 25th Regiment, 1756; Colonel in 1762; General, 1793. Died Mar. 1805, being the Governor of Plymouth.—*From Mitford.*

<sup>2</sup> Charles, grandson of the second Duke of Grafton; created Lord Southampton in 1780; Lieut.-General in the army, and Colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons. Died March 21, 1797. He was at this time Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Foot Guards.—"Considering," says a friend, "that Mr. Fitzroy entered the service in 1752, and became Lieut.-Colonel in 1758, and that Lord G. Lennox was a Captain in March, 1756, and Lieut.-Colonel (probably) in 1758, the promotion of Viscount Fitzmaurice must indeed have been rapid, when two officers of so short a standing in the army felt themselves aggrieved thereby. Viscount Fitzmaurice was born in 1736; Lord Southampton in 1737; Lord G. H. Lennox in 1737; consequently Lord Fitzmaurice became *colonel* when twenty-four years old; Lord Southampton attained the same rank when twenty-five; and Lord G. H. Lennox when little more than twenty-three years old. The two last-named became Major-Generals at thirty-five years of age,—a rank now scarcely attainable under the age of sixty."—*From Mitford*, who quotes from the "Rockingham Papers," vol. i., p. 38, to show that the promotion of Fitzmaurice gave occasion to protests to the King from the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; the latter of whom expressed himself "in a manner that was neither forgiven nor forgotten by a Prince equally remarkable for his keen resentments and his retentive memory."

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, of course, British officers who had served with distinction at Quebec and elsewhere.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Henry Southwell was A.B. 1752, of Magdalen College; A.M. 1755; LL.D. 1763.—*Mitford.* But I think the Southwell here meant was a much younger man, probably a fellow-commoner of Pembroke. I conjecture that he was Edward Southwell, son of Edward Southwell, M.P. for Gloucestershire, by Catherine, daughter of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes. She died in 1765, and is probably the Mrs. Southwell who is mentioned by Gray to Mason, July 30, 1760. Gray's Southwell, if this is so, became in

He has many new tastes and knowledges, and is no more a coxcomb than when he went from hence. I am glad to hear you bode so well of Ponsonby and his tutor.<sup>1</sup> Here is a delightful new woman<sup>2</sup> in the burlettas; the rest is all Bartholomew and his fair.<sup>3</sup> Elisi<sup>4</sup> has been ill ever since he came, and has not sung yet. Adieu.

I am truly yours.

1776 Baron de Clifford, in right of his mother. He has been travelling after leaving Cambridge, and Gray has met him in town after his return. See vol. i., p. 341, n. 3.

<sup>1</sup> Onley. See notes on letters of Aug. 7 and Oct. 23, '60.

<sup>2</sup> This was Signora Paganini, the wife of Paganini, a coarse man; she appeared in 1760.—*Mitford*. Walpole writes, Dec. 5: "The woman Paganini has more applause than I almost ever remember; every song she sings is encored." Burney ("History of Music," vol. iv., p. 475) writes of her (under 1761): "This performer, though not young, increased in reputation so much during the run of the opera 'Il Filosofo di Campagna,' that when it was her turn to have a benefit, . . . not one-third of the company that presented themselves at the opera-house doors were able to obtain admission. Caps were lost, and gowns torn to pieces, without number or mercy, in the struggle to get in. Ladies in full dress, who had sent away their servants and carriages, were obliged to appear in the streets and walk home in great numbers without cap or attendants. . . . Their confusion was greatly augmented by its being broad daylight, and the streets full of spectators, who could neither refrain from looking or laughing at such splendid and uncommon *street-walkers*." Burney says of her husband Paganini, that he was "but a coarse *first* man," by which he only means that he was a bad singer, especially for leading parts.

<sup>3</sup> Once held in Smithfield, St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, and the two following days. Whether it was maintained in Gray's time with its puppet-shows, etc., I do not know; nor does it signify; it had become proverbial, and he had in mind the entertainments which provoked the pious wrath of Zeal-of-the-Land Busy in Ben Jonson's famous play (1614).

<sup>4</sup> A man of great reputation and abilities; performed at the Opera in London 1760 and 1761. A great singer and eminent actor. See Burney's "History of Music," vol. iv., pp. 473-474.—*Mitford*. At the serenata at the Opera for the King's birthday, June 4th, 1761, "Elisi," writes Walpole on June 12th, "piqued himself and beat both heaven and earth" (alluding to the orchestra in the body of the house, and the choristers in the footmen's gallery). Grove's "Dictionary of Music" wrongly fixes 1765 as the date of his appearance in England.

CCXV. *To Walpole.*[1760.<sup>1</sup>]

I HAVE been very ill this week with a great cold and a fever, and though now in a way to be well, am like to be confined some days longer: whatever you will send me that is new, or old, and long, will be received as a charity. Rousseau's people do not interest me; there is but one character<sup>2</sup> and one style in them all, I do not know their faces asunder. I have no esteem for their persons or conduct, am not touched with their passions; and as to their story, I do not believe a word of it—not because it is improbable, but because it is absurd. If I had any little propensity, it was to Julie; but now she has gone and (so hand over head<sup>3</sup>) married that Monsieur de

<sup>1</sup> The month is probably November or December of this year. Rousseau's "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," though written earlier, was not even published abroad until this year, and Mason's letter which follows indicates approximately the time when it was beginning to be read in England. (Gray's letter is assigned to 1757 by Mitford and Mr. Gosse.)

<sup>2</sup> An exception may be made in the case of Claire, who is to Julie what Anna Howe is to Clarissa Harlowe—a vivacious and comparatively unsentimental counterfoil. The direct imitation of Richardson, so unmistakable in the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," is here a very partial success. What Gray says of the style most readers will find to be perfectly true; we may add that though Landor (as quoted on the following letter) may be right in insisting on Rousseau's "profound introspection, the delicacy with which he touches and the skill with which he explains the affections of the soul," Jean-Jaques certainly lacks judgment in the distribution of his sentiments; for example, a great deal that Julie writes, though quite true, is positively disgusting as coming from Julie. The book anticipates the "*Confessions*," and is the outcome of the writer's own sinister experiences; and it lacks the skill and congruity of *Clarissa*. Landor ignores that defect of Rousseau which Gray saw clearly; perhaps because it was his own defect, for Landor is Landor, as Rousseau is Rousseau, in almost all his *dramatis personæ*. All Rousseau's characters are rhapsodical; his Englishman, mylord Bomston, included.

<sup>3</sup> Rousseau certainly precipitates matters at this point. In the space of a few letters Julie's mother dies; Julie entreats her lover to give her liberty to obey her father's will; she takes the small-pox; her lover deliberately takes it from her, having obtained access to her sick-room under pretence that he had had it already; on her recovery she obediently marries M. de Wolmar. This is in

Wolmar, I take her for a *vraie Suisse*,<sup>1</sup> and do not doubt but she had taken a cup too much like her lover.<sup>2</sup> All this does not imply that I will not read it out, when you can spare the rest of it.

CCXVI. *Mason to Gray.*

Jan. 8, 1761.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

I thank you much for your criticisms, but at present shall not take notice of them. They will stand me in good stead whenever I put the *Elegy* in my first volume, and till then let them pass.

I thank you also very much for your *Georgiana*: if they be genuine, I thank you as an Englishman, and prefer them before everything that ever ended in *ana*. But you are mistaken in your preacher; it was Dr. Thomas Wilson,<sup>3</sup> of Westminster, who they say is a rogue; the other is only a coxcomb, but a sort of coxcomb that I hate almost as much as a rogue. If the *Nouvelle Heloise* be Rousseau's, pity me, because I live at Aston, and have not seen it, and be sure send me some account of it. and that with speed. I find there is a new report that Lord H.<sup>4</sup> is to go to Ireland. This has induced poor Frederic Hervey<sup>5</sup>

the third of the six parts of the "*Héloïse*," and is in strong contrast with the dilatory progress of the story elsewhere.

<sup>1</sup> It is not clear what stigma Gray means to affix to Swiss ladies: are they giddy, or are they bibulous? *Penser à la Suisse* is to resign oneself to first impressions and impulses.

<sup>2</sup> Saint-Preux has twice offended in this way. (N. H., pt. i., Letter 50; pt. ii., Letter 26.)

<sup>3</sup> Chaplain to the King. See Watt's "*Bibliotheca Britannica*" and Nichols's "*Lit. Anecdotes*," vol. viii., p. 457.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> The Earl of Halifax was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland October, 1761.—*Mitford*. But Mason probably means Lord Holderness; talked of, but not appointed.

<sup>5</sup> On "poor Frederic Hervey," see Collins's "*Peerage*," vol. iv., p. 160. Born 1730; chaplain to the King; in 1767 promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne; and in 1768 to that of Derry. Subsequently well known abroad and at home.—*Mitford*. His eccentricities, even after he became a Bishop, made some sensation in foreign parts; it is strange to think of such a man as one of Berkeley's successors in the Bishopric of Cloyne; but, as the

(glad of such an opportunity of renewing our correspondence) to write to me, and to tell me that his friends have hopes of making him First Chaplain, but that he begs first to know whether it will interfere with me, and whether it might not be made compatible with my interest. All this was so jellied over with friendship, that he thought, I fancy, I should scarce know the dish he presented me with. The letter I shall tie up in a bundle with one of Archbishop Hutton's,<sup>1</sup> and some others which I keep as curiosities in their way, I have, however, in pity to his wife and family of small children,<sup>2</sup> sent him an answer not so tart as he deserved, and given him full liberty of using all his interest in this matter. However, keep this a secret, because I promised to do it, and because, also, I should not have broken my promise could I have thought of anything better to write at present.

I am glad at heart to find this annihilation of Toryism<sup>3</sup> which you give me an account of. Fobus, besides lying, had only one other ministerial art in his profession, which, too, was a species of lying, and this he exerted in making every man who was not a friend to the ministry a Tory. Was he asked to explain this, he had not skill enough in English history and the constitution of his country to do it, and therefore he explained himself by saying, a Tory was a Jacobite, and a Jacobite a Tory. This you may remember: one of his tools who could not cleverly make

parish clerk says, "the times" (especially in Ireland), "were such!" In 1767 Gray found the newly-made Bishop "very jolly," and ate raspberry puffs with him "in Cranbourne alley, standing at a pastrycook's shop in the street"; later in the same year his right reverence (irreverently called "Billy," though his name was Frederick Augustus) preached for Mason at Aston, and went thence to dance at the assembly at Durham "with a conquering mien," to the admiration of the ladies, who only regretted that "he wanted two feet more in height." In 1779 he succeeded his brother (the first husband of Miss Chudleigh, bigamous Duchess of Kingston), as Earl of Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> A family connection of Mason's. See vol. i., p. 238, n.

<sup>2</sup> He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers; she died in 1800; her husband in 1803. At the date of this letter he was thirty years old; and as his second son was only born in 1769, it is possible that this is but a cumbrous jest of Mason's.

<sup>3</sup> Mason must have discovered very soon that he was wrong in thus interpreting the signs of the times.



you either Tory or Jacobite, said you was worse—you was a Republican. May God send this measure a happy ending, and may the next generation be only distinguished by the style and title of friends to their country.

You have by this time heard Elisi. Pray give me an account of him or it as soon as possible, and send me also your receipt for *chevichi*, in plain terms. Have you made up your mind about Gothic architecture, and, consequently, given over your genealogical studies,<sup>1</sup> which, it seems, are so intimately connected with that science. For my part, I am metamorphosing some good old homilies into new-fashioned sermons, and consequently spoiling every period of them. But what better can I do, living as I here do in almost absolute solitude, and in that state of life which my old friend Jeremy Taylor so well describes in his sermon aptly entitled the Marriage Ring. "Celibate life," says he, "like the flie in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, gathers sweetness from every flower, labours, and unites into societys and republics," &c. If I survive you, and come to publish your works, I shall quote this passage, from whence you so evidently (without ever seeing it) took that thought, "Poor moralist, and what art thou," &c. But the plagiarism had been too glaring had you taken the heart of the apple,<sup>2</sup> in which, however, the great beauty of the thought consists. After all, why will you not read Jeremy Taylor? Take my word

<sup>1</sup> Many instances of Gray's laborious inquiries into genealogy appeared when his library was made public. None more striking, than in a copy of Dugdale's "*Origines*," folio, in which Gray had gone through, page by page, the whole volume, filling up in the margin *the arms of all the families* mentioned, with full descriptions of them. This volume is now in the British Museum.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Just what Mason himself would have done, making the whole poem incongruous with an image apt enough as Jeremy Taylor employs it, but hopelessly inept for the moral of the Ode in question. The source of Gray's reflection was Thomson's "*Summer*," l. 342 *sq.*; and, as he himself acknowledges, Matthew Green's "*Grotto*." See Gray's English Poems, "*Ode on the Spring*," and note, pp. 86, 87, in Pitt Press edition.

and more for it, he is the Shakespeare of divines.<sup>1</sup> Adieu, and believe me to be ever most entirely yours.

CCXVII. *To Mason.*

London, Jan. 22, 1761.

DEAR MASON,

I am delighted with Frederic Hervey and letter, and envy you his friendship, for the foundation of it (I am persuaded) was pure friendship, as far as his idea of the thing extended; and if one could see his little heart one should find no vanity there for over-reaching you and artfully gilding so dirty a pile, but only a degree of self-applause for having done one of the genteelest and handsomest things in the world. I long to see the originals and (if you have any gratitude) you will publish them in your first volume. Alas! there was a time when he was my friend, and there was a time (he owned) when he had been my greatest enemy; why did I lose both one and the other of these advantages, when at present I could be so happy with either, I care not which? Tell him he may take his choice; it is not from interest I say this, though I know he will some time or other be Earl of Bristol,<sup>2</sup> but purely because I have long been without a knave and fool of my own. Here is a bishopric (St. David's) vacant, can I anyhow serve him? I hear Dr. Ayscough<sup>3</sup> and Dean Squire<sup>4</sup> are his competitors. God knows who will go to Ireland; it ought to be somebody, for there is a prodigious to-do there; the cause I have been told, but, as I did not

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Lowell as Gray's saying. See "Gray and His Friends," p. 32 n.

<sup>2</sup> See the last mention of him by Gray, in a letter to Nicholls, 2nd May, 1771. "Sometimes, from vanity, he may do a right thing," etc.—*Mitford*. The bishop was then in Italy.

<sup>3</sup> Francis Ayscough, chaplain and preceptor to the Prince of Wales, rector of North Church, Herts, Dean of Bristol, author of Sermons, etc., married the sister of Lord Lyttelton. See account of him in Nichols's "Anecdotes," vol. viii., p. 433; vol. ix., pp. 531, 808.—*Mitford*.

<sup>4</sup> In 1761 Samuel Squire, Dean of Bristol, was appointed to the bishopric of St. David's.—*Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 348, n. 2.

understand or attend to it, no wonder if I forgot it; it is somewhat about a money-bill,<sup>1</sup> perhaps you may know. The Lords Justices absolutely refuse to comply with what the Government here do insist upon, and even offer to resign their posts; in the mean time none of the pensions on that establishment are paid. Nevertheless two such pensions have been bestowed within this few weeks, one on your friend Mrs. Anne Pitt<sup>2</sup> (of 500*l.* a year), which

<sup>1</sup> "By Poyning's law the Privy Council of Ireland are to transmit hither all heads of bills, particularly of money-bills. This latter was omitted by the intrigues of the Primate [George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh], courting popularity. The bills were sent back with a severe reprimand for the omission of a money-bill. Mr. Pitt alone took up the defence of the Irish Commons, and would not sign the message, which thirty-four others of the English Privy Council who were present signed. The Privy Council of Ireland wrote angry letters to the Duke of Bedford and his minister Rigby, telling them that they must not come into that kingdom again. . . . The Lords Justices sent over a strong remonstrance in vindication of their conduct, and there the matter ended for the present; but in the beginning of the next year [1761] the Lords Justices renewed the attack on their Governor, and he and Rigby were burned in effigy. Mr. Pitt interposed and prevailed to have a temperate memorial sent to the Justices, arguing the point with them, and to *that* he offered to set *his little name*, which was done. The Lords Justices submitted, but with threats from the Primate of resigning his part of the government. Nor yet did they send a new bill, but a plan for raising the money already voted. . . . The ill-humour of the country determined the Duke of Bedford to quit the Government, after having amply gratified his family and dependants with pensions." — *Walpole*, "Memoirs of George III.," vol. i., chap. ii.

<sup>2</sup> "Pitt's own sister Mrs. [*i.e.*, Miss] Anne Pitt, furnished his enemies with a severe sarcasm. She had been Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and was warmly attached to her brother, with whom she lived. On his promotion to the Pay-office, he had shaken her off in an unbecoming manner. She had excellent parts and strong passions. Lord Bolingbroke had recommended her to the late Prince, on whose death she had been made Privy-purse to the Princess; but being of an intriguing and most ambitious nature, she soon destroyed her own prospect by an impetuosity to govern her mistress, and by embarking in other Cabals at that Court. Her disgrace followed, but without dismission; on which she had retired to France. On her return, though she could never recover the favour of the Princess, she so successfully cultivated the patronage of Lord and Lady Bute, that she kept her ground at Leicester Fields, and obtained a large pension. This she had notified by letter to her brother. He had

she asked, and Lord B.<sup>1</sup> got it done immediately; she keeps her place with it: the other (of 400*l.*) to Lady Harry Beauclerk,<sup>2</sup> whose husband died suddenly, and left her with six or seven children very poorly provided for; the grant was sent her without being asked at all by herself, or any friend. I have done with my news, because I am told that there is an express just set out for Yorkshire, whom you are to meet on the road. I hope you will not fail to inform him<sup>3</sup> who is to be his First Chaplain;<sup>4</sup> perhaps you will think it a piece of treachery to do so, or

coldly replied, that he congratulated her on the addition to her fortune, but was grieved to see the name of Pitt on a list of pensions. On his accepting one, she copied his own letter, turning it against himself; and though restrained by her friends from sending it to him, she repeated what she had done, till it became the common talk of the town."—*Walpole*, "Memoirs of George III.," vol. i., chap. vi. Against her character Walpole has made the blackest charges in his correspondence (see, *e.g.*, to Mann, Jan. 28, 1754), but he found her brilliant in conversation, and able to give "the prettiest ball that ever was seen, in the compass of a silver penny" (to Lord Hertford, Feb. 24, 1764). When M. de Caraman, who had seen her, but not her brother, asked if Pitt was like her, Walpole replied very happily that they resembled one another "*comme deux gouttes de jeu*" (to Lord Hertford, April 7, 1765). He describes her to Mann (Feb. 24, '74) as having been at times absolutely *English*; which he explains in a note to mean, out of her senses. But she was mad, he says, after a decorous fashion; and he assures Mann, to whom he recommends her, that in Italy, whither she is bent, she will not "play the fool." She died, however, in a madhouse (Walpole to Mann, Feb. 11, '81).—*ED.* She used to say that her brother never read any book except *Spenser*. Lord Bolingbroke used to call the brother *Sublimity* Pitt, and the sister *Divinity* Pitt. In 1762 she had a third pension of £500 a-year.—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Bute.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Harry Beauclerk died July 8, 1761. See Collins's Peerage, i. 248.—*Mitford*. Lady Harry Beauclerk is called by Walpole "My old and great friend" (Feb. 5, 1756); she was sister and heir of Neville, Lord Lovelace. Her husband was the uncle of Topham Beauclerk, the brilliant but dissolute friend of Johnson, —whom, as Boswell suggests, the sage was the more disposed to tolerate because he was the great-grandson of Charles II. (through Nell Gwynne), and thought to be like him in features (assuredly much handsomer, if portraits can be trusted).

<sup>3</sup> Very clearly, Lord Holderness; it is he therefore who is meant by Lord H. in Mason's letter, *supra*.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.*, to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

perhaps you will leave the thing to itself, in order to make an experiment.

I<sup>1</sup> cannot pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the *Nouvelle Heloise*.<sup>2</sup> All that I can say for myself is, that I was confined at home for three weeks by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do. There is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken), in any private family: <sup>3</sup> yet these events

<sup>1</sup> Here Mason commences this Letter, omitting the preceding part.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> The original manuscript of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" is in the Library of the Chamber of Deputies: the writing as legible as print, without one obliteration. The MS. was on beautiful small paper, with vignettes, and afterwards folded like letters. Rousseau used to read them in his walks. In Grimm's "*Correspondence*" may be seen Voltaire's sham prophetic review of the *Héloïse*; and in Marмонтel's "*Essai sur les Romains*," an excellent notice of it, very powerfully written, which called forth the praise of Madame de Genlis. See her *Memoirs*, vol. iv., p. 266.—*Mitford*. Voltaire's prophecy, as far as I can quote it, runs: "In those days there will appear in France a wonderful man. He will say unto the people, behold! I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm: I have received from heaven the gift of paradoxical inconsistency; and the light-heeled multitude will dance after him and many will adore him. And he will say, you are all rascals and prostitutes, and I detest rascals and prostitutes, and I come to live amongst you. And he will add, the men and women are all virtuous in the republic of Geneva, where I was born, and I love virtuous men and women, and I will not live in the country where I was born. He will protest that the play-house is a school of corruption, and he will write operas and plays. He will advise mankind to go stark-naked, and he will wear lace clothes when given unto him. He will swear that romances corrupt the morals of all who read them, and he will compose a romance; and in this romance will be seen vice in deeds and virtue in words, and the lovers will be mad with love and with philosophy; and the disciple will lose all shame and modesty; and she will practise foolishness, and raise maxims and paradoxes with her master. . . . And this they will call philosophy and virtue, and they will talk about philosophy and virtue, till no soul on earth will know what philosophy and virtue is." (The translation is Cobbett's.)

<sup>3</sup> This Rousseau himself makes the objector in the second Preface say: "*Quant à l'intérêt, il est pour tout le monde, il est nul. Pas une mauvaise action, pas un méchant homme qui fasse craindre pour les bons; des événements si naturels, si simples, qu'ils le sont trop; rien d'inopiné, point de coup de théâtre. Tout est prévu longtemps d'avance: tout arrive comme il est prévu. Est-ce la*

are so put together that the series of them are more absurd and more improbable than *Amadis de Gaul*.<sup>1</sup> The *dramatis personæ* (as the author says) are all of them good characters;<sup>2</sup> I am sorry to hear it, for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on and on in hopes of finding some wonderful *dénouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity; no such thing, it grows worse and worse, and (if it be Rousseau, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents.<sup>3</sup> By

*peine de tenir registre de ce que chacun peut voir dans sa maison et celle de son voisin?*" The objection that these events, though simple, are so combined as to be absurd is not met by this—nor, *teste* Gray, can it be said that "*tout est prévu longtemps d'avance*." In the "*méchant homme qui fait craindre pour les bons*" Rousseau refers to the Lovelace of *Clarissa*. He maintains in effect that neither "*Julie*" nor "*Clarissa*" should be read by "the young person," although Richardson expressly designed his work for the young person's admonition. However this may be, Rousseau was quite incapable of the skill with which Richardson makes the vicious and sordid passions which environ her, work upon the tender victim in his story with all the effect of Destiny upon the tragic stage. Gray's criticism is probably correct enough as far as it goes; and of *Clarissa* he said, according to Norton Nicholls, that he "knew no instance of a story so well told." But all this is essentially literary criticism; at this date his moral repulsion to Rousseau is quite subordinate; and he can scarcely at any time have appreciated the germinative power which gives the "*Héloïse*" its place in history.

<sup>1</sup> Of which Southey has made an abridged translation. The author to whom it is distinctly traced back is Vasco Lobeira, a valiant Portuguese knight who died in 1403, from whom it was translated into Spanish by Montanus. But it belongs to the Anglo-Norman cycle of Romance, and no doubt much of it once existed in French. The barber and the licentiate spared it, together with "*Palmerin of England*" and "*Tirante the White*," when they burnt the rest of Don Quixote's library.

<sup>2</sup> See Rousseau, quoted *supra*. Also the following: "*Allez, bonnes gens avec qui j'aimai tant à vivre, et qui m'avez si souvent consolé des outrages des méchants*," etc. (1<sup>ère</sup> Préface *ad fin.*).

<sup>3</sup> On this disparaging character of Rousseau's *great work*, see W. S. Landor, "*de Cultu Latini Sermonis*," p. 197. "*Rossæo nec in sententiis ipse suavior est (qui parum profecto præter suavitatem habet) Isocrates, nec in verbis uberior aut amplioris in dicendo dignitatis Plato, nec Sophronisci filius melior sophista. Nemo*

the motto<sup>1</sup> and preface<sup>2</sup> it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it.

The Opera House is crowded this year like any ordinary theatre. Elisi<sup>3</sup> is finer than anything that has been here in your memory, yet, as I suspect, has been finer than he is. He appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure;<sup>4</sup> his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of execution; of these he has absolutely none, whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm. His point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short), are evidently directed. He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli,<sup>5</sup> but then this celestial note you do not hear

*animi affectus profundius introspectit, delicatius tetigit, solertius explicavit. Odium vero hominum quos insinceros Gravius aut pravos existimabat, aut religionis Christianorum inimicos, transversum egit et præceps judicium.*—*Mitford*. The “Nouvelle Héloïse” was not *in intention* anti-Christian; although Gray thought the characters unnatural and vicious, and the tendency immoral and mischievous, as Norton Nicholls says. This side of the poet's judgment on Rousseau becomes prominent, the more the man reveals himself.

<sup>1</sup> “Non la conobbe il mondo, mentre l'ebbe,  
Conobil' io, ch' a pianger qui rimasi.”

PETRARCH [Pte 2, S. LXVI.].

If this is the motto which Gray has in view, he takes Rousseau too seriously. Whether Madame de Warens, or Madame d'Houdetot, or Madame d'Epinaï, or a blend of all three was the prototype of Julie, the first had ceased to be interesting by 1754, with the other two Rousseau had quarrelled before 1760, and had they all been dead his tears would soon have been dried. But in truth Julie is a sort of changeling of Clarissa, though her creator intended her for a sister. In the second preface Rousseau pretends to fence with the question of the genuineness of the Letters, and his acquaintance with the writers, and tries to maintain a fallacy, not yet exploded, that it makes no difference to the ethical value of a work such as his whether it consists of real or imaginary materials.

<sup>2</sup> See quotation from first preface, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> See on letter to Mason, Dec. 10, *supra*.

<sup>4</sup> Elisi, though a great singer, was still a greater actor: his figure was large and majestic, and he had a great compass of voice. He was fond of distant intervals, of fourteen or fifteen notes, and took them well (Burney, “History of Music,” vol. iv., p. 474).

<sup>5</sup> See vol. i., p. 21, n. 1. Burney (“History of Music,” vol. iv.,

above once in a whole opera, and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei<sup>1</sup> (I assure you) is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter. But then the Burlettas and the Paganina.<sup>2</sup> I have not been so pleased with anything these many years; she too is fat and about forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations. She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action, that the Spiletta had;<sup>3</sup> yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing: Good God!—as Mr. Richardson the painter says.<sup>4</sup> Pray ask my

p. 379) says that no vocal performer of the eighteenth century was gifted with a voice of such uncommon power, sweetness, extent and agility as Farinelli. Farinelli spent the last years of his life at Bologna, visited in his splendid retreat from time to time by the Englishmen who had known him in London, and were welcomed by him with affection. Burney was one of his visitors. His age when he died in 1782 is variously stated as seventy-six or eighty. By general testimony it would seem that he was a generous-hearted and most lovable character. (See the admirable account of him in Vernon Lee's "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," pp. 111-114).

<sup>1</sup> First mentioned by Burney under 1755; in 1759 she distinguished herself greatly in the "Ciro Riconosciuto" of Cocchi. She and her husband Trombetta had taken up the management of the opera in 1757, "the nobility having paid too dear for their experience to wish again to resume the government of so expensive and froward a family" as the opera-singers (Burney, vol. iv., p. 468). At the close of the season of 1762 she retired from the stage, but continued the management another year (*Ib.*, p. 479).

<sup>2</sup> See note, letter Dec. 10, '60, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> He means the eldest sister of the Giordani family, "so admired, not only as a singer but actress, that in the comic-opera of 'Gli Amanti Gelosi,' she was frequently encored two or three times in the same air, which she was able to vary so much by her singing and acting that it appeared, at every repetition, a new song, and she another performer. The music of the burletta, by Cocchi, was not of the first class; however, the part of Spiletta was so admirably performed that it became the general name of the company." (Burney, vol. iv., p. 465, ann. 1755).

<sup>4</sup> Jonathan Richardson. This learned and ingenious painter and critic on art, is now better known by his writings than pencil. He generally painted and wrote in conjunction with his son [also Jonathan], his inseparable companion and friend. The best account of him is in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting" and Noble's "Con-



Lord, for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

I have long thought of reading Jeremy Taylor, for I am persuaded that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the Revolution, is not the thing; but that imagination and warmth of expression are in their place there as much as on the stage, moderated however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of religion.<sup>1</sup>

I send you my receipt for *caviche*<sup>2</sup> (Heaven knows continuation of Granger," vol. iii., p. 382. He had a fine collection of the drawings of the old masters, which sold at his death for above £2,000. At Strawberry Hill I saw a most interesting pencil drawing by him, in four compartments, containing portraits of Lord Bolingbroke, of Pope, of Pope's mother, and of Pope's father on his death-bed. His works are collected in two vols. 8vo. See Index to "Monthly Review," vol. ii., p. 450, on Richardson's Works. His work on the Pictures, etc., in Italy, was translated into French in 1722. Dr. Johnson's commendation of the "Treatise on Painting" is mentioned by Mr. Northcote in his "Memoir of Reynolds." As a critic he has received the praise of *Fuseli*.—*Mitford*. Jonathan Richardson the elder died in 1745 at the age of eighty. Gray seems to be speaking of a living person and must mean the son. He knew the father also, for he sat to him for his portrait at the age of thirteen or thereabouts. (This portrait is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and a copy of it was at one time prefixed to the Eton leaving-book.) The elder Richardson taught Dyer, the poet of "Grongar Hill" and "The Fleece," his first profession, that of painting.

<sup>1</sup> "Gray thought there was good writing and good sense in the sermons of Sterne, whose principal merit consisted in his pathetic powers, in which he never failed."—*Norton Nicholls*.

<sup>2</sup> Gray's copy of Verral's "Book of Cookery," 8vo., 1759, is in my possession, and is enriched by numerous notes in his writing, with his usual minute diligence, and remarks on culinary subjects, arranging the subjects of gastronomy in scientific order. 1st. List of *furniture* necessary for a kitchen, which he classes under twelve heads. 2ndly. List of such receipts as are primarily necessary in forming essential ingredients for *others*, all accurately indexed to their respective pages. 3dly. Five pages of receipts for various dishes with the names of the inventors. The one referred to in this letter is as follows: "CAVICHE. (From Lord D<sup>e</sup>.) Take three cloves, four scruples of coriander-seeds bruised, ginger powdered, and saffron, of each half a scruple, three cloves of garlic; infuse them in a pint of good white wine vinegar, and place the bottle in a gentle heat, or in water, to warm gradually. It is to be used as catchup, etc., in small quantity, as a sauce for cold meats, etc., etc." Probably Gray thought with Donatus on Terentii Andria, i., 1, 3,

against my conscience). Pray, doctor, will the weakness of one's appetite justify the use of provocatives? In a few years (I suppose) you will desire my receipt for tincture of cantharides? I do this the more unwillingly, because I am sensible that any man is rich enough to be an epicure when he has nobody to entertain but himself. Adieu,

I am, à jamais, yours.

### CCXVIII. To Wharton.

London: Jan. 31. 1761.

MY DEAR DOCTOR

You seem to forget me: if it were for any other reason, than that you are very busy, that is, very happy, I should not so easily pass it over.

I send you a Swedish & English Calendar. the first column is by Berger, a Disciple of Linnæus;<sup>1</sup> the 2<sup>d</sup> by M<sup>r</sup> Stillingfleet,<sup>2</sup> the 3<sup>d</sup> (very imperfect indeed) by me. you are to observe, as you tend your plantations & take your walks, how the Spring advances in the North & whether Old-Park most resembles Upsal, or Stratton.<sup>3</sup> this latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about it is a dead flat. you see, it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place) & this is Mr. Stillingfleet's description of his Friend M<sup>r</sup> Marsham's Seat, to w<sup>ch</sup> in summer he retires, & botanises. I have lately made an acquaintance with this Philo-

"Coquina *Medicinæ famulatrix est*," and that "*Melior Medicinæ pars appellatur διατηρητική*."—*Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> It will be noted that Berger's Calendar is made from observations at Upsala, where at the date of this letter Linnæus had been professor for more than twenty years, and whither his lectures were drawing students from all parts of the world. He is said to have raised the numbers at the university from five hundred to fifteen hundred. In this year, 1761, he received a patent of nobility, and died in Jan. 1778.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 139, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Stratton Strawless, in the hundred of South Erpingham. The Marshams are still patrons of the living. They are the eldest branch of the family from which the Earls of Romney are descended.

sopher,<sup>1</sup> who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations, who depend upon him. he is always employ'd, and always chearful, and seems to me a very worthy honest Man. His present scheme is to send some Persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, & natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle & Theophrastus,<sup>2</sup> &c: who have been heathen-Greek to us for so many ages. this he has got proposed to L<sup>d</sup> Bute,<sup>3</sup> who is no unlikely person to put it in execution, being himself a Botanist, and having now in the press a new System of Botany of his own writing in several volumes, the profits of which

<sup>1</sup> See an account of Mr. Stillingfleet in the life prefixed to his works by the Rev. William Coxe, 3 vols., 8vo. A sonnet by him is published in Todd's edition of Milton, vol. v., p. 446.—*Mitford*. The sonnet was written in 1746. It is addressed to a certain "blameless Williamson" described as "Wrecked like an infant on a savage shore." It scarcely explains itself, but it seems to be a consolation for failure amid the success of others who "soar round on borrow'd pinions," and it ends rather prettily:

"Nor is that man confined to this low clime  
Who but the extremest skirts of glory sees,  
And hears celestial echoes with delight."

<sup>2</sup> Theophrastus, best known to most readers by the "Characters" translated by La Bruyère into French, and by Jebb into English, and the prototype of La Bruyère's own book, was a disciple of Aristotle and carried on his master's pursuits in physics; his two great botanical works, on the "History" and on the "Causes" of plants, have come down to us, but not, it is said, in a satisfactory state. See Mitford's note on the two Calendars, *infra*.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole, who, like Gray, was a contemporary of Bute's at Eton, says that he "studied simples in the hedges about Twickenham." He seems to have pursued the natural sciences in the island of Bute, before he emerged to be groom of the stole to Frederick, Prince of Wales. I know nothing of his volumes on botany; but Walpole writes to Zouch, Jan. 3, '61—"Bodies of sciences, that is, compilations and mangled abstracts, are the only saleable commodities. . . . Would you believe that Dr Hill earned fifteen guineas a week by working for wholesale dealers? he was at once employed on six voluminous works of Botany, Husbandry, etc., published weekly." Here Croker notes that Hill's were among the first works in which scientific knowledge was put in a popular shape by the system of number publishing.

he gives to D<sup>r</sup> Hill<sup>1</sup> (the Inspector) who has got the place of Master-Gardiner at Kensington, reckon'd worth near 2000£ a-year. there is an odd thing for you!

One hears nothing of the K:; but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable: I hope, it may hold. the R: F: run loose about the world, & people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. they visit and are visited: some come to the Street-door to receive them, & that, they say, is too much: others to the head of the stairs, & that they think too little. no body sits down with them, not even in their own house, unless at a card-table, so the world are like to grow very weary of the honour. None but the D: of Y:<sup>2</sup> enjoy themselves (you know, he always did) but the world seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. when he was at Southampton in the summer, there was a Clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. he had soon wind of them, and drop'd in for some reason or other, came again & again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. at last he said to the father, Miss —— leads a mighty confined life here always at home, why can't you let one of them go, and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise? Ah! S<sup>r</sup> (says the Parson) do but look at them, a couple of hale fresh-coloured hearty Wenches! they need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their Mother, poor Woman, has been in a declining way many years. if your R: H: would give her an airing now & then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!

You see, old Wortley-Montague<sup>3</sup> is dead at last at 83.

<sup>1</sup> Poor Dr. Hill was supposed to have defended Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" against the strictures of the "Critical Review"; the gross flattery of the defence disgusted Walpole ("Short Notes of my Life," February 10, 1759, and letter to Gray, February 15 of that year). Walpole to Zouch (*l. c. supra*) writes: "I am sorry to say this journeyman is one of the first men preferred in the new reign: he is made gardener of Kensington," etc. Croker says that the emoluments of the place were much less than £2,000 a year.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Edward, Duke of York, the King's younger brother. See Index and p. 7, n. 2, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> Husband of the famous Lady Mary, and the eccentric father of a still more eccentric son. Walpole writes to Bentley, Aug. 1756:

it was not mere avarice, & its companion, abstinence, that kept him alive so long. he every day drank (I think, it was) half a pint of Tokay, w<sup>ch</sup> he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the Overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. he has left better than half a million of money: to Lady

“Old Wortley Montagu lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did [see *supra*, p. 56, n. 4] only I believe the latter was much better lodged: you never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects; he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:

‘On rifted rocks, the dragon’s late abodes.’

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to Avidien himself?

[‘Avidien or his wife, no matter which

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots;  
But on some lucky day (as when they found  
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown’d,’ etc., etc.]

POPE, *Im. of Hor. Sat. II. 2.*

There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:

‘Pray for the saule of  
Thomas Wryttelay, Knight  
for the Kyngys bode to Edward  
the forthe, Rychard therd, Hare the VII and Hare VIII.  
hows saule God pardon. Wyche  
Thomas cawsyd a loge to be made  
hon this crag ne mydys of  
Wanclife, for his plesor to her the  
hartes bel, in the yere of owr  
Lord, a thousand cccccx.’

It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.”—*From Mitford.*

Mary 1200£ a-year, in case she gives up her pretensions to dowry; and if not, it comes to his Son.<sup>1</sup> to the same son 1000£ per an: for life only, & after him to his Daughter, Lady Bute. (now this son is about 80,000£ in debt) to all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, 2000£ a-piece. *all the remainder* to Lady Bute, & after her to her second Son, who takes the name of Wortley, & (if he fail) to the next in order; & after all these & their children to L<sup>d</sup> Sandwich,<sup>2</sup> to whom *in-present* he leaves some old Manuscripts. now I must tell you a story of Lady Mary. as she was on her travels, she had occasion to go somewhere by sea, & (to save charges) got a passage on board a Man of War: the ship was (I think) Commodore Barnet's.<sup>3</sup> when he had landed her, she told him, she knew she was not to offer to pay for her passage, but in consideration of his many civilities intreated him to wear a ring for her sake, and press'd him to accept it, w<sup>ch</sup> he did. it was an emerald of remarkable size and beauty. some time after, as he wore it, some Friend was admiring it, & asking how he came by it. when he heard from whom it came, he

<sup>1</sup> "To his son, on whom six hundred a-year was settled, the reversion of which he has sold, he gives 1,000*l.* a year for life, but not to descend to any children he may have by any of his many wives. . . . The son, you perceive is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taafe is by the French Court, where he lives, and is received on the best footing; so near is Fort l'Evesque to Versailles." (Walpole to Mann, Jan. 27). Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., ran away from school; amid other adventures turned chimney-sweep; married a low woman in the Fleet; went abroad; had several "wives" including Miss Ashe (for whom see vol. i., p. 276, n. 4); wore Oriental dress (see an engraving after Peters, facing p. 162 of Ropes's "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu"); and, after the manner of many loose Englishmen, became a Mahometan. "His companion Taafe," was an Irish adventurer with whom he was imprisoned in Fort l'Evêque at Paris for cheating and robbing a Jew with whom they had gambled.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Sandwich was a Montagu, and the papers left him concerned the family history. See next letter.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole (*l. c.*) calls him Barnard, and adds, "A storm threatening, he prepared the lady for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not afraid, and going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:

'Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,  
Who, wrecked on shore, am fearless of the wind.'

laugh'd & desired him to shew it to a Jeweller, whom he knew. the man was sent for: he unset it; it was a paste not worth 40 shillings.

The Ministry are much out of joint. Mr P:<sup>1</sup> much out of humour, his popularity tottering, chiefly occasion'd by a Pamphlet against the German War, written by that *squeaking* acquaintance of ours, Mr. Mauduit:<sup>2</sup> it has had a vast run. The Irish are very intractable, even the L<sup>ds</sup> J:<sup>3</sup> themselves; great difficulties about who shall be sent over to tame them: my L<sup>d</sup> H:<sup>4</sup> again named, but (I

<sup>1</sup> Pitt.

<sup>2</sup> Mitford (confirmed by Mr. Gosse), *Mauduit*. The writer of "Considerations on the present German War," was Israel Mauduit. In spite of the success of Frederick over Daun at Torgau in November, 1760, this pamphlet had an extraordinary effect in working a change on the English mind. It was countenanced by Lord Hardwicke and his faction. It dwells on expense, and mismanagement in the War Office and the commissariat department. "How magazines of hay were shipped and re-shipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses were to be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Emden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, but all snorted at it, so spoiled was the article."—*Carlyle* ("Frederick the Great," Bk. XX., chap. vi.); who adds, in words which have a present application (1902)—"These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are thrust for saving his nation."

Mauduit (again to quote *Carlyle*, *l. c.*), was "son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at this time concerned with Factorage of wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Custom-house at Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. . . . A growing man ever after; came to be 'Agent for Massachusetts' on the Boston-*Tea* occasion, and again did Tracts; was 'President of the'—in short, was a conspicuous *Vice*-president, so let us define him, of the general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and suchlike; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died"—in 1787 [born 1708].

<sup>3</sup> The Irish Lords Justices. See to Mason, January 22nd of this year.

<sup>4</sup> Holderness. <sup>‡</sup> Hence correct Mitford on Mason to Gray, January 8th, *supra*.

am told) has refused it. everybody waits for a new Parliament to settle their ideas.

I have had no gout, since you went: I will not brag, lest it return with redoubled violence. I am very foolish, & do nothing to mark, that I ever was: I am going to C:<sup>ro</sup> to take the *fresh air* this fine winter for a month or so. we have had snow one day this winter, but it did not lie: it was several months ago. The 18<sup>th</sup> of Jan: I took a walk to *Kentish-Town*, wind N: W., bright & frosty. Therm: at Noon was at 42. the grass remarkably green and flourishing. I observed, on dry banks facing the south that Chickweed, Dandelion, Groundsel, Red Archangel, & Shepherd's Purse were beginning to flower. this is all I know of the Country.

My best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton. I hear her butter is the best in the Bishoprick, and that even Deborah<sup>1</sup> has learn'd to spin. I rejoice you are all in health, but why are you deaf: & blind too, or you could not vote for F: V:!<sup>2</sup> I have abundance more to say, but my paper won't hear of it. Adieu!

1755.

	UPSAL <sup>3</sup> IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½"	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45"	CAMBRIDGE.
Hasel begins to f. . . .	12 April	23 Jan.	—
Snow-drop F. . . .	13 April	26 Jan.	4 Feb.
(White Wagtail) } appears . . . .	13 April	12 Feb.	3 Feb.
Violets F. . . .	3 May	28 Mar.	28 Mar.
Snow-drop goes off . . . .			
Apricot f. . . .		1 April	—

<sup>1</sup> Wharton's little daughter.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Frederick Vane, brother of the Earl of Darlington, and at this time twenty-eight years old. He died in 1801.

<sup>3</sup> This is only an extract from the two Calendars of A. M. Berger, at Upsal, and Mr. Stillingfleet at Stratton. See Stillingfleet's Tracts, pp. 260-316. At p. 321 of the same interesting work is given "the Calendar of Flora, by Theophrastus of Athens, Lat. 37° 25'." I am not aware of any other books of this description published in England, except the "Comparative View of the two Calendars kept by the Rev. Gilbert White, at Selborne; and by William Markwick, Esq. at Catsfield, near Battle." This is a



	UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½"	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45"	CAMBRIDGE.
Elm F.	8 May	1 April	—
(Swallow returns)	9 May	6 April	—
(Cuckoo heard)	12 May	17 April	—
(Nightingale sings)	15 May	9 April	—
Birch L.	13 May	1 April	—
Alder L.	14 May	7 April	—
Bramble L.	7 May	3 April	—
Elm L.	15 May	10 April	16 April
Hawthorn L.	15 May	—	10 April
Acacia L.	15 May	12 April	—
Lime L.	21 May	12 April	16 April
Aspen L.	20 May	26 April	—
Sycamore L.	—	13 April	—
White Poplar L.	—	17 April	—
Beech L.	—	21 April	—
Chestnut & Maple L.	—	18 April	18 April
Oak L.	20 May	18 April	18 April
Ash L.	21 May	22 April	—
Fig L.	—	21 April	24 April
Horse Chestnut F.	—	12 May	12 May
Mulberry L.	—	14 May	—
Crab & Apple f.	2 June	23 April	22 April
Cherry f.	28 May	18 April	17 April
Lilac f.	8 June	27 April	24 April
Hawthorn f.	17 June	10 May	12 May
Plumb tree f.	28 May	16 April	—
Lilly of y <sup>e</sup> Valley F.	30 May	3 May	—
Broom F.	—	24 April	—
Mulberry L.	—	14 May	—
Elder f.	29 June	25 April	—
Lady-Smock f.	28 May	18 April	—
Pea & Bean f.	—	29 April	—
Strawberries ripe	26 June	9 July	16 June
Cherries	7 July	(on Walls)	25 June
Currants	9 July	30 June	4 July
Hay cut	7 July	(near Lond.)	18 May
Rye	4 Aug.	(at Stoke)	19 June
Wheat	—	21 Aug. (latest)	15 Sept.
Barley	16 Aug.	3 Aug.	4 Sept.

work of great exactness, and the result of as much, and as patient, observation as, perhaps, was ever brought to the subject. It is formed upon an attentive comparison of the seasons, from 1768 to 1793. See White's "Selborne," 8vo., vol. ii., pp. 121-156. It would be extremely useful to the lover of nature to have these four calendars (all c<sup>d</sup> them kept in different latitudes), reprinted in one volume.—*Mitford*.

UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½"		STRATTON IN NORFOLK, CAMBRIDGE. lat. 52° 45"	
(Cuckoo silent) . . . .	15 July	end of July	
(Swallow gone) . . . .	17 Sept.	21 Sept.	28 Sept.
Birch, Elm, Sycamore, Lime, ) change colour . . . .	22 Sept.	14 Sept.	—
Ash drops its leaves . . . .	6 Octob:.	9 Octob: .	5 Oct.
Elm stripped . . . .	7 Octob:.	.	—
Lime falls . . . .	12 Octob:.	.	—
Hasel stripped . . . .	17 Octob:.	.	—

*N.B.*—*l.* stands for *opening its leaves*, *L.* for *in full leaf*. *f.* for beginning to flower, *f'* for full bloom.

the summer flowers, especially such as blow about the solstice, I take no notice of, as they blow at the same time in Sweden and in England, at least the difference is only a day or two.

Observe, from this calendar it appears, that there is a wonderful difference between the earlier Phænomena of the Spring in Sweden & in England, no less than 78 days in the flowering of the Snow-Drop, 61 days in the appearance of the Wagtail, 62 days in the bloom of the Lilac, 43 days in the leafing of the Oak, 40 days in the blooming of the Cherry-tree, 36 days in the singing of the Nightingale, 33 in the return of the Swallow, 25 in that of the Cuckow, & so on. yet the summer flowers nearly keep time alike in both climates, the Harvest differs not a fortnight, some of the Fruits only 9 days; nay, strawberries come earlier there by 13 days, than with us. the Swallow stays with us only 4 days longer than with them, and the Ashtree begins to lose its leaves within 3 days of the same time. these differences, & these uniformities I know not how to account for

Mr Stillingfleet's Kalendar goes no farther than Oct: 26; but I observed, that, on Dec: 2, many of our Rose trees had put out new leaves, and the Laurustine, Polyanthus, single yellow, & bloody Wall flowers, Cytisus, and scarlet Geraniums were still in flower.

Jan: 15. 1756. the Honeysuckles were in leaf, and single Hepatica & Snowdrop in flower.

As to the noise of Birds, Mr St: marks their times thus in Norfolk.

4 Feb: Woodlark singing.  
12 D° Rooks pair.



Nectarine over	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4 Sept:
White Muscad: Grape	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	12 Oct:

CCXIX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

London. February 9. 1761.

DEAR S<sup>r</sup>

If I have not sooner made answer to your kind enquiries, it has been owing to the uncertainty I was under as to my own motions. now at last, I perceive, I must stay here till March and part of April are over, so I have accommodated myself to it, and perhaps it may be better to come, when your codlin hedge is in bloom than at this dull season. my cold, which Mr. Bickham<sup>1</sup> told you of, kept me at home above three weeks, being at first accompanied with a slight fever: but at present I am marvellous: not a word of the gout yet; but don't say a word; if you do, it will come. a fortnight ago I had two sheets from Mr. Pitt<sup>2</sup> dated Genoa, Dec: 23; he had been thirty days in going from Barcelona thither, a passage often made in four; he spends the winter with S<sup>r</sup> Richard Lyttelton,<sup>3</sup> and hopes to pass the end of the Carnaval at Milan with Lord Strathmore,<sup>4</sup> who has been ill at Turin, but is now quite recover'd. He does not speak with transport of Andalusia (I mean of the Country, for he describes only that in generall, and refers for particulars to our meeting); it wants verdure, & wood, and hands to cultivate it: but Valencia and Murcia (he says) are one continued garden, a shady scene of culti-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 81, n. 2, and reff. there.<sup>2</sup> Thomas Pitt of Bocconock. See vol. i., p. 365, n. 4 and index.<sup>3</sup> The brother of Lord Lyttelton (vol. i., p. 172, n. 1). He was Aide-de-camp to the Earl of Stair at Dettingen. He married the Dowager Duchess of Bridgewater, and was at this time on the Continent with her. Walpole writes to Mann, May 14, '61: "I rejoice that you have got Mr Pitt [at Florence]; make him a thousand speeches from me, and tell him how much I say you will like one another. You will be happy too in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his Duchess; they are the best humoured people in the world." Sir Richard was Governor of Minorca in 1764, and afterwards Governor of Guernsey. He died 1770.<sup>4</sup> Vol. i., p. 258, n. 2 and Index.

vated lands, interspersed with cottages of reed, and water'd by a thousand artificial rills. a like spirit of industry appears in Catalonia. he has written to Pa:<sup>1</sup> also, I suppose, to the same purpose.

The only remarkable thing I have to tell you is old Wortley's Will, and that perhaps you know already. he died worth 600,000£. this is the least I have heard, and perhaps the truest; but Lord J: and M<sup>r</sup> Montagu tell me to-day, it is above a Million, & that he had near 800,000£ in Mortgages only. He gives to his Son (who is 50,000£ in debt) 1000£ a year for life only. to his Wife, Lady Mary, (if she does not claim her dower) 1200£ a year: otherwise this to go to his son for life, and after him to Lady Bute, his Daughter. To all Lady Bute's Children, w<sup>ch</sup> are eleven, 2000£ a-piece. to Lady Bute for her life *all the remainder* (no notice of my Lord) and after her to her second Son, who takes the name of Wortley, and so to all the Sons, & (I believe) Daughters too in their order, & if they all die without issue, to L<sup>d</sup> Sandwich, to whom at present he gives some old Manuscripts about the Montagu family.

And now I must tell you a little story about Lady Mary<sup>2</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> I heard lately. upon her travels (to save charges), she got a passage in the Mediterranean, on board a Man of War, I think it was Commodore Barnet. when he had landed her safe she told him, she knew she was not to offer him money, but intreated him to accept of a ring in memory

<sup>1</sup> Palgrave. See p. 49, n. 1 and Index.

<sup>2</sup> Name erased, but still legible.—ED. "There is a story told by Mr. J. Pitt [? T. Pitt] (Lord Camelford), which makes so good a *pendant* to the present one, that I may be excused for giving it. "I will find you a keepsake like that the Duchess of Kingston [Miss Chudleigh, bigamous Duchess, in her Continental retirement] drew from the bottom of her capote for the Consul at Genoa, who had lodged her and clothed her I believe, and caressed her for anything I know. 'How do you like this diamond ring?' 'Very fine, my lady!' 'This ruby?' 'Beautiful!' 'This snuff-box?' 'Superb!' etc. etc. etc. 'Well, Mr. Consul, you see these spectacles (and here she sighed); these spectacles were worn twenty years by my dear Duke (here she opened the *etui* and dropped a tear); take them, Mr. Consul, wear them for his sake and mine; I could not give you a stronger proof of my regard for you'" (Letter of Lord Camelford, 1789).—*Mitford*.

of her, w<sup>ch</sup> (as she pressed him) he accepted: it was a very large emerald. some time after, a friend of his taking notice of its beauty, he told him, how he came by it: the Man smiled, & desired him to shew it to a Jeweller. he did so; it was unset before him, and proved a Paste worth 40 Shillings.

And now I am telling stories, I will tell you another nothing at all to the purpose, nor relating to anybody I have been talking of.

In the year 1688 my Lord Peterborough<sup>1</sup> had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich<sup>2</sup> (Mrs. Bonfoy's<sup>3</sup> old friend). there was a Woman, who kept a great Coffee-house in Pall-Mall, & she had a miraculous Canary-Bird, that piped twenty tunes. Lady S: was fond of such things, had heard of, & seen the bird. Lord P: came to the Woman, and offered her a large sum of money for it; but she was rich, & proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. however he watch'd the bird narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the Coffee-room, took his opportunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage, & the right into his pocket, & went off undiscover'd to make my L<sup>d</sup> Sandwich happy. this was just about the time of the Revolution; & a good while after, going into the same Coffee-house again he saw his bird there, & said, well, I reckon, you would give your ears now, that you had taken my money. money! (says the Woman) no, nor ten times that money now; dear little Creature; for, if your L<sup>d</sup> will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true,) it has moped & moped, and never once opened its pretty lips, since the day that the *poor king*<sup>4</sup> went away!

<sup>1</sup> Charles Mordaunt, the brilliant, wayward, and eccentric Earl, the hero of Montjuich.

<sup>2</sup> She was the wife of the second Earl Sandwich, son of Pepys' patron. Her husband died February, 1689, and she must have long survived him, if she knew Mrs. Bonfoy, except in the childhood of the latter.

<sup>3</sup> She died in 1763. See vol. i., p. 281.

<sup>4</sup> The good woman of a coffee-house in Pall Mall, would, by custom, be a Jacobite, at any rate for a while. Peterborough would enjoy the jest all the more, since he was one of those who helped to rid England of the "poor King."

Adieu, Old Pa: <sup>1</sup> (spite of his misfortunes) talks of coming to Town this spring: could not you come too? My service to M<sup>r</sup> Lyon.<sup>2</sup>

CCXX. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I have been very naughty, I confess; but I informed your brother<sup>3</sup> a good while ago, that both your letters came safe to my hands. the first indeed which went to Cambridge, had had its seal broken, which naturally, I should have attributed to the curiosity of somebody at Durham: but as Mr. Brown (who, you know, is care itself) sent it me without taking notice of any such thing, I rather believe it was mere accident, and happen'd, after it had pass'd thro' his hands.

I long to see you, but my visit must be defer'd to another year, for Mr. Jauncey<sup>4</sup> having lost his Bishop, and having settled his son in a curacy, means to let his house entire, & in September I shall be forced to look out for another place, & must have the plague of removing. the glass manufacture in Worcester:<sup>5</sup> (I am told) has fail'd. Mr. Price<sup>5</sup> here has left off business, & retired into Wales: the Person, who succeeds him, does not pretend to be acquainted with all the secrets of his art. the Man at York is now in Town, exhibiting some specimens of his skill to the Society of Arts: him (you say) you have already consulted. coats of Arms will doubtless be expensive (Price used to have five Guineas for a very plain one) figures much more so. unless therefore you can pick up some remnants of old

<sup>1</sup> Palgrave. See p. 49, n. 1. I have no clue to his "misfortunes."

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lyon, a Fellow-commoner, and made this year (1761) Fellow, of Pembroke. James Philip, for whom see vol i., p. 327, n. 3, was by this time either in India or on his way thither.

<sup>3</sup> I incline to think that the "Mr Jonathan", a puzzling name in this correspondence, is this brother, Mr. Jonathan (Wharton), resident in London, and meeting Gray from time to time.

<sup>4</sup> Gray's landlord in Southampton Row. See p. 84, nn. 3 and 4.

<sup>5</sup> William Price (d. July 16, 1765) the most reputed glass painter of his time, whose manufactory was in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden. He work'd at the windows in Westminster Abbey from 1722 to 1735.—*Mr. Gosse.*

painted glass, w<sup>ch</sup> are sometimes met with in farm-houses, little out-of-the-way churches & vestries, and even at country-glasiers' shops, &c: I should advise to buy plain coloured glass (for w<sup>ch</sup> they ask here in St Martin's Lane 5s: a pound, but it is sold at York for 2 or 3s:) and make up the tops of your windows in a mosaïck of your own fancy. the glass will come to you in square plates, (some part of w<sup>ch</sup> is always wrinkled & full of little bubbles, so you must allow for waste), any glasier can cut it into *quarrels*, & you can dispose the pattern & colours, red, blew, purple, & yellow (there is also green, if you like it) as well or better than the Artisan himself, and certainly much cheaper. I would not border it with the same, least the room should be too dark. nor<sup>1</sup> should the *quarrels* of clear glass be too small (in the lower part of the window); if they are but turn'd corner-ways, it is enough to give it a gothic aspect. if there is anything to see (tho' it be but a tree) I should put a very large diamond-pane in the midst of each division.

I had rather Major G:<sup>2</sup> throw'd away his money, than somebody else. it is not worth while even to succeed, unless *gratis*; nor in any case to be attempted without the B: absolute concurrence. I wish you joy of D<sup>r</sup> Squire's Bishoprick:<sup>3</sup> he keeps both his livings, & is the happiest of Devils. Stonhewer, who is coming, will (if you see him) tell you more news vivâ voce, than I could write: I therefore do not tap that chapter. my best services to Mrs. Wharton, I am ever truly

Yours

May 9 1761.

I am at last going to Cambridge:  
it is strange else.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mitford (confirmed by Mr. Gosse) "For."

<sup>2</sup> I have no clue here. The Bishop is probably the Bishop of Durham.

<sup>3</sup> Of St. David's. See vol. i., p. 348, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Addressed to Dr. Thomas Wharton at Old Park near Durham.



CCXXI. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

May 26, 1761.

DEAR SIR

I thank you for your kind enquiries and impatience about me. Had I not been so often disappointed before, when I thought myself sure, I should have informed you before this time of my motions. I thought I was just setting out for Cambridge, when the man on whom I have a mortgage gave me notice that he was ready to pay in his money; so that now I must necessarily stay to receive it, and it will be (to be sure) the middle of June before I can see Cambridge, where I have long wished to be. Montagu<sup>1</sup> had thoughts of going thither with me, but I know not what his present intentions may be. He is in real affliction for the loss of Sir W. Williams, who has left him one of his executors, and (as I doubt his affairs were a good deal embarrassed) he possibly may be detained in town on that account. Mason too talked of staying part of the summer with me at Pembroke, but this may perhaps be only talk. My Lord<sup>2</sup> goes into Yorkshire this summer, so I suppose the parson must go with him. You will not see any advertisement till next winter at soonest. Southwell<sup>3</sup> is going to Ireland for two months, much against his will. I have not seen my new Lady E.<sup>4</sup> but her husband I have; so (I'm afraid) I soon must have that honour. God send ——<sup>5</sup> may lie in just about the

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, vol. i., p. 365, n. 3, where for Jan. 9, 1761 (Mitford), read Jan. 9, 1762. Walpole writes to George Montagu, May 14, '61, "Sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montagu heir to all his debts."

<sup>2</sup> Lord Holderness.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> See n. 5 on following letter.

<sup>4</sup> By Lady E—— I have no doubt that Gray meant the wife of his friend Sir Henry Erskine, who married this year. She was Miss Jenny Wedderburn. A son was born next year. Sir Henry was at this date Colonel of the 25th Regiment, and died in 1765, being then Major-General, M.P. for Anstruther, Secretary of the Order of the Thistle, and Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Foot.—*From Mitford*.

<sup>5</sup> This, however singularly expressed, no doubt refers to the Duke of Newcastle, whose presence at the Cambridge Commence-

commencement, or I go out of my wits, that is all. The news of the surrender of Belleisle<sup>1</sup> is daily expected. They have not, nor (they say) possibly can, throw in either men or provisions; so it is looked upon as ours. I know it will be so next week, because I am then to buy into the Stocks. God bless you.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CCXXII. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

When I received your letter I was still detained in Town: but am now at last got to Cambridge. I applied immediately to Dr Ashton<sup>2</sup> (who was nearest at hand) for information as to the expenses of Eton without naming any one's name. He returned me the *civilest* of answers, & that if the boy was to be on the foundation, I had no more to do but send him to him, and the business should be done. as to the charges, he was going to Eton, & would send me an account from thence; w<sup>ch</sup> he did accordingly on Sunday last, & here it is enclosed with his second letter. You will easily conceive, that there must be additional expences, that can be reduced to no rules, as pocket-money, cloths, books, &c: & w<sup>ch</sup> are left to a Father's own discretion.

My notion is, that your Nephew being an only Son, & rather of a delicate constitution, ought not to be exposed to the hardships of the College. I know, that the expence in that way is much lessen'd; but your Brother has but one Son, & can afford to breed him an Oppidant.<sup>3</sup> I know, that a Colleger<sup>4</sup> is sooner form'd to scuffle in the world,

ment Gray appears to have much disliked. See to Mason, June 20th, 1758, June 7th, 1760.—From *Mitford*.

<sup>1</sup> Le Palais, the citadel of Belle-Île, capitulated on the 7th of June, more than a month after the death of Sir W. Williams. (See notes on No. xx. of Pitt Press ed. of Gray's poems.)

<sup>2</sup> As one of the Fellows of Eton. See vol. i., p. 11, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> An unusual form. The name for boys not on the foundation, who now form the bulk of the school, is *oppidans*. William Malim, Head-master from 1561 to 1571, calls them *oppidani*, and they are "opydans" in the Eton Audit Book, 1557-1558. An earlier name was *commensales*.

<sup>4</sup> "One of the chief reasons for Hodgson's accepting the Provostship (in 1840) was a wish to do something to better the condition

that is, by drubbing & tyranny is made more hardy or more cunning, but these in my eyes are no such desirable acquisitions: I know too, that a certain (or very probable<sup>1</sup>) provision for life is a thing to be wish'd: but you must remember, what a thing a fellow of King's is. in short you will judge for yourselves. if you accept my *good Friend's* offer, I will proceed accordingly: if not, we will thank him, & willingly let him recommend to us a cheap boarding-house, not disdaining his protection & encouragement, if it can be of any little use to your Nephew. He has married one of Amyand's Sisters with 12,000£: (I suppose you know her; she is an enchanting object!), and he is settled in the Preachership of Lincolns-Inn.

Sure Mr Jon:<sup>2</sup> or some one has told you, how your *good*

of the collegers, which, if it had altered at all, had altered for the worse, in the course of centuries during which the English people had steadily been growing more refined in their mode of living."—Lyte's "Eton," p. 415 sq. Many stories were told of the "Long Chamber" of the collegers, amongst others, that an applicant was at once accepted as "a good life" at an insurance office, when it was known that he had survived its horrors.

<sup>1</sup> Because, as a colleger, he would probably be on the Register for King's, and once elected scholar of King's, he could proceed to his Fellowship almost as a matter of course. Some letters of Ashton to West, pp. 72-77, in "Gray and His Friends," throw light on the system as it worked in 1736. Gray's disparaging estimate of the Fellows was partially true at this date; laxness was almost inevitable in young men who obtained a degree and a provision for life without examination and without effort. The only distinction open to them in Gray's day was the Craven University Scholarship, and it was won (perhaps without the strenuous competition of our times) by Battie in 1725, by Foster (afterwards Head-master of Eton) in 1750, and by Davies (afterwards Head-master and Provost) in 1757, all three being King's men. It would be easy to show that, "in spite of all temptations," there were many at King's who, long before it was delivered from what Macaulay calls its "degrading fate" as a mere appendage to Eton, were studious and accomplished men, and during many generations that college supplied Eton with head-masters (including Hawtrey) who were quite on a level with the scholarship of their time.

Three years after Gray's death Porson was entered on the foundation at Eton, but too late to succeed to King's; perhaps fortunately for him and the world, for the temptation to indolence might in his case have proved irresistible.

<sup>2</sup> See n. 4, on letter to Wharton, May 9, *supra*.

*Friend*, Mr. L:<sup>1</sup> has been horsewhip'd, trampled, bruised, and p——d upon, by a M<sup>rs</sup> Mackenzie, a sturdy Scotch Woman. it was done in an Inn-yard at Hampstead in

<sup>1</sup> "Jemmy" Lumley (Walpole to G. Montagu, May 14, '61). "Jemmy" was the seventh son of the first Earl of Scarbrough, who, as Lord Lumley, had fought for James II. at Sedgemoor, and pursued Monmouth, but in 1688 supported the Revolution and seized Newcastle for William. "Jemmy" was illiterate, a kind of Tony Lumpkin. In 1745 (see Walpole to Montagu, June 25) he would write his cards of invitation himself, and desired "*he's* company and *she's* company, with other pieces of curious orthography." The incident in the text was this: Lumley had been playing cards with Mrs. Mackenzie, Lucy Southwell, "that curtsies like a bear," and another lady, at his own house. He lost £2,000 to Mrs. Mackenzie and refused to pay, believing he had been cheated. He did not, it appears, suspect Lucy Southwell, for he invited her and her sister shortly after to dine with him at Hampstead. Here Mrs. Mackenzie turned up, and politely requested payment, which being refused, she "took a horsewhip from beneath her hoop and fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden of Hampstead." The Southwells decamped lest they should have to pay for the dinner, though they had prepared tin pockets, says the malicious Walpole, to carry off the leavings.

To the heroine of this story I have no clue; I only note that the great-grandfather of the favourite Bute was a Mackenzie, and that the Earl's brother took the name on succeeding to the Mackenzie lands. If she was "sib" to this important family, she might have come to town on the strength of it. The Southwells are also a mystery. I conjecture that they belonged to a collateral branch of the same family as Gray's Southwell (see letter, Dec. 10, '60). Johnson knew and praised for his good manners a Lord Southwell, 2nd Baron (he had an evil reputation as a gambler), who died in 1766, and this Lord had a brother Edmund, one of Johnson's queer friends, who lived from hand to mouth. As late as 1773 Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale, "I was yesterday with Miss Lucy Southwell and Mrs. Williams at Mr. Southwell's. Miss Frances Southwell is not well." These may be the ladies of the adventure at Hampstead, perhaps daughters of Edmund Southwell. Gray's Southwell, whoever he may have been, can hardly be the young man of whom Johnson wrote to Baretti in Italy, June 10th, 1761, "By conducting Mr. Southwell to Venice, you fulfilled, I know, the original contract: yet I would wish you not wholly to lose him from your notice, but to recommend him to such acquaintance as may best secure him from suffering by his own follies," etc., but is more probably Thomas Arthur, afterwards second Viscount Southwell (1780), born in 1742. For it seems that Gray's Southwell was back in town before December 10th, 1760; whereas Baretti, if his own

the face of day, & he has put her in the Crown-Office. it is very true. I will not delay this letter to tell you any more stories. Adieu! I am ever

Yours  
T G:

Pembroke-Hall June 23 1761.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Brown (the *petit bon-homme*) joins his compliments to mine, & presents them to you and Mrs. Wharton.

I have been dreadfully disappointed in Rousseau's *Héloïse*: but Mason admires it.

### CCXXIII. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

As you and M<sup>r</sup> R: Wharton seem determined for the foundation, I shall say no more on that subject: it is pity you could not resolve sooner, for I fear you are now too late, & must defer your design till the next year, as the Election at Eton begins this day se'nnight, and your nephew ought to be there on the evening of the 27<sup>th</sup> at farthest, w<sup>ch</sup> is scarce possible. you have never told me his age: but (I suppose) you know, that after 15 compleat boys are excluded from the election, and that a Certificate of their age (that is, an extract from the Parish-Register, where they were baptized,) is always required, w<sup>ch</sup> must be attested and signed by the Minister and Churchwardens<sup>2</sup> of the said Parish. Your Nephew (I imagine) is much younger than fifteen, & therefore there will be no great inconvenience if he should be placed at Eton, whenever it suits M<sup>r</sup> Wharton to carry him, and there wait for the next election. this is commonly practised, & D<sup>r</sup> A: (I do not doubt) will be equally ready to serve him then, as

account is to be trusted, only reached Genoa, by sea, on November 18th. It is quite possible that these were two foolish young persons of the same name and lineage abroad at the same time.

<sup>1</sup> I found this date, but Mitford gives *Jan.* confirmed independently by Mr. Gosse's *January*. I should else have supposed that the text in Mitford was only a misprint, especially as, in spite of it, he has plac'd this letter rightly, while Mr. Gosse has not.

<sup>2</sup> The attestation of the Churchwardens is no longer necessary.

now. he will probably be placed pretty high in the School, having had the same education, that is in use there, & will have time to familiarize himself to the place, before he actually enters the College. I have waited to know your intentions, before I could answer D<sup>r</sup> A:<sup>s</sup> letter; & wish you would now write to me, what you finally determine. there is a Month's Breaking-up immediately after the Election (w<sup>ch</sup> lasts a week) so it is probable M<sup>r</sup> Wharton will hardly send his Son till those holidays are over.

I do not mention the subject you hint at for the same reason you give me; it should be *offer'd*, and *clear of all taxes*, before I would go into it, in spite of the mines in America, on which I congratulate you.

I shall hope to see Old-Park next summer, if I am not bed-ridden, but who can tell? M<sup>r</sup> Brown presents his best services to the family with mine: he is older than I. Adieu, the Post waits! I am ever truly

Yours  
TG:

July 19 . . . Pemb: Coll:<sup>1</sup>

#### CCXXIV. *Mason to Gray.*

Aston, July 20th, 1761.

DEAR MR. GRAY,

The old man was really dying when I wrote to you from Stilton; but, in spite of all his old complaints, in spite of an added fever and fistula, he still holds out, has had strength to undergo two operations, and is in hopes of a perfect recovery. However, if he ever does die, I am now sure of succeeding him, and I find the object of much more importance than I at first thought, for, one year with another, by fines, &c., the preferment is good 230*l.* per annum.

The Coronation, &c. prevents Lady Holderness from coming into the North; but I am to meet his lordship at Doncaster the day after to-morrow, and proceed with him

<sup>1</sup> Written over this date is 1761, not in Gray's writing.

to Aske and Hornby.<sup>1</sup> He will stay in the country only three weeks, and I shall follow him to town three weeks after, as my waiting falls in the Coronation month. I wish you would write me an epithalamic sermon. It could not fail but get me a mitre, next in goodness to Squire's.

This letter is merely to tell you my motions, and so beg you will write to me, under his lordship's cover, to Aske,<sup>2</sup> near Richmond. I was at Chatsworth last week, and had the pleasure to find Lord John<sup>3</sup> perfectly recovered. My love to Mr. Brown.

Believe me, dear Mr. Gray,  
Most cordially yours,  
W. MASON.

CCXXV. *To Mason.*

August 1761.

DEAR MASON

Be assured your York canon never will die,<sup>4</sup> so the better the thing is in value the worse for you. The

<sup>1</sup> Hornby Castle, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, situated north-west of Ripon. It was an ancient seat of the Conyers family; from whom it descended to the Darcies, and from them to the Osbornes. The late Duke of Leeds lived more at Hornby than at any other seat of his. It must not be confounded with *another Hornby Castle*, at no great distance from it, in Lancashire.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Aske, in Richmondshire, now the seat of the Earl of Zetland: it is a hamlet in the parish of Easby. It was the seat of Sir Conyers Darcy, K.B., who died there in Dec. 1758. Sir Conyers was Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding, and in Parliament for Richmond and for Yorkshire; besides holding offices about the Court. He was guardian to the last Earl of Holderness during his long minority, when he resided much at Aske, and was in the house at Aston when the great fire occurred in a night devoted to Christmas festivities. Sir Conyers had no children, and Aske would pass to the Earl his nephew, and was probably sold by the Darcies or Osbornes to the Dundas family.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> Lord John Cavendish: see Lord Mahon's Hist. iii. 287, and v. 90.—*Mitford*. V. *reff.* in Index.

<sup>4</sup> This was written at a time when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Residentiary in his cathedral.—*Mason*.

true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor. Age and diseases vanish at your name, fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas to issues. It is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease when he was about it; and all his family, I suppose, are cursing you for it.

I should think your motions, if you are not perverse, might be so contrived as to bring you hither for a week or two in your way to the Coronation, and then we may go together to town, where I must be early in September. Do, and then I will help you to write a . . . sermon on this happy occasion. Our friend Jeremy Bickham<sup>1</sup> is going off to a living (better than £400 a-year) somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mr. Hurd; and his old flame, that he has nursed so many years, goes with him. I tell you this to make you pine.

I wrote to Lord John<sup>2</sup> on his recovery, and he answers me very chearfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it, he says, not by scampering, and racketing, and heating his blood, as I had supposed, but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew,

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 341, n. 7; vol. ii., p. 81, n. 2. Hurd's living was Thurcaston in Leicestershire (vol. i., p. 347, n. 3); Bickham's was Loughborough, also in the gift of Emmanuel College; about eight miles from Thurcaston by road. Bickham was B.A., 1740, M.A., 1744, B.D., 1751, D.D., 1774. He was collated to the Archdeaconry of Leicester in 1762. He is described in Fletcher's little book, "The Rectors of Loughborough," as "an excellent preacher, whose voice well filled the church"—a large one. "A bruiser in his youth,"—he proved himself, as incumbent, pugnacious for his rights, for he had several suits, some of them successful, for the payment of his tithes in kind, instead of that bugbear of the clergy, the *modus*. It appears from his monument in Loughborough Church that he died in his seventy-seventh year (Dec. 23rd, 1785); his wife "Sarah" was nearly four years older than himself, but died more than four years before him, May 28th, 1781. He bequeathed a valuable library to the Rectory; it is still preserved there, and contains many folio volumes. I owe the substance of this note to my friend the Rev. T. Pitts, Rector of Loughborough, formerly fellow of Emmanue<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Lord John Cavendish.



who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack-punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu<sup>1</sup> (as I guess at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument,<sup>2</sup> which he means to erect at Belleisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir W. Williams so slightly as I did; but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion:—

Here foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,  
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;  
His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,  
Nor envy dared to view him with a frown.  
At Aix uncalled his maiden sword he drew,<sup>3</sup>  
There first in blood his infant glory<sup>4</sup> seal'd;

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Montagu. See to Brown, May 26, '61, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> From some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.—*Mason* (note on the verses). There would naturally be difficulties in the way of erecting a monument to one of the victors in so brief an occupation, unless it could be done very speedily. Belle-Île, which became ours only on the 7th of June of this year, was exchanged for Minorca by the treaty of Paris early in 1763.

<sup>3</sup> *Mason* did not give these verses with the letter, but included them in his first volume with the poems. Mitford was the first to copy them, as he found them in Gray's handwriting. I lack evidence that the variations which *Mason's* text offers were due to subsequent alterations by Gray. Perhaps therefore this line as commonly printed

“At Aix his voluntary sword he drew”

imitated by Scott (“*Marmion*,” Introduction to Canto IV.),

“Since riding side by side our hand  
First drew the voluntary brand”

is really *Mason's* embroidery on Gray. See vol. i., p. 369, n. 4; vol. ii., p. 10, n. 2.

<sup>4</sup> “Honor.”—*Mason*.

From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,  
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.  
 With eyes of flame and cool intrepid <sup>1</sup> breast,  
 Victor he stood <sup>2</sup> on Belleisle's rocky steeps ;  
 Ah gallant youth ! this marble tells the rest,  
 Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.

Three words below to say who set up the monument.

CCXXVI. *To the Rev. Thomas Percy.*

[August, 1761 <sup>3</sup>]

(a) M<sup>r</sup> Gray presents his compliments to M<sup>r</sup> Piercy & is very sorry for the mistake he has made. concluded that he was lodged at Maudlin, & therefore sent the book this morning to M<sup>r</sup> Blakeway's <sup>4</sup> Chambers, where he imagined M<sup>r</sup> Piercy to be.

The Messenger is a little in liquor, therefore have a care of sending him to fetch it. the letter \* was in the book, w<sup>ch</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Gray thought was deliver'd to M<sup>r</sup> P: own hands

\* viz. M<sup>r</sup> Evan Evan's <sup>5</sup> Letter.

<sup>1</sup> "Undaunted."—*Mason*. But Gray tried to vary from himself, and having written in the Elegy,

"Some village Hampden that with *dauntless* breast," etc.

chose another epithet here.

<sup>2</sup> The less dramatic fact is said to have been that more than a month before the surrender, he wandered in reckless despondency too near the enemy's sentries, and was shot through the body.

<sup>3</sup> The date of this note is conjectural. In Gray's observations on the Pseudo-rhythmus he mentions having read "Death and Life in two fitts" and *Scottish Field* in a MS. collection belonging to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Percy in 1761. It therefore is perhaps later in August than the preceding letter to Mason of that month and year. The fragment on the Abbot of Meux belongs to the note to Percy, and Mason was at the time with Gray at Cambridge as in the letter to Mason it is suggested he should be.

<sup>4</sup> "To Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, the Editor owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library" (Preface to "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 1765). Blake-way took his degree from Magdalene College as 11th wrangler in 1756.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 146, n. 2 of this vol.

( $\beta$ ) (On a separate piece of paper)

### THE ABBOT OF MEUX.

Look in a Map of the East-riding of Yorkshire, & you will see, that at a few miles distance—north of *Lekenfield* lies *Watton*; to the South lies *Beverley* (the usual Burying-Place of the Percies); & to the S. East the Abbey of Meaux, of which there are still some remains visible; the name is pronounced *Meuss*. (M<sup>r</sup> Mason dictates this note)

M<sup>r</sup> Percy's note therefore is wrong.

### CCXXVII. To Wharton.

DEAR DOCTOR

I am just come to Town, where I shall stay six weeks or more, and (if you will send your dimensions) will look out for papers at the shops. I own I never yet saw any Gothic papers to my fancy. There is one fault, that is in the nature of the thing, and cannot be avoided. the great beauty of all Gothick designs is the variety of perspectives they occasion. this a Painter may represent on the walls of a room in some measure; but not a Designer of Papers, where, what is represented on one breadth, must be exactly repeated on another, both in the light & shade, and in the dimensions. this we cannot help; but they do not even do what they might: they neglect Hollar,<sup>1</sup> to copy Mr. Half-

<sup>1</sup> We are all familiar with Hollar's prints, which enable us to realize better than any verbal description the outward aspect of his world. His history is worth recording, even at the peril of a discursive note. He was born at Prague in 1607, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1677. He was taken up by the Earl of Arundel (of the Arundel Marbles), came to England in 1637, and made in his first year here his View of Greenwich, for the plate of which he received thirty shillings. Spite of patronage, he worked for fourpence an hour. He passed into the service of the Duke of York (James II.), and was besieged, with Inigo Jones, in Basing House, working even there (Carlyle's "Cromwell," Pt. ii., Letter 33); was taken prisoner, but seems to have made his way to Lord Arundel at Antwerp. Eight years later he returned to London, and laboured

penny's<sup>1</sup> architecture, so that all they do is more like a goose pie than a cathedral. you seem to suppose, that they do Gothic papers in colours, but I never saw any but such as were to look like Stucco: nor indeed do I conceive that they could have any effect or meaning. lastly, I never saw anything of gilding, such as you mention, on paper, but we shall see. only pray leave as little to my judgment as possible.

I thank'd D<sup>r</sup> Ashton before you told me to do so. he writes me word, that (except the first Sunday of a month), he believes, he shall be at Eton till the middle of November; & (as he now knows the person in question is your nephew) adds, I remember D<sup>r</sup> Wharton with great pleasure, and beg you will signify as much to him, when you write.

for booksellers at starvation prices. He lost his son, a promising artist, in the great plague. His views, maps and plans, and "Prospect of London, as it was flourishing before the destruction by fire," are invaluable. Charles II. sent him to Tangier, to draw the town and forts. In spite of such occasional favours, when he was dying he had to beg the bailiffs not to carry away the bed from under him. It is of course of his plates of buildings, exteriors or interiors, that Gray is thinking; but his variety was limitless, and "no one," it has been said, "has ever been able to represent fur, or shells, or a butterfly's wing, as he has done." ("Enc. Brit.," Hollar.)

<sup>1</sup> William Halfpenny, who described himself occasionally as Architect and Carpenter, had published a new edition of "Practical Architecture," with four additional designs of useful Architecture in 1760. He had previously, 1728, published "'Magnum in Parvo or the Marrow of Architecture,' showing how to draw a Column with its Base, Capital, Entablature and Pedestal; And also an Arch of any of the five Orders And duly limit the Rise and Projection of every one, even the smallest Member According to the Proportions laid down by the most celebrated Palladio, to y<sup>e</sup> utmost degrees of Exactness and Speed possible.

"So plain & so easy that a Young Gentleman tho' an utter stranger to y<sup>e</sup> Art may apprehend the whole by seeing one Example wrought in a Method Entirely new."

I was moved to copy this quaint title-page, but neither this nor "Practical Architecture" (which from its estimates of cost for material and labour may perhaps be interesting to Political Economists) contains anything that could be copied on wall-paper. What Gray is thinking of is doubtless "New designs for Chinese temples, triumphal arches, garden-seats, palings, etc.—W. and J. Halfpenny, 1750-2."

The king is just married, it is the hottest night in the year. Adieu, it is late,—I am ever

Yours  
TG:

Tuesday.<sup>1</sup>

CCXXVIII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

1761.

DEAR SIR

I hope to send you the first intelligence of the Church preferments, though such is your eagerness there<sup>2</sup> for this sort of news, that perhaps mine may be stale before it can reach you. Drummond<sup>3</sup> is Archbishop of York, Hayter<sup>4</sup> Bishop of London, Young<sup>5</sup> of Norwich, Newton of Bristol,<sup>6</sup> with the residentiaryship of St. Paul's; Thomas<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Date, by another hand, Sept 8 1761.

<sup>2</sup> At Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Robert Hay Drummond, brother of the Earl of Kinnoul, succeeded John Gilbert. Only in June he had been translated to Salisbury from St. Asaph. He was a Westminster and Christ Church man, and had been chaplain to George II. in the Dettingen campaign (1743).

<sup>4</sup> The Bishop of Norwich who, as we have already seen, had been tutor to the King. Mitford says that this appointment annoyed and disappointed Warburton. There is no evidence of this: the person whom Warburton eyed malignantly was Terrick, made Bishop of London in 1764. (See Gray to Wharton, April 29, 1765.) Hayter died in 1762.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 36, n. 5.

<sup>6</sup> In succession to Yonge, probably in both his preferments. He is the Newton of the "Dissertation on the Prophecies," and published also an annotated edition of Milton's poems. He became Dean of St. Paul's in 1768, and is buried there. He died in 1782, at the age of seventy-seven. There is a monument to him in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow.

<sup>7</sup> This was the Dr. John Thomas who had been Bishop of Lincoln since 1744. He succeeded (for the succession of Drummond was only, as we have seen, formal) another Dr. John Thomas, who had been Bishop of Salisbury since 1757. This latter Dr. John Thomas was promoted (1761) to Winchester (on the death of Hoadley, of the Bangorian controversy). He had been one of the tutors of the King. The episcopal game of puss-in-the-corner is sometimes a puzzle.

goes to Salisbury; Greene,<sup>1</sup> of Ben'et, to Lincoln; James Yorke succeeds to his deanery.

As to the Queen,<sup>2</sup> why you have all seen her. What<sup>3</sup> need I tell you that she is thin, and not tall, fine, clear, light brown hair (not very light neither), very white teeth, mouth —, nose straight and well-formed, turned up a little at the end, and nostril rather wide; complexion little inclining to yellow, but little colour; dark and not large eyes, hand and arm not perfect, very genteel motions, great spirits, and much conversation. She speaks French very currently. This is all I know, but do not cite me for it.

Mason is come, but I have not seen him; he walks at the Coronation. I shall see the show, but whether in the Hall, or only the Procession, I do not know yet. It is believed places will be cheap. Adieu.

<sup>1</sup> See to Mason, Aug. 7, 1760, where this time we get mixed between John and Thomas. From the Deanery of Lincoln *John* passed to the Bishopric of that See; and James Yorke, fifth son of the famous Chancellor, succeeded him as Dean of Lincoln, being at this time only thirty-one years old. James Yorke became Bishop of Ely in 1781 (twenty years of hope deferred!).

<sup>2</sup> Letter *ap.* Mitford by a lady of high rank in Germany to one in England, July 27th, 1761, among the MSS. of the British Museum: "Voulez-vous le portrait de vôtre future reine tel qu'il m'a été fait par une amie actuellement à Strelitz avec elle? Cette princesse est de menue taille, plutôt grande que petite. La taille fine, la démarche aisée, la gorge jolie, les mains aussi, le visage rond, les yeux bleus et douce (*sic*), la *bouche grande* mais bien bordée, d'un fort bel incarnat, et les plus belles dents du monde, que l'ouvrit [*?qu'elle ouvrit*] toutes dès qu'elle parle ou rit, extrêmement blanche, dansant très bien, l'air extrêmement gracieux et accueillant, un grand air de jeunesse, et, sans flatterie, elle peut passer pour une très jolie personne. Son caractère est excellent, doux, bon, compatissant, sans la moindre fierté." It was, however, frankly admitted at last that she had been plain, but improved with age. As some one said, "The *bloom* of her ugliness went off."

<sup>3</sup> An archaism quite in Gray's humour, for *why*:

*What schulde he studie, and make hiselven wood?*

CHAUCER. *Prologue*, 184.

CCXXIX. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

London, September 24, 1761.

DEAR SIR

I set out at half an hour past four<sup>1</sup> in the morning for the Coronation, and (in the midst of perils and dangers) arrived very safe at my Lord Chamberlain's box in Westminster Hall. It was on the left hand of the throne, over that appropriated to the foreign ministers. Opposite to us was the box of the Earl Marshal<sup>2</sup> and other great officers; and below it that of the princess and younger part of the royal family. Next them was the royal side-board. Then below the steps of the *haut pas* were the tables of the nobility, on each side quite to the door; behind them boxes for the sideboards; over these other galleries for the peers' tickets; and still higher the boxes of the Auditor, the Board of Green Cloth, etc. All these thronged with people head above head, all dressed; and the women with their jewels on. In front of the throne was a *triomphe* of foliage and flowers resembling nature, placed on the royal table, and rising as high as the canopy itself. The several bodies that were to form the procession issued from behind the throne gradually and in order, and, proceeding down the steps, were ranged on either side of hall. All the privy councillors that are commoners (I think) were there, except Mr. Pitt, mightily dressed in rich stuffs of gold and colours, with long flowing wigs, some of them comical figures enough. The Knights of the Bath, with their high plumage, were very ornamental. Of the Scotch peers or peeresses that you see in the list very few

<sup>1</sup> "People," says Walpole, "had sat up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance [at the end of it all]. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the century of crowds." What would he have said of the twentieth century? (To Montagu, Sept. 24, 1761.)

<sup>2</sup> "The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham [Deputy Earl Marshall] owned, the Earl Marshall's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable." (Walpole, *ib.*)

walked, and of the English dowagers as few, though many of them were in town, and among the spectators. The noblest and most graceful figures among the ladies were the Marchioness of Kildare (as Viscountess Leinster),<sup>1</sup> Viscountess Spencer,<sup>2</sup> Countesses of Harrington,<sup>3</sup> Pembroke,<sup>4</sup> and Strafford,<sup>5</sup> and the Duchess of Richmond.<sup>6</sup> Of the older sort (for there is a grace that belongs to age too), the Countess of Westmoreland,<sup>7</sup> Countess of Albe-

<sup>1</sup> "Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large." (Walpole, *ib.*) She walked, as Viscountess Leinster, as a peeress of Great Britain; but her husband had been advanced to the Marquisate of Kildare in Ireland, in March of this year. He was a Fitzgerald; she was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox; one of their sons was the famous Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the hero of the United Irishmen of 1798, who was captured that year after a struggle in Dublin, and died of his wounds in prison.

<sup>2</sup> A very pretty figure, according to Walpole. Her husband had been created Baron Spencer of Althorp, and Viscount Spencer in April of this year; he was at this time just twenty-seven, his wife the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Stephen Poyntz.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., pp. 276, 277 n.

<sup>4</sup> "Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty." (Walpole, *u. s.*) She was the daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, and was married to Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke, at this time in his twenty-eighth year.

<sup>5</sup> "The perfectest little figure of all," says Walpole, who classes her among the representatives of middle age. He declares, no doubt quite truthfully, that he dressed part of her head, as he made some of Lord Hertford's dress. She was Lady Anne Campbell, youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyle. Her husband was William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, of the second creation. They were friends and neighbours of Walpole at Twickenham; their house faced the river and stood between the church and what is now Orleans House, says Cunningham. Horace's correspondence with the Earl (who died in 1791), was maintained at intervals between 1756 and 1790.

<sup>6</sup> She was the daughter of the third Earl of Ailesbury by his third wife (who married Walpole's cousin Conway after the Earl's decease. See vol i., p. 24, n. 9). Married the Duke in 1757. Prince Edward the volatile fancied himself in love with her; she and her husband were both young people; he was twenty-seven; had succeeded to the dukedom in 1750, and carried the sceptre with the dove at this coronation, when his wife, says Walpole, "looked as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her."

<sup>7</sup> Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all." (Walpole, *u. s.*) She was daughter and heiress of Lord



marle,<sup>1</sup> and Duchess of Queensberry.<sup>2</sup> I should mention too the odd and extraordinary appearances. They were the Viscountess Say and Sele,<sup>3</sup> Countesses of Portsmouth<sup>4</sup> and another that I do not name, because she is said to be an extraordinary good woman,<sup>5</sup> Countess of Harcourt,<sup>6</sup> and Duchess of St. Albans.<sup>7</sup> Of the men doubtless the noblest and most striking figure was the Earl of Errol,<sup>8</sup> and after

Henry Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, and died in 1778.

<sup>1</sup> The dowager duchess, for the Duke of Albemarle, of this date, was not married until 1770. She was Anne, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, and was, I conjecture, at this time between sixty and seventy years old.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i., p. 107, n. 2; vol. ii., p. 38, n. 3. Walpole says (Sept. 24, '61) "the Duchess of Queensbury (*sic*) looked well, though her locks milk-white."

<sup>3</sup> "A Lady Say and Sele, with her tresses coal-black, and her hair coal-white." (Walpole to the Countess of Ailesbury, Sept. 27.) Probably the wife of Richard Fiennes, sixth Viscount, who had succeeded to the title in 1742 and died in 1781, a descendant of the Lord Say and Sele, who "had men about him that usually talk of a noun and a verb," and was beheaded for that crime, then novel and now obsolete, by Jack Cade in 1451. As the lady mentioned above has no other place in Walpole's gossip, we may infer that she was not in the fashionable world.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 277 n. She was the widow of a Mr. Henry Grey, and became the second wife of John Wallop, created Viscount Lymington in 1720, and Earl of Portsmouth in 1743. He was at this time seventy-one, and died next year.

<sup>5</sup> I am afraid that this is ironical, the unnamed Countess being Lady Macclesfield. Walpole says that on this occasion, "My Lady Cowper refused, but was forced, to walk with Lady Macclesfield." She was the second wife of the second Earl,—married to him in 1757; her name was Nisbett, and she was a woman of low origin and character.

<sup>6</sup> Wife of the first Earl (for whom see vol. i., p. 266, nn. 1 and 2). She died in 1765, and her name being confused with that of Lady Hertford, then in Paris, there was a panic in the house of Conway for a while. (See Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, Jan. 20, '65).

<sup>7</sup> Probably the Dowager Duchess, mother of "the simple Duke of St. Albans," at this time, I think, on the Continent to escape his creditors.

<sup>8</sup> "The noblest figure I ever saw, the high constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding [Sept. 8] dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the Giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so con-

him the Dukes of Ancaster,<sup>1</sup> Richmond,<sup>2</sup> Marlborough,<sup>3</sup> Kingston,<sup>4</sup> Earl of Northampton,<sup>5</sup> Pomfret,<sup>6</sup> Viscount Weymouth,<sup>7</sup> etc. The men were<sup>8</sup>—the Earl Talbot<sup>9</sup>

siderable a part in that very Hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block.”—*Walpole*. The Earl of Errol inherited his father’s person (see vol. i., p. 131, nn. 3, 4). The office of high constable was hereditary in his mother’s house; she was the granddaughter of the eleventh Earl of Errol; she had suffered enough by rebellions, poor woman; her father (the Earl of Linlithgow) had been attainted after the ’15, her husband beheaded after the ’45; she died in 1747. There is a touch of generous romance in the story that, at this coronation, the Earl forgot to remove his cap when George III. entered; he respectfully apologized; whereupon the young King begged him to be covered, “for he looked on his presence at the solemnity as a very particular honour.” Such signs of the times were not, however, always kindly interpreted by his Majesty’s English subjects.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 135, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> See n. on his Duchess, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> His father who had fought with distinction at Dettingen, had died in 1758 in Westphalia, while in command of the British contingent under Ferdinand of Brunswick. This therefore is the fourth Duke, at this time twenty-three years old; he married a daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and died in 1817, having just completed his seventy-eighth year.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke with whom Miss Chudleigh made her bigamous marriage. He had succeeded to the Dukedom in 1726, and was the nephew of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

<sup>5</sup> The seventh Earl (1758) married in 1759 a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and died in 1763.

<sup>6</sup> He had succeeded to the title in 1753. He had distinguished himself, as Lord Lempster, by anticipating Mrs. Malaprop. He ran very much into debt; when all was supposed to be paid, more turned up; and he wrote to his mother, that he was like *Cerberus*, who when one head was cut off, had another sprouting in its place. He was in the army, was taken prisoner in the Netherlands in 1745, and was “more a *Cerberus* than ever” in 1750, having lost £12,000 at hazard (*Walpole* to Mann, Dec. 19, ’50). As he grew older he dropped the part of Mrs. Malaprop for that of Sir Lucius O’Trigger; challenged anybody on the slightest or no provocation; challenged at last, in 1780, the Duke of Grafton, for some imaginary slight when the Duke was Minister, many years before; and seems to have paid for this freak by a week’s imprisonment in the Tower, where he had for his fellow-prisoner another madman, Lord George Gordon.

<sup>7</sup> See p. 82 and n. 1.

<sup>8</sup> I suspect some misprint here. I have seen no MS.

<sup>9</sup> Lord Talbot, son of Lord Chancellor Talbot. He had been of the faction of Leicester House, and was at this time made Lord

(most in sight of anybody), Earls of Delaware<sup>1</sup> and Macclesfield,<sup>2</sup> Lords Montford<sup>3</sup> and Melcombe;<sup>4</sup> all these I beheld at great leisure. Then the princess and royal family entered their box. The Queen and then the King took their places in their chairs of state, glittering with jewels, for the hire of which, beside all his own, he paid £9000; and the dean and chapter (who had been waiting without doors a full hour and half) brought up the regalia, which the Duke of Ancaster received and placed on the table. Here ensued great confusion in the delivering them out to the lords who were appointed to bear them; the heralds were stupid; the great officers knew nothing of what they were doing. The Bishop of Rochester<sup>5</sup> would

Steward, with an earldom. Walpole describes him as a handsome man of lax morals. He was very unpopular in London, mainly because he kept down the expenses of the Court.

<sup>1</sup> He was the seventh Lord Delawarr, and had just been made an Earl; he died in 1766. He was at one time Governor of Jersey. His daughter, Lady Cecilia West, married in 1762 "the fighting Johnstone," who, as Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca, quarrelled with the Governor, Sir Richard Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* Macclesfield. (See p. 230, n. 5.)

<sup>3</sup> His predecessor, who betted about everything (though a man of considerable parts), committed suicide with great coolness and deliberation on New Year's Day, 1755 (see the story in Walpole to Bentley, Jan. 9, '55).

<sup>4</sup> The famous "Bubb" took the name of Dodington from his uncle, who left him his property. He is the "Bubo" of Pope, and patronised Thomson, who dedicated "Spring" to him, attributing to him

"Unblemished honour, and an active zeal  
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man" (!)

He was a "Brummagem" Maecenas, himself a poetaster, and also a servile and shiftily politician. He was at one time secretary to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was elevated to the peerage early in this new reign. He did not long survive the honour; for he died in 1762. His "Memoirs" are a curious record; and he figures in Browning's "Parleyings with Certain People." At the beginning of the twentieth century we talk of him as the type of the adroit time-server, and believe that his species is quite extinct.

<sup>5</sup> Zachary Pearce, translated from Bangor [1756]. He resigned the deanery of Westminster in 1768, and wanted to resign his bishopric, but was not permitted by law. He was a very good scholar, as his editions of Cicero and Longinus show; a learned divine, and an excellent man, of a modest and unambitious temper.

have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned to the cushion, and the king was often obliged to call out, and set matters right; but the sword of state had been entirely forgot, so Lord Huntingdon<sup>1</sup> was forced to carry the lord mayor's great two-handed sword instead of it. This made it later than ordinary before they got under their canopies and set forward. I should have told you that the old Bishop of Lincoln,<sup>2</sup> with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen, and the Bishop of Chester<sup>3</sup> had the pleasure of bearing the gold paten. When they were gone, we went down to dinner, for there were three rooms below, where the Duke of Devonshire<sup>4</sup> was so good as to feed us

In 1739 he was appointed to the deanery of Westminster by Sir Robert Walpole, at the request of Lord Hardwicke. In 1747 he accepted the offer of the bishopric of Bangor with reluctance. Dr. Johnson received from him some etymologies for his dictionary, and wrote the dedication to the King of Pearce's posthumous works (including his Commentary on the Gospels and Acts) 1777. —*Partly from Mitford.*

Dr. Pearce offered his services to the murderer Lord Ferrers after his conviction, but they were declined in favour of his lordship's brother, the clergyman.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Hastings, son of Selina, "Queen of the Methodists." Made Master of the Horse to George, both as Prince of Wales (1756), and as George III. (1760); afterwards Groom of the Stole, but turned out in 1770. At this time a brilliant person, not much of a Methodist. He once met Warren Hastings, and claimed kinship; but Warren (in the spirit of Sir Edward Seymour who told William III. that the Duke of Somerset was of *his* family) replied that *he* "was descended from Hastings, Earl of Pembroke"—the elder branch. Upon the death of the Earl of this coronation time, without issue, in 1789, the Earldom of Huntingdon became suspended, but was regained in 1819, "by a series of events," says Macaulay, "scarcely paralleled in romance."

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Thomas, who was this year translated to Salisbury, and died 1776; succeeded at Lincoln by John Greene.—*Mitford.*

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Edmund Keene, see vol. i., p. 194, n. 3. With Secker and others he is supposed to figure among Hogarth's periwig'd Bishops.

<sup>4</sup> The fourth Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain. "He had been ill-treated in the late reign by the Prince and Princess Dowager, hated the Favourite, and had declared he would quit whenever the new reign should commence; but he thought better of it" (Walpole, "Memoirs of George III.," vol. i., chap. i.). He resigned in 1762, affronted by the King; who, soon after, struck his name out of the Privy-Council Book. The Princess Dowager was wont to call him ironically the "Prince of the Whigs." He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1755, and died in 1764,

with great cold sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, and other substantial viands and liquors, which we devoured all higgledy-piggledy, like porters; after which every one scrambled up again, and seated themselves. The tables were now spread, the cold viands eat, and on the king's table and sideboard a great show of gold plate, and a dessert representing Parnassus, with abundance of figures of Muses, Arts, etc., designed by Lord Talbot. This was so high that those at the end of the hall could see neither king nor queen at supper. When they returned it was so dark that the people without doors scarce saw anything of the procession, and as the hall had then no other light than two long ranges of candles at each of the peers' tables, we saw almost as little as they, only one perceived the lords and ladies sidling in and taking their places to dine; but the instant the queen's canopy entered, fire was given to all the lustres at once by trains of prepared flax, that reached from one to the other. To me it seemed an interval of not half a minute before the whole was in a blaze of splendour. It is true that for that half minute it rained fire upon the heads of all the spectators (the flax falling in large flakes); and the ladies, Queen and all, were in no small terror, but no mischief ensued. It was out as soon as it fell, and the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld remained. The King (bowing to the lords as he passed) with his crown on his head, and the sceptre and orb in his hands, took his place with great majesty and grace. So did the Queen, with her crown, sceptre, and rod. Then supper was served in gold plate. The Earl Talbot, Duke of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> "The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot [the Lord High Steward] and the Duke of Bedford were woeful; Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning his rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty that it entered backwards: and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew-fair doings." (Walpole to Montagu, Sept. 24.)

"This ridiculous incident was the occasion of some sarcastic remarks in the 'North Briton' of the 21st of August [1763], which led to a correspondence between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes, and ultimately to a duel in the garden of the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot."—*Croker*.

Earl of Effingham,<sup>1</sup> in their robes, all three on horseback, prancing and curveting like the hobby-horses in the Rehearsal,<sup>2</sup> ushered in the courses to the foot of the haut-pas. Between the courses the Champion performed his part with applause. The Earl of Denbigh<sup>3</sup> carved for the King, the Earl of Holderness for the Queen. They both eat like farmers. At the board's end, on the right, supped the Dukes of York and Cumberland; on the left Lady Augusta;<sup>4</sup> all of them very rich in jewels. The maple cups, the wafers, the falcons, etc., were brought up and presented in form; three persons were knighted; and before ten the King and Queen retired. Then I got a scrap of supper, and at one o'clock I walked home. So much for the spectacle, which in magnificence surpassed everything I have seen. Next I must tell you that the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who by ancient right should dine at a table on the haut-pas, at the right hand of the throne, found that no provision at all had been made for them, and, representing their case to Earl Talbot, he told them, "Gentlemen, if you speak to me as High Steward, I must tell you there was no room for you; if as Lord Talbot, I am ready to give you satisfaction in any way you think

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Harcourt, succeeded 1743; born 1719, died 1763; he was Deputy Earl Marshal and Lieutenant-General. A man of considerable talent, but much eccentricity of deportment. See account of him in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 406.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> "A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last, Drawcansir comes in and kills them all on both sides." "Rehearsal" (stage direction), Act v., Sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Basil Fielding, sixth Earl, succeeded 1755, died 1800. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber and Colonel of the Warwickshire Militia. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Bruce Cotton, who was a co-heiress. Lord Gower asked him how long the *honeymoon* would last? he answered, "Don't tell me of *honeymoon*, it is *harvest-moon* with me." He had lived abroad nine years with Lord Bolingbroke, and appeared in the *Rolliad* as helping to throw out Fox's India Bill.—*Mitford*. Walpole wrote to Montagu, Jan. 22, '61:—"Lord Denbigh is made Master of the Harriers, with two thousand a year. Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave into it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the House of Lords. Does this differ from the style of George the Second?"

<sup>4</sup> The King's sister, eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, married to the hereditary Duke of Brunswick, January 16th, 1764. (Walpole, "Mem. George III.," vol. i., c. xxv.)

fit." They are several of them gentlemen<sup>1</sup> of the best families; so this has bred ill blood. In the next place, the City of London found they had no table neither; but Beckford<sup>2</sup> bullied my Lord High Steward till he was forced to give them that intended for the Knights of the Bath, and instead of it they dined at the entertainment prepared for the great officers. Thirdly. Bussy<sup>3</sup> was not at the ceremony. He is just setting out for France. Spain has supplied them with money, and is picking a quarrel with us about the fishery and the logwood.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Pitt says so

<sup>1</sup> Walpole writes, "Lord Talbot had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope [Lord Chesterfield's brother] said, 'We are ill-treated, for some of us are gentlemen.'" (To Montagu, Sept. 24, '60.)

<sup>2</sup> The well-known Alderman Beckford, Member for the City, and twice Mayor of London, father of a more illustrious son. He died during his mayoralty in 1770. "Alderman Beckford stood up for the immemorial privileges of his order to fare sumptuously, and intimated to the Lord Steward if the citizens should have no dinner when they must give the King one, which would cost them ten thousand pounds; the menace prevailed, and the municipal board was at last desirably furnished." See Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i., p. 279.—*Mitford*.

<sup>3</sup> "The Abbé de Bussy sent here with overtures of peace. Mr [Hans] Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris."—*Walpole*, who writes to Conway on the 5th of August: "Bussy was complaining to other day to Mr Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; 'Thirty thousand men,' continued he, 'would embarrass you a little, I believe!' 'Yes, truly,' replied Pitt, 'for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them.'" On September 27th, Walpole writes to the Countess of Ailesbury, "Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour. Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr Pitt is so expectant to conquer Mexico [in the event of a war with Spain] that I don't believe he will stay till my Lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid."

<sup>4</sup> "Bussy, tolerated here as a negotiator, and without even a character from his own Court, presented to Mr Pitt a cavalier note in the name of Spain, demanding restitution of some prizes we had made on Spain during the war, satisfaction for the violation of their territory by the navy of England, liberty of fishery on Newfoundland, and destruction of our settlements on the Spanish territory, in the bay of Honduras." (Walpole, "Mem. of George III.," vol. i., c. 5.) By the treaty with Spain in 1763, we agreed to demolish all fortifications which English subjects had erected in the Bay, but insisted that our logwood-cutters should pursue their

much the better, and was for recalling Lord Bristol directly; <sup>1</sup> however, a flat denial has been *returned* to their pretensions. When you have read this send it to Pa.<sup>2</sup>

CCXXX. *To Mason.*

London, October . . . , 1761.

DEAR MASON—

Perhaps you have not yet hanged yourself; when you do (as doubtless you must be thinking of it), be so good as to give me a day or two's notice that I may be a little prepared. Yet who knows, possibly your education at St. John's, in conjunction with the Bishop of Gloucester,<sup>4</sup> may suggest to you that the naked Indian that found

business, and possess their houses and magazines, unmolested. From these beginnings came ultimately *British Honduras*.

<sup>1</sup> "It is humbly submitted to his Majesty's wisdom that orders be forthwith sent to the *Earl of Bristol* to deliver a declaration signed by his Excellency, and to *return immediately to England, without taking leave*"; the celebrated advice in writing given to the King, previous to the resignation of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple. (See Grenville Papers, i., p. 386.) There is high praise of Lord Bristol in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i., p. 36. He died in 1775.—*Mitford*.

<sup>2</sup> Palgrave. See Index.

<sup>3</sup> The acceptance by Pitt of the barony of Chatham for his wife was regarded by academic politicians of the type of Walpole, Gray and Mason as a fall of Lucifer from heaven. Walpole wrote to Mann, Oct. 10—"Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lies of Brutus and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther as many diamonds as General Clive took."

<sup>4</sup> Not that Warburton was educated at St. John's, for he was of no university. Mason had learned at that college to dabble in Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, and when he talks in his verse of "moral excellence," Gray tells him that the phrase is a "reminiscence of the bad books he read at John's." Here I think the propensity to paradox is the fault at which Gray gibes; it prevailed no doubt among the clever young men at St. John's, and Mason's acquaintance with Warburton, which began after the publication of "Musaeus," would stimulate the disease.



Pitt's diamond<sup>1</sup> made no bad bargain when he sold it for three oyster-shells and a pompon of glass beads to stick in his wife's hair ; if so, you may live and read on.

Last week I had an application from a broken tradesman (whose wife I knew) to desire my interest with the Duke of Newcastle for a tide-waiter's place ; and he adds, "Sir, your speedy compliance with this will greatly oblige all your family." This morning before I was up, Dr. Morton, of the Museum,<sup>2</sup> called here and left the inclosed note. He is a mighty civil man ; for the rest you know him full as well as I do ; and I insist that you return me a civil answer. I do not insist that you should get him the mastership ; on the contrary, I desire (as anybody would in such a case) that you will get it for yourself ; as I intend, when I hear it is vacant, to have the tide-waiter's place, if I miss of the Privy Seal and Cofferership.<sup>3</sup>—Yours,

T. G.

### CCXXXI. *To Wharton.*

Oct: 22. 1761. South<sup>n</sup>: Row.

DEAR DOCTOR

Do not think me very dilatory, for I have been sending away all my things from this house (where nevertheless I shall continue while I stay in Town) & have besides been confined with a severe cold to my room. on rummaging Mr Bromwich's<sup>4</sup> & several other shops I am

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 109, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Charles Morton, of the British Museum, is mentioned by Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters," vol. i. p. 38. He was Keeper of the MSS. and Medals, and, after the death of Dr. Maty, principal librarian. He died February 10, 1799. See Nichols's "Anecdotes," vol. i., p. 619.—*Mitford*. If Morton's application concerned a Cambridge Mastership, Mason might have had some influence both at Pembroke and St. John's ; having been fellow of the first, and scholar of the second ; and both Long, Master of Pembroke, and Newcome, Master of St. John's, were decrepit. But Gray's banter probably refers to some appointment in London.

<sup>3</sup> The offices in question were in suspense ; and Walpole writes, November 28th : "The Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal ; Lord Thomond Cofferer."

<sup>4</sup> *Mitford* (confirmed by Mr. Gosse) Bromwich's.

forced to tell you, that there are absolutely no papers at all, that deserve the name of Gothick, or that you would bear the sight of. they are all what they call *fancy*, & indeed resemble nothing that ever was in use in any age or country. I am going to advise, what perhaps you may be deterred from by the addition of expence, but what, in your case I should certainly do. Anybody that can draw the least in the world is capable of sketching in Indian<sup>1</sup> ink a compartment or two of diaper-work, or a nich or tabernacle with its fret-work: take such a man with you to Durham-Cathedral, and let him copy one division of any ornament you think will have any effect, from the high-altar suppose or the nine altars, or what you please. if nothing there suits you, chuse in Dart's Canterbury or Dugdale's Warwickshire, &c: & send the design hither. they will execute it here, and make a new stamp on purpose, provided you will take 20 pieces of it, & it will come to  $\frac{1}{2}$  or a penny a yard the more (according to the work, that is in it). this I really think worth your while. I mention your doing it there, because it will be then under your own eye, & at your own choice, & you can proportion the whole better to the dimensions of your room, for if the design be of arcade work, or anything on a pretty large scale, & the arches or niches are to rise one above the other, there must be some contrivance, that they may fill the entire space & not be cut in sunder and incompletion this indeed, where the work is in small compartments, is not to be minded. say therefore, if you come into this; or shall I take a Man here to Westminster, & let him copy some of those fret-works? tho' I think, in the books I have named you may find better things. I much doubt of the effect colours (any other than the tints of stucco) would have in a gothic design on paper, & here they have nothing to judge from. those I spoke of at Ely were green & pale blue with the raised work white, if you care to hazard it. I saw an all-silver paper quite plain, & it looked like block-tin. In short there is nothing I would venture to send you. One of 3d a yard in small compartments thus,<sup>2</sup> might perhaps do for the stairs, but very likely it is

<sup>1</sup> Mitford (and Mr. Gosse) India.

<sup>2</sup> A small pen-and-ink drawing is here given.

common, and besides it is not pure Gothic, therefore I would not send it alone. Adieu & tell me soon what I shall do.

I go to Camb: in 3 weeks or less.

CCXXXII. *To the Rev. Mr. Brown.*

PRESIDENT OF PEMBROKE HALL

CAMBRIDGE.

London, Oct: 22, 1761<sup>1</sup>

DEAR S<sup>r</sup>

I have sent down by Gillam's waggon<sup>2</sup> to-day 28 parcels of different bulks, w<sup>ch</sup> I suppose will be deliver'd on Monday morning, & I must beg the favour, that you will see put into my rooms. They are as follows

- 1 + 2. Chests of Books.
- + 3. A Fire grate & instruments
- + 4. Steel-Fender
- + 5. Basket of Earthen-ware, glasses, &c.
- + 6. Black Travelling Chest.
- + 7. Wainscot-Box

<sup>1</sup> This letter was communicated to the "Athenæum" of February 21st, 1891, by Mr. Gosse. It was found in a pocket of a Diary for 1760, containing jottings by the poet; it is a draft, not in his handwriting, but evidently made with great fidelity. The pocket-book, now at Pembroke College, formerly belonged to Mitford, and was given him at Aston, by William Alderson, once Mason's curate, and afterwards his successor in the living. The reader will once more observe how confidently Gray expects the services of his devoted friends in matters the most personal and minute. His apprehensions about fire may, after all, be nothing more than a reasonable concern for the safety of his belongings.

<sup>2</sup> "Gillam's Waggon set out for London from the Pease-Market-Hill, every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday; and return every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from the Cambridge-Warehouse next Great St. Helen's in Bishopsgate-street."—*Cantabrigia Depicta*, 1763. October 22nd, 1761, was a Thursday. The waggon might arrive at Cambridge on Saturday, but the packages would not be delivered at Gray's rooms until Monday. In 1763 the coaches made good speed. "The Fly for Four Passengers at 12s each set out from the Rose in the Market-Place [of Cambridge] at 7 o'clock" and got to "the Queen's-Head, Gray's-Inn-Lane, at 5 o'clock the same evening" (*ib.*).

- + 8. Sofa.
- 9. Back to the same.
- + 10. Deal Book-Case taken to pieces.
- + 11. Wainscot Chest of Drawers.
- + 12. Night-Table.
- + 13. Round Table &c.
- + 14. Breakfast-Table &c.
- + 15. Small Chest of Drawers.
- + 16, + 17. Two Feather Beds &c.
- + 18, + 19. Bedstead in two parts.
- 20. Settee & Stools.
- + 21, + 22, + 23. Six Chairs.
- + 24, + 25, + 26. Six slighter chairs.
- + 27. Fly-Table and Wash-Stand.
- + 28. Basket with pillows, cushions, &c.

Those marked with a cross are casier to break, & therefore pray observe if they appear to have received any damage in coming. You will take notice of N<sup>o</sup> 6 & 7 for another reason, because in them are Papers & other things of value to me. They may all stand pack'd up as they are, till I come, w<sup>ch</sup> will be in about three weeks, I guess: in the mean time I beg no fire may be made, nor any body go flaunting in with a candle, for so many mats & so much packing will make it very dangerous. M<sup>r</sup> Gillam (I reckon) will stay for his money till I arrive.

We are all much out of countenance about this pension.<sup>1</sup> I dare not see Delaval any more, & expect to hear Mason has taken Laudanum. Adieu! I am ever

Yours  
TG:

How goes T. L:<sup>s</sup> 2 affair?

CCXXXIII. *To the Rev. James Brown.*

Nov. [7]. Sat. 1761.

DEAR SIR—

Your letter has rejoiced me, as you will easily believe, and agreeably disappointed me. I congratulate

<sup>1</sup> Pitt's. See note on preceding letter.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lyon's. He was the third of the Lyons at Pembroke: Lord Strathmore and James Philip Lyon were the other two. See vol. i., pp. 258, n. 2; 348, n. 2; and index. He was a Fellow-Commoner, and the "affair" was his election to a Fellowship. See letter to Brown *post*, Nov. Saturday, '61.

you in the first place; and am very glad to see the college have had the spirit and the sense to do a thing so much to their own credit, and to do it in a handsome manner. My best service to Mr. Lyon;<sup>1</sup> and tell him it will be a great disobligation if my lady<sup>2</sup> takes him away to pass the Christmas with her, just when I am proposing to visit him in his new capacity.<sup>3</sup> I hope to be with you in about a week, but will write again before I come. Do persuade Mr. Delaval<sup>4</sup> to stay; tell him I will say anything he pleases of . . . . .

Have you read the negociations? I speak not to Mr. Delaval, but to you. The French have certainly done Mr. Pitt service in publishing them. The spirit and contempt he has shown in his treatment of Bussy's<sup>5</sup> proposals, whether right or wrong, will go near to restore him to his popularity, and almost make up for the disgrace of the pension. My Lord Temple<sup>6</sup> is outrageous; he makes no scruple of declaring that the Duke of N[ewcastle] and

<sup>1</sup> See letter October 22nd, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> The dowager Lady Strathmore.

<sup>3</sup> As Fellow.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 150, n. 2; *ib.* p. 217, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> See notes on letter of Sept. 24, '61, towards the end. "Bussy says Walpole ('Mem. George III.,' vol. i., c. iv.), "was an Abbé of parts, who had formerly resided here as minister, and had given much offence to the late King, whom he treated so impertinently, that the King asking him one day in the circle 'Ce qu'il y avait de nouveau à Paris?' Bussy replied with contemptuous familiarity, 'Sire, il y gèle.' Bussy was not likely to be so presumptuous now [1761.]" Pitt, before his resignation and acceptance of the pension had peremptorily rejected the proposals of Bussy, who made them in the name both of France and of Spain.

<sup>6</sup> Pitt's brothers-in-law quarrelled at this crisis. "George Grenville was entrusted with the management of the House of Commons. Grenville had been destined for Speaker: an office to which his drudgery was suited; and which, being properly the most neutral place in government, would have excused him from entering into the contest between Mr. Pitt and the Favourite. But Grenville's temper, though plodding and laborious, had not the usual concomitant prudence. He lent himself to the views of Lord Bute to promote his own. Lord Temple, who had as little decency as his brother George had judgement, was exasperated beyond measure; broke out into bitter invectives against him, and threatened to leave from him the paternal estate and give it to James, the third brother, who had resigned with him and Mr. Pitt." (Walpole "Mem. George III.," vol. i., c. vi.).

Lord Bute were the persons whose frequent opposition in council were the principal cause of this resignation. He has (as far as he could) disinherited his brother G. Grenville, that is of about £4000 a-year, his father's estate; and yesterday<sup>1</sup> he made a very strange speech in the House that surprised everybody. The particulars I cannot yet hear with certainty; but the Duke of Bedford replied to it. Did you observe a very bold letter in the *Gazette* of Thursday last about Carr Earl of Somerset? <sup>2</sup> How do you

<sup>1</sup> After the King's Speech on November 6th. Hence this letter was written on the 7th. After the Address had been moved and seconded "Lord Temple rose, and opened on his own and Mr. Pitt's resignations, the motives to which he explained; found fault that no mention was made of the militia, and that the Parliament had not been thanked for establishing it. He talked on Court favour, and on those who disposed of all things; endeavouring to provoke Lord Bute to rise. He said the crisis for a war with Spain had been most advantageously held out to this country, and complained of those who had betrayed the secrets of our situation to Bussy. It was a time, he said, when a first minister was necessary, but now *who* remained fit for that office? *Who* thought himself capable of *guiding*? He uttered this in his usual languid manner, though the matter was not ill conceived; nor, though indiscreet, was he so intemperate as had been expected. The Duke of Bedford replied with much applause, and said he did not know why the militia deserved more thanks, than the grant of regular troops. He declared, upon his honour, that he had told no such thing, as had been hinted at to Bussy [*i.e.* that we were no longer in a situation to make war] and concluded with hoping never to see a first minister." (Walpole. "Mem. George III.," vol. i., c. vi.)

<sup>2</sup> This allusion is, of course, to the growing favour of Lord Bute. At this time great irritation was felt at the resignation of Mr. Pitt and the increasing favouritism and influence of Lord Bute, and very *strong* letters were written in the papers; but I have not found the letter to which Gray alludes. The *London Gazette* was only an official paper. In Lloyd's *Evening Post* of that period and month are several letters on the subject: to what particular paper Gray alluded it seems difficult to say. There were, besides the two papers mentioned above, Reed's *Weekly Journal* and the *London Chronicle*, which may be found in the Catalogue of the British Museum. Two Letters to the Earl of Bute are advertised this month, November 1761, in Lloyd's paper.—*Mitford*. Robert Carr succeeded to the power and influence, though not to the official position of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. The invidious parallel between the favourite of James I. and the favourite of the Princess Dowager might be made to seem fairly complete at this crisis, immediately after the resignation of Pitt.

like the King's speech? It is Lord Hardwicke's. How do you like Hogarth's perriwigs?<sup>1</sup> I suppose you have discovered the last face in the rank of peeresses to be a very great personage; extremely like, though you never saw her. Good-night.—I am ever yours, T. G.

### CCXXXIV. *To Wharton.*

Nov: 13. 1761. London.

DEAR DOCTOR

I went as soon as I received your last letter, to chuse papers for you at Bromwich's. I applaud your determination, for it is mere pedantry in Gothicism to stick to nothing but altars and tombs, and there is no end of

<sup>1</sup> His print: "The Five Orders of Perriwigs, as they were worn at the late coronation, measured Architectonically." Below the Print is the Advertisement: "In about seventeen years will be completed in Six Volumes folio, price Fifteen Guineas, the exact measurement of the Perriwigs of the Ancients; taken from the Statues, Bustos, & Baso-Relievos of Athens, Palmira, Balbec and Rome by Modesto Perriwig-maker from Lagado. N.B. None will be sold but to Subscribers. Published as the Act directs Oct. 15, 1761 by W. Hogarth."

Hogarth here ridicules Athenian Stuart, and Palmyra Wood. There seems to have been a mania for measurements among the æsthetic people of the time, emulated at a modest distance even by Mr. William Halfpenny. The persons depicted are all more or less caricatures, with the exception of the Queen; in the second state the second e of "Advertisement," omitted in the first state, is inserted in the back of the Duchess of Northumberland! The peeresses are represented at the base of the engraving, as moving from left to right, the little figure of Queen Charlotte, with hair curled, and without crown or coronet, closing the procession on the left-hand corner. Walpole writes to Montagu, Nov. 7, '61: "The enclosed print will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied; the Athenian head was intended for Stuart; but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose." On the print in the British Museum a pencil *bordereau* explains that the lady thus depicted is Lady Irwin—who was a *viscountess*. It is, I think, the new-created Baroness Chatham, Pitt's wife, Lady Hester Grenville (she was not so created till after the Coronation, but Hogarth would scarcely stick at that). Whoever it may be, the contrast between the self-complacent, smirking baroness (the rank is ascertained by the coronet) in the one corner, and the modest little Queen in the other, is very characteristic of the painter-moralist.

it, if we are to sit upon nothing but Coronation-chairs, nor drink out of nothing but chalices & flagons. the idea is sufficiently kept up, if we live in an ancient house, but with modern conveniences about us. nobody will expect the inhabitants to wear ruffs and farthingales. besides these things are not to be had, unless we make them ourselves.

I have however ventured to bespeak (for the staircase) the stucco-paper of 3<sup>d</sup> a yard, w<sup>ch</sup> I mentioned to you before. it is rather pretty, and nearly Gothick the border is entirely so, & where it runs horizontally, will be very proper; where perpendicularly, not altogether so: I do not see, how this could be avoided. the crimson paper is the handsomest I ever saw; from its simplicity, I believe, as it is nothing but the same thing repeated throughout. Mr. Trevor (Hampden<sup>1</sup>) design'd it for his own use. the border is a spiral scroll, also the prettiest I have seen. this paper is 8<sup>d</sup>: a yard: the blew is the most extravagant, a mohair-flock paper of a shilling a yard, w<sup>ch</sup> I fear you will blame me for; but it was so handsome, and look'd so warm, I could not resist it. the pattern is small, & will look like a cut-velvet: the border a scroll like the last, but on a larger scale. You will ask, why the crimson (w<sup>ch</sup> was to be the best) is not a mohair-paper too? Because it would have no effect in that sort of pattern; & it is as handsome as it need to be, without that expence. the library paper is a cloth-colour: all I can say for it is, that it was the next best design they had after the former. I think it is 7<sup>d</sup> $\frac{1}{2}$  a yard. they do not keep any quantity by them (only samples of each sort) but promise, they shall be finish'd in a week, and sent to your Brother's,<sup>2</sup> with whom I have left the bill, as I go myself to Cambridge in

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Hon. Robert Trevor Hampden, one of the post-masters-general. His wife had died of the smallpox in June of this year, 1761; and the loss no doubt put off his plans for house-decoration. In 1763 his only daughter was to have been married to Francis Child, the banker, of Osterley Park, near Hounslow, but the lover died suddenly, and she married, in May of the next year, the twelfth Earl of Suffolk. (Walpole. Letters of June 18, '61; Oct. 3, '63.)

<sup>2</sup> I think this is Mr. Jonathan (Wharton); "she" is, I conjecture, Mrs. Jonathan, and they have perhaps lost an infant child.



a day or two. Indeed this is a very improper time to trouble him, though when I call'd there last night, I was told she was a great *deal better*. I did not know of his loss till you told me: on which I went to ask how they did, & found him truly in a very deplorable situation. He said he had wrote to you, but I do not know, whether he was able to give you a full acco[unt]<sup>1</sup> . . . .

### CCXXXV. To Mason.

Pembroke Hall, December 8, 1761.

DEAR MASON—

Of all loves<sup>2</sup> come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval,<sup>3</sup> and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales; and we have concerts every

<sup>1</sup> Last page lost except letters *co*.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabethan and Shakespearian. "He desires you, *of all loves*, to make no more noise" ("Othello," III., i. 13), where the reading of the Folios, "*for love's sake*," interprets the meaning, and perhaps indicates that the phrase in 1623 was already becoming obsolete.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 217, n. 2; vol. ii., pp. 115 (n.), and 131. As early as 1746 the first experiments in England with the musical glasses were made, and that by the famous Gluck, for Walpole wrote to Mann on March 28th of that year: "The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German; he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, *which he modulates with water*; I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing." Gluck was at this date in his thirty-second year, and had recently been appointed composer for the opera house in the Haymarket. The invention, in some crude form, was known nearly a century before, perhaps in Italy. Even Puckeridge (*supra*, p. 115, n.) made the pitch depend on the quantity of water in the glasses. Franklin (and perhaps before him Delaval) determined it by the size of the glasses, which were made to rotate in a basin of water by means of a treadle, the player touching the brims with his finger, and the different notes being indicated by different colours in the glasses. This apparatus was inclosed in a box. In 1764 the sham Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs are represented as putting the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters into the shade by talking on "fashionable topics such as pictures, taste, *Shakespeare and the musical glasses*."—ED. In the "St. James's Chronicle," December 3rd, 1761, is an advertisement: "At Mr. [Thomas] Sheridan's lecture on Elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the *musical gla'ses for the amusement of genteel company*."—*Mitford*.

other night, and shall stay here this month or two; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich; and the man<sup>1</sup> will not die, and Mr. Wood<sup>2</sup> is gone to Chatsworth; and there is nobody but you and Tom<sup>3</sup> and the curled dog; and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind. T. G.

CCXXXVI. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, January 11, 1762.

DEAR MASON—

It is a mercy that old men are mortal, and that dignified clergymen know how to keep their word. I heartily rejoice with you in your establishment, and with myself that I have lived to see it—to see your insatiable mouth stopped, and your anxious perriwig at rest and slumbering in a stall. The Bishop of London,<sup>4</sup> you see, is dead; there is a fine opening. Is there nothing farther to tempt you? Feel your own pulse, and answer me seriously. It rains precentorships; you have only to hold up your skirt and catch them.

I long to embrace you in your way to court. I am still here, so are the Glasses and their master. The first still delight me; I wish I could say as much for the second. Come, however, and see us, such as we are. Mr. Brown is overjoyed at the news, yet he is not at all well. I am (which is no wonder, being undignified and much at leisure) entirely yours,

T. G.

<sup>1</sup> The York canon, into whose shoes Mason was hoping to step. [See lett. Aug. '61 and next letter.]

<sup>2</sup> Either "Palmyra" Wood, who has perhaps been staying with Mason at Aston, and gone thence to the Duke of Devonshire's at Chatsworth, or Mr. Mason's curate, also Wood, whose absence, however, from Aston could hardly be a reason why the incumbent should come to Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> Mason's servant, as early as 1753. See Mason to Gray, September 23rd of that year.

<sup>4</sup> Hayter, so recently, as we have seen, translated from Norwich. He was succeeded by Richard Osbaldeston.

CCXXXVII. *To Wharton.*Pemb: Coll: Jan: 1761<sup>1</sup> [2].

DEAR DOCTOR

The best piece of news I have to send you is, that Mason is Residentiary of York, w<sup>ch</sup> is worth near 200£ a year: he owes it to our friend M<sup>r</sup> F: Montagu, who is Brother-in-Law to Dean Fountayne.<sup>2</sup> the Precentorship (worth as much more) being vacant at the same time, L<sup>d</sup> H:<sup>3</sup> has obtain'd that too for him: but for this he must come and kiss hands; & as the ceremony is not yet over, we do not proclaim it aloud for the present. he now (I think) may wait for M<sup>r</sup> Hutton's<sup>4</sup> exit with great patience, and shut his insatiable repining mouth. I hope to see him here in his way to Town.

I pity your Brother,<sup>5</sup> & have little hope left of his Wife's recovery: tho' I have been told that D<sup>r</sup> Lowth's, after she had continued for some years in that condition, was perfectly restored. it may be worth while to enquire in what method she was treated. the papers were to have been sent to Boswel-Court the week after I left London to be seen before they were pack'd up. M<sup>r</sup> Jonathan is perhaps unable to attend to it, but doubtless you have order'd somebody to hasten Bromwich, & see that the sorts are right. I shall not be at London till the middle of March. My old Friend Miss Speed<sup>6</sup> has done what the World calls

<sup>1</sup> Should be 1762. Gray's mistake, an oversight encouraged by the old-fashioned way of dating the year. If he has been copied correctly, he made it three times at the beginning of 1762. It has misled me here into misdating by a year the time of Miss Speed's marriage in my edition of Gray's Poems (Pitt Press).

<sup>2</sup> Frederick Montagu. See index. <sup>3</sup> Holderness.

<sup>4</sup> The said exit took place in 1768. See vol. i., p. 238, n. 1; and ii., p. 26, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps if we put this paragraph and the letter to Wharton of Nov. 13, '61, together, we shall conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan are the brother and the sister-in-law, of Thomas Wharton, and that they lived in Boswell Court, which is reached from Devonshire Street [W. C.] and was very near to Gray's lodgings in Southampton Row. But the matter is clinched by a letter of January 17th, 1768, addressed on the back "to Dr. Wharton at Mr. Wharton's in Boswell Court, Carey-street, London."

<sup>6</sup> See vol. i., p. 251, n. 3. I have now some doubt as to the

a very foolish thing. she has married the Baron de la Peyriere, Son to the Sardinian Minister, the Comte de Viry. He is about 28 years old (ten years younger than herself) but looks nearer 40. this is not the effect of debauchery, for he is a very sober Man; good natured & honest, & no Conjuror. the estate of the family is about 4000£ a-year. The Castle of Viry is in Savoy a few miles from Geneva, commanding a fine view of the Lake. what she has done with her money, I know not: but (I suspect) kept it to herself. her religion she need not change, but she must never expect to be well-received at that Court, till she does; & I do not think she will make quite a *Julie*<sup>1</sup> in the country.

The Heloise cruelly disappointed me, but it has its Partisans, among w<sup>ch</sup> are Mason and M<sup>r</sup> Hurd. for me, I admire nothing but Fingal<sup>2</sup> (I conclude, you have read it: if

identification of Miss Speed with the more *fragile-looking* of the two ladies represented as flying in the air. In the same note, towards the end, for "*when*" read "*where* she pleases."

<sup>1</sup> Julie, as Madame de Wolmar, writes to her friend Madame d'Orbe: "Tu connois mon aversion pour la ville, mon goût pour la campagne, pour les travaux rustiques, et l'attachement que trois ans de séjour m'ont donné pour ma maison de Clarens." ("Nouvelle Héloïse," 4<sup>me</sup> Partie, Lettre I.) Saint-Preux (*Ib.* Lettre X.) gives a pretty picture of the ménage at Clarens, and the affection that subsisted between the Wolmars and their dependents.

<sup>2</sup> "Fingal" only appeared at the end of 1761—a fact in itself decisive of the date of this letter.—ED. In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had sent "Fingal" down to him, he says: "For my part I will stick to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worse for him (the translator), than for me. The Epic Poem is foolishly so called, yet there is a sort of plan and unity in it very strange for a barbarous age; yet what I more admire are some of the detached pieces—the rest I leave to the discussion of antiquarians and historians; yet my curiosity is much interested in their decision." No man surely ever took more pains with himself to believe anything, than Mr. Gray seems to have done on this occasion.—Mason. Walpole writes to G. Montagu, (Dec. 8, '61.) "Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short I cannot believe it genuine; I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from the times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so

not, Stonhewer can lend it you), yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of those poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the World. whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable. je m'y pers.

I take no joy in the Spanish War, being too old to privateer,<sup>1</sup> & too poor to buy stock; nor do I hope for a good end of any war, as it will be now probably conducted. oh that foolishhest<sup>2</sup> of Great Men, that sold his

often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign ! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it; were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense ! luckier and luckier.”

<sup>1</sup> “You ask if the City had not rather part with Mr Pitt than have a Spanish War? How *tramontane* you are ! I believe the chief reason of their forgiving his pension, was his holding out Spanish plunder to them. Though they say they have ceased to be Jacobites, they have not relinquished the principles of privateering, brokerage, insurance, contracts, and twenty other tenets, not to be found in the *Crusca*.” (Walpole to Mann at Florence, Nov. 16, '61.) He writes to the same, January 4th, 1762: “The War was proclaimed this morning.”

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pitt. “As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death” (says Mr. Walpole in a letter to Mr. Conway [Oct. 12, '61]) “at least I have buried him. Here is his epitaph :

“Admire his eloquence.—It mounted higher  
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire.  
Adore his services—our lions view,  
Ranging where Roman eagles never flew ;  
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere  
—But oh ! beware Three Thousand Pounds a year !”

See also to the Countess of Ailesbury [Oct. 10, '61]. “Pitt insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The City breathed vengeance on his opposers, the council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened ; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Hester, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my Lord and Lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, Madam, this immaculate has accepted the Barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year for three lives ; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord Anson would

inestimable diamond<sup>1</sup> for a paltry peerage & pension: the very night it happen'd was I swearing, that it was a damn'd lie, & never could be: but it was for want of reading Thomas a Kempis,<sup>2</sup> who knew mankind so much better, than I.

Young Pitt<sup>3</sup> (whom I believe you have heard me mention) is return'd to England: from him I hope to get much information concerning Spain, which nobody has seen: he is no bad Observer. I saw a man yesterday, who has been atop of M: Ætna, and seen the ruins of a temple at Agrigentum,<sup>4</sup> whose Columns (when standing) were 96 feet in height: a moderate Man might hide himself in one of the flutings. by the way there is a M<sup>r</sup> Phelps (now gone secretary with the Embassy to Turin) who has been all over Sicily, & means to give us an account of its remains. there are two more volumes of Buffon<sup>5</sup> (the 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup>) arrived in England; & the two last Maps of D'anville's<sup>6</sup> Europe. One M<sup>r</sup> Needham, tutor to a L<sup>d</sup> Gor-

now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us* is a war for three thousand lives! But—

“Does this become a soldier? *this* become  
Whom armies followed and a people loved?”

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles.”—*Mitford*. The angry City dubbed the new Baroness Lady Cheat'en. Walpole's epithet for her tallies with what I suppose to be the caricature of her in Hogarth's “periwigs.” See p. 244, n. 1.

<sup>1</sup> For the allusion, see vol. i., p. 109, n. 1; and ii., pp. 237, 238.

<sup>2</sup> “Cur tam facile aliis credidi? Sed homines sumus, nec aliud quam fragiles homines sumus, etiam si angeli a multis æstimamur et dicimur.”—“De Imitatione Christi,” Lib. iii., c. 45.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas. See vol. i., p. 365, n. 4, where correct date of this letter.

<sup>4</sup> Girgenti. The ruins of the ancient Agrigentum lie between Girgenti and the sea. The temple of which Gray speaks is that of the Olympian Zeus. In the seventeenth century some of its ruins were used to build the harbour (Molo di Girgenti, now Porto Empedocle).

<sup>5</sup> See vol. i. p. 206 n. 4 (where for 1756 read 1767); p. 207 n. 1.

<sup>6</sup> This eminent geographer was at the date of Gray's writing in his sixty-fifth year. He died in 1782. He brought a vast amount of historical and other research to bear upon his great task of map-making, with the significant result, that<sup>a</sup> where previous geo-

manstown<sup>1</sup> now on his travels, has made a strange discovery. he saw a figure of Isis at Turin, on whose back was a pilaster of antique characters, not hieroglyphicks,<sup>2</sup> but such as are sometimes seen on Egyptian statues. when he came to Rome, in the Vatican Library he was shew'd a Glossary of the ancient Chinese tongue. he was struck with the similitude of the characters, & on comparing them with an exact copy he had of the inscription, found that he could read it, and that it signified, This Statue of Isis is copied from another, in such a City: the original is so many measures in height, & so many in breadth. if this be true, it may open many new things to us. Deguignes some time ago wrote a dissertation to prove, that China was peopled from Egypt.

I still flatter myself with the notion of seeing you in Summer; but God knows, how it will be. I am persuading M<sup>r</sup> Brown to make a visit to Lady Strathmore (who has often invited him) & then you will see him too: he is at present not very well, having something of the Sciatica, which hangs about him. present my best services to M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, I am ever

Truly Yours  
T G:

*P:S:* the Q: is said here to be ill, & to spit blood: she is not with child, I am afraid.

graphers had offered the public spaces filled with towns and countries, he often exhibited a perfect blank. He made a mistake when he applied his methods to the problem of solving the figure of the earth; Maupertius in 1736 disproved his conjectures by measuring a degree within the polar circle. But in 1743 D'Anville's map of Italy established his fame,—especially as his results were confirmed by a survey ordered by Pope Benedict XIV. D'Anville is said to have published 211 maps, and 78 Memoirs and Dissertations.

<sup>1</sup> Antony Preston, eleventh Viscount Gormanston, who succeeded to the title in 1757.

<sup>2</sup> Gray is careful to note this, because of course there would be resemblances in picture-writing, though there might be no connection between the peoples who employed it. It is difficult, however, to make much out of this story, as he tells it.

CCXXXVIII. *To Mason.*Pembroke College, February 5, 1761[-2]<sup>1</sup>

DEAR MASON,

When the belly is full, the bones are at rest. You squat yourself down in the midst of your revenues, leave me to suppose that somebody has broke in upon the Dean before you, that Mr. Beedon has seized upon the precentorship, that you are laid up with a complication of distempers at York, that you are dead of an apoplexy at Aston, and all the disagreeable probabilities that use to befall us, when we think ourselves at the height of our wishes; and then away you are gone to town while I am daily expecting you here, and the first I know of it is from the *Gazette*. Why, if you were Bishop of Lincoln<sup>2</sup> you could not serve one worse.

I wrote to you the same day I received your letter, the 11th January, and then to Dr. Wharton, who sends you his congratulations to be delivered in your way to London; here, take them, you miserable precentor. I wish all your choir may mutiny, and sing you to death. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Commend me kindly to Montagu.<sup>3</sup>CCXXXIX. *To Walpole.*

Sunday, February 28, 1762.

I return you my best thanks for the copy of your book,<sup>4</sup> which you sent me, and have not at all lessened my opinion

<sup>1</sup> If Gray dated 1761, it was an oversight.<sup>2</sup> John Greene, see *supra*, p. 160 and n. 4.—ED. He wrote two pamphlets: "The Principles and Practices of the Methodists considered." Mr. Tyson has given a list of his writings, among which are a few sermons and some "Dialogues of the Dead," printed in Mr. Weston's volume. The familiar name given him at the University was "Gamwell," which appellation he also bears in some of the letters of the time.—*Mitford*.<sup>3</sup> Frederick. See Index.<sup>4</sup> Two volumes of the "Anecdotes of Painting." (See Walpole to Montagu, Dec. 30, '61.)



of it since I read it in print, though the press has generally a bad effect on the complexion of one's works. The engravings look, as you say, better than I had expected, yet not altogether so well as I could wish. I rejoice in the good dispositions of our Court,<sup>1</sup> and in the propriety of their application to you: the work is a thing so much to be wished; has so near a connection with the turn of your studies and of your curiosity; and might find such ample materials among your hoards and in your head; that it will be a sin if you let it drop and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance. The historical part should be in the manner of Hénault,<sup>2</sup> a mere abridgement; a series of facts selected with judgment, that may serve as a clue to lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art, that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Montfaucon's<sup>3</sup> more diffuse narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which, though not intended for this purpose, might be applied perhaps to this use. Then, at the end of each reign, should come to a dissertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the customs, cere-

<sup>1</sup> "Lord Bute presents his compliments to Mr Walpole, and returns him a thousand thanks for the very agreeable present he has made him. In looking over it, Lord Bute observes Mr Walpole has mixed several curious remarks on the customs, etc., of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts, by Peck etc. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable, but instructive; the French have attempted it; the Russians are about it; and Lord Bute has been informed Mr Walpole is well furnished with materials for such a noble work."—Earl of Bute to Walpole (in Feb. '62,)—as quoted by Wright. To this Walpole replied on February 15th in language conventionally florid and insincere—but in substance to the effect that a work like Montfaucon's "*Monuments de la Monarchie Française*" would be an expense too great for a private fortune, but that he would readily bestow any *trouble* on a task which might redound to the King's and his lordship's glory.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 207 n. 5; p. 208 n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Vid. supra.* "*Les Monumens de la Monarchie Française*" appeared in five vols. folio, between 1729 and 1733. Montfaucon, a man of noble family, after serving under Turenne, took the vows, and lived from monastery to monastery, an eager student and editor of patristic and other literature, and died in 1741, in his eighty-eight year.

monials, arms, dresses, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you must do yourself, beside taking upon you the superintendence, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expense, that must be the King's own entirely, and he must give the book to foreign Ministers and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake such a thing without a subscription, and no gentleman will care for such an expedient; and a gentleman it should be, because he must have easy access to archives, cabinets, and collections of all sorts. I protest I do not think it impossible but they may give in to such a scheme; they approve the design, they wish to encourage the arts, and to be magnificent, and they have no Versailles or Herculaneum.<sup>1</sup>

I hope to see you toward the end of March. If you bestow a line on me, pray tell me whether the Baronne de la Peyriere<sup>2</sup> is gone to her Castle of Viry, and whether Fingal be discovered or shrewdly suspected to be a forgery. Adieu!—I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

### CCXL. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, March 17, 1762.

DEAR DOCTOR—

I send your reverence the lesson, which is pure good-nature on my part, knowing already, as I do, that you do not like it. No sooner do people feel their income increase than they want amusement. Why, what need have you of any other than to sit like a Japanese divinity with your hands folded on your fat belly, wrapped and, as it were, annihilated in the contemplation of your own *copuses* and revenues? The pentagrapher is gone to town, so you have nothing to do but to go and multiply in your own vulgar way; only don't fall to work and forget to say grace.

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 270 and n.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly Miss Speed. See on letter to Wharton, January 1762 (and vol. i., p. 351 n. 3). Also on the same letter for Walpole's opinion about "Fingal."

The laureate has honoured me (as a friend of yours,<sup>1</sup> for I know no other reason) with his new play and his "Charge to the Poets":<sup>2</sup> the first very middling; the

<sup>1</sup> See p. 17 n. 5, where, misled by Mason's lines, I wrongly place Whitehead at St. John's. He had been a fellow of Clare College, Cambridge; he was somewhat Mason's senior at the University. In his Verses to Mason are the lines:

"How oft, beneath some hoary shade  
Where Cam glides indolently slow,  
Hast thou, as indolently laid  
Prefer'd to heaven thy fav'rite vow:  
'Here, here forever let me stay,  
Here calmly loiter life away,  
Nor all those vain connections know  
Which fetter down the free-born mind,  
The slave of interest, or of show;  
Whilst yon gay tenant of the grove,  
The happier heir of Nature's love,  
'Can warble unconfin'd.'"

See vol. i., p. 266, n. 1 (where for Bassey read Bussey); and Index.

<sup>2</sup> The new play of Mr. Whitehead was "The School for Lovers," acted at Drury Lane, 1762. His poem was "Address to youthful Poets, a poetic Charge." "This," says Mr. Coleridge, "is perhaps the best and certainly the most interesting of his works." (See "Biograph. Lit.," i., p. 222.) This charge brought on him the vindictive resentment of *Churchill*, who attacked the Laureate [in "the Ghost"] with a very reprehensible severity. See Anderson's "Life of Whitehead," p. 897, and Mason's "Life of Whitehead," p. 106. The portrait of Whitehead, from which the print before his works is taken, has been kindly presented to me from Aston.—*Mitford*. "The School for Lovers" was an adaptation from "Le Testament" of Fontenelle, and is dedicated to the memory of that writer. "Le Testament" is planned on the model of Menandrian (or Terentian) comedy; the scene is laid in Greece; it was never acted. Whitehead has "made the story English," but prides himself in the prologue, as he originally wrote it, on having observed the unities. Garrick, however, insisted on shifting the scenes, and the prologue, as spoken by him, is whimsically altered in deference to the popular taste:

"What eager transport stares from every eye,  
When pulleys rattle, and our genii fly!  
When tin-cascades like falling waters gleam:  
Or through the canvas—bursts the real stream!  
While thirsty Islington laments in vain  
Half her New River roll'd to Drury-Lane."

But the play itself is a very tame thing; it needs no change of scene; and such devices could only have brought its dullness into

second I am pleased with, chiefly with the sense, and sometimes with the verse and expression; and yet the best thing he ever wrote was that "Elegy against Friendship"<sup>1</sup> you once shewed me, where the sense was detestable; so that you see it is not at all necessary a poet should be a good sort of man—no, not even in his writings. Bob Lloyd<sup>2</sup> has published his works in a just quarto volume, containing, among other things, a Latin translation of my Elegy; an epistle, in which is a very serious compliment to me by name,<sup>3</sup> particularly on my Pindaric

stronger relief. The "Charge to the Poets" resumes the theme of Whitehead's "Danger of Writing Verse" which was first printed "full twenty years" before. It points at Churchill's manners and customs in the lines:

"But chief avoid the boist'rous roaring sparks,  
The sons of fire!—you'll know them by their marks.  
Fond to be heard, they always court a croud,  
And tho' 'tis borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.  
One epithet supplies their constant chime,  
*Damn'd* bad, *damn'd* good, *damn'd* low, and *damn'd* sublime!"

<sup>1</sup> See Whitehead's Works, vol. ii., p. 129 [1774]; "Life of Whitehead," by Mason, p. 40. Mason suspects that the loss of Mr. Charles Townshend's friendship led Whitehead to write this poem.—*From Mitford*. Though in these verses Whitehead deplores the estrangement caused by social insincerity or different lines of life, I have read them without discovering why Gray found their extremely mild sense "detestable."

<sup>2</sup> The associate of Cowper, in his days as a Templar, and, as we have seen, the parodist, in company with the elder Colman, of Gray and Mason. He died in his thirty-first or thirty-second year, little more than two years after the date of this letter. He was the son of an assistant master at Westminster School; became himself a master there, after passing through Trinity, Cambridge; but was soon disgusted with teaching; avenging himself by writing verses on the wretchedness of the profession, whilst earning a precarious livelihood by writing. He was the friend of Churchill, to whose sister he is said to have been engaged; "he died," says Southey, "if ever man died, of a broken heart," on hearing of Churchill's death, and his betrothed "sinking under the double load," died soon after.

<sup>3</sup> The praise of Gray occurs in Lloyd's Epistle to Churchill—

"What muse like Gray's shall pleasing, pensive, flow,  
Attenuated sweetly to the rustic woe;  
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,  
And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?"

*From Mitford,*

accomplishments; and the very two odes you saw before, in which we were abused, and a note to say they were written in concert with his friend Mr. Colman; so little value have poets for themselves, especially when they would make up a just volume. Mr. Delap<sup>1</sup> is here, and has brought his cub to Trinity. He has picked up again purely since his misfortune, and is fat and well, all but a few bowels. He says Mrs. Pritchard<sup>2</sup> spoilt his *Hecuba* with sobbing so much, and that she was really so moved that she fell in fits behind the scenes. I much like Dr. Lowth's<sup>3</sup> Grammar; it is concise, clear, and elegant. He has selected his solecisms from all the best writers of our tongue. I hear Mr. Hurd<sup>4</sup> is seriously writing against Fingal, by the instigation of the devil and the bishop.<sup>5</sup> Can it be true? I have exhausted all my literary news, and I have no other. Adieu.—I am truly yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown has got a cap, and hopes for a suitable hood.<sup>6</sup> You must write a line to tell him how to send them. I go to town on Monday, but direct to me here.

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 329, n. 1, where *dele* the statement that Delap became Rector of Lewes.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Pritchard acted the heroine in Johnson's "Irene," and was to have been strangled on the stage, but the audience shouted "murder!" and she had to go off alive. Johnson considered her a mechanical actress, though as Hecuba she seems to have been rather too emotional. "In common life," said Johnson, "she was a vulgar idiot and would talk of her *gown*." Walpole always speaks highly of her powers as an actress; while recognizing that she was too fat to play Jane Shore, he praises her as Lady Macbeth and Beatrice. She lived near him, as did Kitty Clive, at Twickenham; died in 1768 in her fifty-seventh year, and has a tablet in Westminster Abbey, placed there by her admirers, with an epitaph by William Whitehead.

<sup>3</sup> The first edition of Lowth's "Short Introduction to English Grammar" was in 1762. See on its merits Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," vol. ii., p. 90, and Mitford's "Harmony of Language," p. 377.—*From Mitford*. See vol. i., p. 282, n. 1. He became Bishop of St. David's in 1766.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i., p. 347, n. 3; 366, n. 1, and Index.

<sup>5</sup> Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.—*Mitford*.

<sup>6</sup> These are to enable Mason to make a dignified appearance in York Minster. See letter to Brown, July 19, '62.

CCXLI. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I have no other apprehension, if I should come into the North, than that of somehow incommoding you and your family; & yet I believe, my strong inclination to see you and your Carthage<sup>1</sup> will prevail over so reasonable an apprehension. as to all the inconveniences, that regard myself, & w<sup>ch</sup> you are so kindly providing against, I set them at nought. however you shall know of my motions before I stir.

You are not to take this for a letter: it is a message, that I am forced to send. there is a Mr. Thomas Hornsby, an Apothecary at Durham, who makes a sort of Lozenges, said to be good in a gouty cough, and indigestions. A relation of mine, a poor girl,<sup>2</sup> who is exceedingly ill, having had some of these from the Abdy-family (whose stock is nearly exhausted) fancies they do her great service. I

<sup>1</sup> Wharton, as appears from the letter to Brown last mentioned, is building and altering on a large scale at Old-Park, and Gray compares this to the building of Carthage, as described in the second "*Æneid*," l. 421 *sq.*, "*Miratur molem Æneas*," etc.:

"Æneas views admiringly the piles  
Of stately structures, which were huts erewhile;  
The Tyrians, all astir, are hard at work,  
Some adding to the walls, some piling up  
The citadel, some rolling blocks of stone," etc.

(SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S transl.)

<sup>2</sup> This is either one of the Misses Antrobus at Cambridge, or some relation of theirs and Gray's, otherwise untraceable. It appears from the poet's will that Mary and Dorothy Antrobus were his *second* cousins, for the Dorothy Comyns there mentioned is the "Dolly" Antrobus of his letter to Brown from London, October 25th, 1764, after whose health Gray begs "*le petit bonhomme*" to inquire. Between that date and July 2nd, 1770, when Gray signed his will, she had married a Mr. Comyns, or Cummins, a merchant of Cambridge. Mary and Dorothy were sisters, children of one of Gray's uncles on the mother's side. It is probable that Mary was the senior of the two, and the post-mistress at Cambridge; they were of course much younger than Gray, and Cole, very naturally, though erroneously, took them to be his nieces. I think that "Dolly" is the young person for whom the lozenges are wanted. (See Gray's will in Mitford's edition of his works, vol. i., Appendix A; and extract from Cole's MSS., *ib.*, Appendix C.)

therefore must beg you would send to Mr. Hornsby, & let him put up a quarter of a pound in as little compass as he can, & send it to the Post-Master (directed to M<sup>rs</sup> Antrobus, Post-Mistress at Cambridge), & let him put it in the mail. the sooner this can be done the better, & you will oblige me & the patient.

I am sorry, you are forced to complain of this untoward suffocating season: but who has escaped without illness? for me I have felt neither cold nor fever: but I have had two slight attacks of the Gout after near three years intermission: it is well, if I escape so.

Adieu, Dear Doct<sup>r</sup>. My best services to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever truly yours,

T: GRAY.

June 4. 1762.  
Pemb: Hall.

I am just return'd hither from London, where I have been these two months.

## CCXLII. *To Mason.*

Pembroke Hall, Monday, 1762.

DEAR MASON

If you still are residing and precenting at York, I feel a great propensity to visit you there in my way northwards. Do not be frightened; for I do not mean to be invited to your house. I can bring many reasons against it, but will content myself with referring you to Mr. Whitehead's "*Satire on Friendship*,"<sup>1</sup> the sentiment of which you thought as natural as I did the verses. I therefore desire of you to procure me a lodging by the week (the cheaper the better), where there is a parlour, and bed-chamber, and some closet (or other place near it) for a servant's bed. Perhaps I may stay a fortnight, and should like, when I have a mind, to have any little thing dressed at home; probably I may arrive next week, but you shall have exacter notice of my motions when they are settled.

<sup>1</sup> See letter of March 17th, *supra*. It might be an inference from this poem, in Gray's sinister interpretation of it, that too much proximity was fatal to friendship.

Dr. Delap<sup>1</sup> (your friend) is here, and we celebrate very cordially your good qualities in spite of all your bad ones. We are rather sorry that you, who have so just a sense of the dignity of your function, should write letters of wit and humour to Lord D.<sup>2</sup> and his sweet daughter in the Royal (I think it is) or Lady's Magazine; but you are very rightly served for your vivacity and reflection upon poor K. Hunter.<sup>3</sup> Adieu.—I am truly yours,

T. G.

Pray write a line directly to say if you are at York.

CCXLIII. *To Wharton.*<sup>4</sup>

DEAR DOCTOR

I have pass'd a week here with M<sup>r</sup> Precentor, & assisted at all his functions in the Minster with the greatest

<sup>1</sup> See on March 17th, *supra*, and references there.

<sup>2</sup> There is no *Lady's Magazine* of that date in the British Museum. There is the *Royal or Gentleman's Magazine*. Through the volumes of 1761 and 1762 I have looked, but no letters to Lord D. and his daughter appear in them.—*Mitford*. For the *Lady's Magazine* Goldsmith was writing in 1759.

<sup>3</sup> See Walpole's *Miscellaneous Correspondence*, iv. 211-214 [to Montagu, February 22nd, 1762]. "In all your reading, true or false, have you heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything,—his young wife, world, property, for life, in a packet-boat with a *Miss*! I fear your connexion will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it's Henry Earl of Pembroke, the nymph Kitty Hunter. The town and Lady Pembroke were first witnesses to the intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball given at Lord Middleton's; on Thursday they decamped." The peer was Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, who married, in March, 1756, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough. They lived for some time separated, but he afterwards *ran away with her*!! They were reconciled and lived together.—*Mitford*. Miss Catharine Hunter, daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, at this time (1762) one of the Lords of the Admiralty. She afterwards married Captain Alured Clarke, who died September 16th, 1832, aged 87, Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clarke, G.C.B.—*Cunningham*.

<sup>4</sup> Endorsed:

To

Dr Wharton M:D: at  
Old Park near  
Durham.



regularity. he is at present gone to meet L<sup>d</sup> & Lady Holderness at Aston, but returns (I believe) on Wednesday: after w<sup>ch</sup> (on Saturday or Sunday probably) I hope to see you at Old-Park, if you have no objection. otherwise you will direct me at Mason's. Adieu, I am ever

Yours  
T. G.

July 10. 1762. York.

CCXLIV. *To John Chute.*<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR S<sup>r</sup>

I was yesterday told, that Turner<sup>2</sup> (the Professor of Modern History here<sup>3</sup>) was dead in London. if it be true; I conclude it is now too late to begin asking for it: but we had (if you remember) some conversation on that Head at Twickenham;<sup>4</sup> & as you have probably found some Opportunity to mention it to M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>5</sup>: since, I would gladly know his Thoughts about it. What he can do, he only can tell us: what he will do, if he can, is with me no Question. if he could find a proper channel; I certainly might ask it with as much, or more Propriety, than any one in this Place. if any thing more were done, it should be as private as possible; for if the People, who have any Sway<sup>6</sup> here, could prevent it, I think they would most zealously. I am not sorry for writing you a little interested Letter: perhaps it is a Stratagem; the only one I had left, to provoke an Answer from you, & revive our—Correspondence, shall I call it? there are many particulars

<sup>1</sup> Printed in "Gray and His Friends."

<sup>2</sup> Shallet Turner, M.A., of Peterhouse, was Professor of Modern History and Languages from 1735 to 1762.

<sup>3</sup> Gray therefore writes from Cambridge: but was in London the day before. Cf. next letter.

<sup>4</sup> Strawberry-Hill.

<sup>5</sup> Walpole.

<sup>6</sup> Gray may have exaggerated their hostility. But he was in the dangerous position of a free lance, with a great deal of indirect influence and a sarcastic humour, to which in talk and correspondence, and sometimes in epigram, he was apt to give the rein. His quarrel with Peterhouse could not have mended matters. He became, as we have seen, alive to the need of caution, when he had this Professorship in view.

relating to you, that have long interested me more than twenty Matters of this Sort, but you have had no Regard for my Curiosity; & yet it is something, that deserves a better Name! I don't so much as know your Direction, or that of Mr Whithed.<sup>1</sup> Adieu! I am ever

Yours  
T GRAY.

CCXLV. *To Wharton.*

DEAR DOCTOR

I feel very ungrateful every day, that I continue silent, & yet I do not write to you: but now the pen is in my hand, and I am in for it. when I left you, in spite of the rain I went out of my way to Richmond, and made a shift to see the Castle, & look down upon the valley, through which the Swale winds: that was all the weather would permit. at Rippon I visited the Church,<sup>2</sup> which we had neglected before, with some pleasure, and saw the Ure full to its brink & very inclinable to overflow. some faint gleams of sunshine gave me an opportunity of walking over Studley,<sup>3</sup> and descending into the ruins of Fountain's Abbey,<sup>4</sup> which I examined with attention. I pass'd over the ugly moor of Harrowgate, made a bow to the Queen's-Head, and got late at night to Leedes: here the rain was so perverse I could scarce see the Town, much less go to Kirkstall-Abbey,<sup>5</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> was my intention; so I proceeded to

<sup>1</sup> This cannot be Francis Whithed (otherwise Thistlethwaite) with whom Gray travelled in Italy (vol. i., pp. 117 and 144, and nn. where read Wolterton). That Whithed died in 1751 (see Walpole to Mann, April 1st of that year). To the elder of the brothers upon whose conduct Walpole, *l.c.*, comments so severely, he had left the Norton estate, and it is possible that one condition was that the legatee should take the name of Whithed.

<sup>2</sup> Now the Cathedral Church of the diocese of Ripon, of which the first Bishop was appointed in 1836. "Before" refers to Gray's former visit to these parts in 1753. See next note.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 233, n. 4, and compare letters to Wharton of July 14, and to Mason of July 24, 1753.

<sup>4</sup> Founded in 1132 for Benedictines from York who had adopted the Cistercian rule. The ruins are of various styles, from Norman to Perpendicular.

<sup>5</sup> On the Aire, a little before it reaches Leeds. The ruins are

Wakefield,<sup>1</sup> & Wentworth Castle.<sup>2</sup> here the Sun again indulged me, and open'd as beautiful a scene of rich & cultivated country, as (I am told) Yorkshire affords. the water is all artificial, but with an air of nature; much wood; a very good house in the Q: Anne style, w<sup>ch</sup> is now new-fronting in a far better taste by the present Earl; many pictures not worth a farthing, & a castle built only for a plaything on the top of the hill as a point of view, & to command a noble prospect. I went on to Sheffield, liked the situation in a valley by a pretty river's side,<sup>3</sup> surrounded with charming hills: saw the handsome parish-church<sup>4</sup> with the chappel & monuments of the

visible from the line between Leeds and Bradford. It was founded in 1152 for Cistercians from Fountains Abbey.

<sup>1</sup> It is strange that Gray takes no notice of the beautiful parish Church here, now the Cathedral Church of the diocese created in 1888. In his day perhaps it was in a neglected condition; the fine spire, 247 feet high, was rebuilt in 1861, and the restoration of the whole structure completed in 1886.

<sup>2</sup> See Walpole's "Observations on Modern Gardening," vol. ii., p. 545 of his Collected Works, 1798. "If a model is sought of the most perfect task in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the position is the most happy, and even the colour of the stone the most harmonious, the virtuoso should be directed to the new front of Wentworth Castle; the result of the same elegant judgement that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain; and culled from wood, water, hills, prospects and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art."—*Mitford*. In a letter to Bentley from Wentworth Castle (dated Aug. '56), Walpole says that the front *then* existent was built under Bott, a Prussian architect, by the last lord; he means the Earl of Strafford, who was Pope's correspondent, and died in 1739.

<sup>3</sup> There are several rivers which may claim to have the present Sheffield upon their banks. Gray probably means the Don (or the Sheaf, from which the town gets its name).

<sup>4</sup> The Church of S. Peter, originally, and at this date, Cruciform, but now, by many additions, rectangular; mainly, at least at present, in the Perpendicular style. It has been restored in the nineteenth century at great cost; but the monuments for which it is remarkable have been carefully preserved. Macaulay ("History," vol. i., c. iii.) has an interesting paragraph on the growth of Sheffield, from which we gather that the town, though even when Gray saw it, picturesque, had, long before his time, began to pay the penalty of its special toil (practised as early as Chaucer's day) in

Talbots.<sup>1</sup> then I entered the Peak,<sup>2</sup> a country beyond comparison uglier than any other I have seen in England, black, tedious, barren, & not mountainous enough to please one with its horrors. this is mitigated, since you were there,<sup>3</sup> by a road like a bowling-green, which soon brought me to Chatsworth. The house has the air of a Palace, the hills rising on three of its sides shut out the view of its dreary neighbourhood, & are covered with wood to their tops: the front opens to the Derwent winding thro' the valley, which, by the art of M<sup>r</sup> Brown<sup>4</sup> is now always visible &

the enfeebled frames of its craftsmen. It seems to have been one of the Yorkshire centres for the literature and news of the day. See p. 161, n. 1.

<sup>1</sup> There are in the church monuments to four Earls of Shrewsbury; and Gray must have noticed there, though he does not mention it, one to Roflet, secretary to Mary Queen of Scots in the course of her long confinement at Sheffield Castle (a fabric destroyed in the Civil Wars, 1646).

<sup>2</sup> See to Wharton, June 21, '67, at which date he was about to visit Dovedale and the wonders of the Peak, including, no doubt, the famous cavern.

<sup>3</sup> "The roads, or rather the paths of this wild country were satirized by their native poet, Cotton," as Scott tells us in describing Julian Peveril's efforts to reach his home ("Peveril of the Peak," c. 23). But Cotton, if he could satirize, could speak very prettily and affectionately of his native scenes, the

"beloved rocks, that rise  
To awe the earth, and brave the skies:"

and the

"Beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,  
And all anxieties, his safe retreat;"

"I would deem myself over-happy," he exclaims,

"Might I in this desert place—  
*Which most men in discourse disgrace—*  
Live but undisturbed and free!"

<sup>4</sup> Launcelot—"Capability" Brown, as he was called, from his favourite phrase, "capable" of this or that, when suggesting improvements. He had once been head gardener at Stowe (Lord Cobham's). He was much "run after" by noble lords, anxious to be in the fashion in the style of their grounds. He was especially great in the aesthetic management of water; thus in Blenheim Park the famous, but niggardly, Duke of Marlborough had built a splendid bridge over a tiny rivulet, provoking the ironic lines:

full to its brim. for heretofore it could not well be seen (but in rainy seasons) from the windows. a handsome bridge is lately thrown over it, & the stables taken away, w<sup>ch</sup> stood full in view between the house & the river. the prospect opens here to a wider tract of country terminated by more distant hills: this scene is yet in its infancy, the objects are thinly scatter'd, & the clumps and plantations lately made, but it promises well in time. within doors the furniture corresponds to the stateliness of the apartments, fine tapestry, marble doorcases with fruit, flowers, & foliage, excellently done by Old Cibber's Father,<sup>1</sup> windows of plate glass in gilded frames, & such a profusion of Gibbons'<sup>2</sup> best carving in wood, viz. Dead-Game, fish, shells, flowers, &c: as I never saw anywhere. the cielings

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows,  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

But the art of Brown made a considerable body of water flow under the arch, and, as Boswell says, *drowned* the epigram ("Life of Johnson," under date 1770).

<sup>1</sup> Caius Gabriel Cibber (1630-1700) was a Dane (more exactly, a Holsteiner), and came to England during the Protectorate, or soon after the Restoration. He made the bas-reliefs on the Monument, and the statues of Melancholy and Madness, which once ornamented the entrance to Bedlam

("Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,  
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.

*Dunciad*, I. 31, 32),

and are now at South Kensington. He also made the four statues over the Library of Trinity, Cambridge, which Byron is said to have treated so disrespectfully. The maiden name of Caius Cibber's second wife was Colley; hence the laureate's Christian name. Caius was much employed by the fourth Earl (who became the first Duke) of Devonshire. Colley Cibber died in 1757; his son, Theophilus, in 1758.

<sup>2</sup> Grinling Gibbons, who was born in 1648, but whether at Rotterdam or in London, and whether of Dutch or English parents, is disputed. He was recommended by Evelyn to Charles II. He worked in statuary as well as wood-carving; the bronze statue of James II. (opposite the Education Office) and the base of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross are his. Specimens of his wood-carving may be seen in the Choir of St. Paul's, at Windsor, at Petworth in Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Egremont, in the Chapel and the Library of Trinity, Cambridge, and many other places. He died in 1721.

and staircases all painted by Verrio<sup>1</sup> or Laguerre, in their usual sprawling way, & no other pictures, but in one room 8 or 10 portraits, some of them very good, of James & Charles the first's time. the gardens<sup>2</sup> are small, & in the French style; with water-works, particularly a grand Cascade of steps, & a *Temple d'eaux* at the head of it. from thence I went to Hardwick.<sup>3</sup> one would think Mary Queen of Scots, was but just walked down into the Park with her guard for half-an-hour. her Gallery, her room of audience, her anti-chamber,<sup>4</sup> with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *Lit-de-repos*,<sup>5</sup> Oratory, carpets, & hangings, just as she left them. a little tatter'd indeed, but the more venerable; & all preserved with religious care, & paper'd up in winter. the park & country are just like

<sup>1</sup> In the chapel at "Timon's Villa," writes Pope,

"On painted ceilings you devoutly stare  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre."

Verrio (1634-1707) was a Neapolitan, Laguerre (1663-1721) a Parisian; the latter came to London in 1683. He is the prototype of the M. Cornichon in Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon," the artist who wanted to decorate the family pew in the parish church with Cupids, to the scandal and indignation of good Dr. Huff.

<sup>2</sup> These gardens were remodelled by the famous Sir Joseph Paxton, when he was head-gardener, and manager of the Duke of Devonshire's estates. It was the splendid glass conservatory which he made at Chatsworth that suggested the Great Exhibition Building of 1851 and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, both of which he designed.

<sup>3</sup> Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire (five miles north-west of Mansfield, Notts.). Mitford refers us to the "Gentleman's Magazine" of August, 1735, p. 175; and Knight ("Popular Hist. of England," iii. 160), to a paper by the Rev. J. Hunter in "Archaeologia," vol. xxxii. for evidence that Mary never was imprisoned at Hardwick. But Knight adds that Bishop Kennet (now 205 years ago) said of Mary that "her arms and other ensigns are still remaining at Hardwick; her bed was taken away for plunder in the Civil Wars."

<sup>4</sup> [So Gray, *teste me*; whether designedly or carelessly, I do not know. Mitford also found *anti-chamber*; Mr. Gosse, *ante-chamber*. It is consoling *sometimes* to escape condemnation by two independent authorities.]

<sup>5</sup> This, we may note, is quite consistent with Bishop Kennet's statement; a *lit-de-repos* is what in Elizabethan English was called a "day-bed"; as Littré explains the word, "*petit lit bas et sans rideau, où l'on se repose pendant le jour.*"<sup>a</sup> It was the statelier piece of furniture that had disappeared.

Hertfordshire. I went by Chesterfield & Mansfield to revisit my old friend the Trent at Nottingham, where I passed 2 or 3 days, & from thence took stage-coach to London.

When I arrived there, I found Professor Turner<sup>1</sup> had been dead above a fortnight, & being cocker'd and spirited up by some friends (tho' it was rather of the latest) I got my name suggested to L<sup>d</sup> Bute:<sup>2</sup> you may easily imagine who<sup>3</sup> undertook it,<sup>4</sup> and indeed he did it with zeal. I received my answer very soon, w<sup>ch</sup> was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of *his*<sup>5</sup> desire to serve me on any future occasion, & many more fine words, that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason. so you see I have made my fortune, like S<sup>r</sup> Fr: Wronghead.<sup>6</sup> this *nothing* is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now: today I hear, that Delaval<sup>7</sup> has got it, but we are not yet certain: next to myself I wish'd for him.

<sup>1</sup> For Gray's application for the professorship see prec. letter and nn.

<sup>2</sup> Bute.

<sup>3</sup> Whether Gray, writing to Wharton, means Walpole or Sir Henry Erskine, must be doubtful.

<sup>4</sup> This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. As this was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to ministry, I thought it necessary to insert his own account of it. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.—*Mason*.

<sup>5</sup> Probably Lord Bute's.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Francis *Headpiece* in Vanbrugh's unfinished "Journey to London"; but re-named, I think, by Cibber, when *he* completed the play. Sir Francis is a country gentleman, elected to Parliament, and anxious for a place:

" . . . Sir Francis, says my lord, what sort of a place may you have turned your thoughts upon? My lord, says I, beggars must not be choosers; but some place about a thousand a year, I believe, might do pretty weel to begin with. Sir Francis, says he, '*I shall be glad to serve you in anything I can*'; and saying these words he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, I'll do your business. And so he turned to a lord that was there, who looked as if he came for a place, too.

" *Uncle Richard*. And so your fortune's made?

" *Sir Fran*. Don't you think so, uncle?

" *Uncle Richard*. Yes, for just so mine was made—twenty years ago." (Act iii. sc. 1.)

<sup>7</sup> See vol. i., p. 217, n. 2. Gray, it will be seen, was misinformed.

You see we have made a peace.<sup>1</sup> I shall be silent about it, because if I say anything antiministerial, you will tell me, you know the reason; & if I approve it, you will tell me, I have expectations still. all I know is, that the D: of Newcastle & L<sup>d</sup> Hardwick both say, it is an excellent Peace; & only Mr Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

I had a little Gout twice, while I was in Town, which confined me some time: yet I bespoke your chairs. they are what is call'd *Rout-chairs*, but as they are to be a little better in shape & materials than ordinary, will come to about 6<sup>s</sup> 9<sup>d</sup> a chair. I desired your Brother<sup>2</sup> to judge, how he perform'd, & the first, that was made, was to be sent him to see.

My best respects attend M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton, who I suppose, receives them in bed. how does she doe? My compliments to Miss. I am ever truly

Yours

Cambridge, Dec: 4, 1762.

Mason is in Yorkshire now, but I miss'd of him.

## CCXLVI. *To Mason.*

Cambridge, December 21, 1762.

DEAR MASON—

As to my pardon, for which you supplicate, you know too well how easily it is obtained without any reason at all; but now I have a very good one, as I have read the

<sup>1</sup> A courier arrived with the Preliminaries of Peace with France and Spain on November 8th, and Walpole wrote next day to Mann—"It was signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine of Germany [Frederick and the Empress-Queen] to scratch out one another's last eye." The debate in Parliament on these Preliminaries took place five days after the date of Gray's letter. In the Lords they were approved without a division, though after a warm and acrimonious debate;—in the Commons by 319 votes to 65,—in spite of a memorable speech of three hours and a half, which Pitt delivered under great physical suffering. See the dramatic account of this in Macaulay's second Essay on the Earl of Chatham. The essayist follows Walpole, who witnessed the scene.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Jonathan [Wharton] in Boswell Court, see p. 248, n. 5. "He" means the chair-maker.



third book of the *Ghost*,<sup>1</sup> where Churchill has so mumbled Mr. Whitehead,<sup>2</sup> to whom you owe all your principles (see

<sup>1</sup> The silly, wicked, and malicious imposture of the Cock-lane Ghost brought fashion and nobility, and even royalty, into contact with squalor in a very odd way. See Walpole's Letters of Feb. 2 and 25, 1762; "Memoirs, George III.," vol. i., c. x. Churchill made the Ghost a peg on which to hang a great deal of indiscriminate satire which had nothing to do with it. In fact he began the poem under the title, "The Fortune-teller," almost six years before the Ghost was heard of. Mitford tells us that "in Gray's copy of Churchill's Poems, collected as they appeared, and bound up by him in one volume, the Ghost is omitted." There were in this volume which Mitford possessed, copious manuscript notes by Gray, on "The Rosciad," and some other of Churchill's poems. I think it more probable that Gray parted with "the Ghost," because he set little value upon it, than because he happens to be mentioned in it. The reference is in the *Second Book*, to those

"By Fielding's humour led astray  
And plaintive fops, debauched by Gray  
Who sit together in a ring  
And laugh and prattle, write and sing."

The phrasing here is rude, but not really more uncomplimentary to Gray than to Fielding; and little more is meant than that "Tom Jones" and "The Elegy" had their servile imitators: with the addition, of some significance, that Gray's were among those who had leisure to be melancholy. The slight difference in Churchill's treatment of the two is amply explained by the fact that Fielding was dead, and past wounding in any way. Churchill mentions Gray once more in the posthumous "Journey": where he says of the Muses:

"Let them, though modest, Gray, more modest, woo,  
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo."

In neither of these notices is there anything that can be called pointed criticism of Gray's poetry; and in "Gotham" (1764), Churchill helps to make the "Elegy" proverbial,

"So that they neither give a tawdry glare  
Nor 'waste their sweetness on the desert air."

<sup>2</sup> Churchill here attacks both Paul and William Whitehead, but carefully distinguishes them. According to him the author of "Manners" is a powerful satirist, but a most immoral man; but the Laureate,

"Who, from amidst his slumbering guards  
Deals out a charge to subject bards;  
Who, champion sworn in virtue's cause  
'Gainst vice his tiny bodkin draws,

the unpublished elegy de Amicitia), that it would be base in me to demand any farther satisfaction. This only I shall add, that I would rather steal the Laureate's verses than his sentiments.

I am sorry for the disagreeable event you mention, which I learnt by mere accident from Mr. Curtall in a coffee-house. I do not doubt it must have taken up a good deal of your thoughts and time, and should wish to know whether there are any hopes of the poor fellow's recovery.

We have received your poetical packet<sup>1</sup> and delivered them to the several parties. The sentiments we do not remark, as we can find nothing within ourselves congenial to them: for the expression, we hint (but in a low, timid voice) that there is a want of strength and spirit; in short, they are nothing like the choruses in *Elfrida*, only the lines that relate to Lady C——'s beauty<sup>2</sup> have made a

But to no part of prudence stranger,  
First blunts the point for fear of danger"——

is thus invoked :

"O may thy sacred power control  
Each fiercer working of my soul,  
Damp every spark of genuine fire,  
And languor, like thine own, inspire !  
Trite be each thought, and every line  
As moral, and as dull as thine !"

"Mason," says Mitford, "found among Whitehead's papers some unprinted fragments of a *counter-suffle* which the Laureate was preparing, beginning,

"So from his common-place when Churchill strings  
Into some motley form his *darned* good things."

From which we learn where Churchill was wounded in the "Charge": it is a personal note, and biographically interesting. See quotation on letter to Mason of March 17, *supra*.

<sup>1</sup> These contained copies of the Elegy on the death of Lady Coventry, on which see the letters of November 28th and December 10th, 1760.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the stanza—

"Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,  
That o'er her form its transient glory cast," etc.

The Duchess of Somerset wrote: "I saw Lady Coventry there, who certainly is very handsome, but appears rather too tall to be

deep impression upon us; we get them by heart and apply them to our sempstresses and bedmakers. This is (I think) the sum and substance of our reflections here; only Mrs. Rutherford<sup>1</sup> observes that there is great delicacy and tenderness in the manner of treating so frail a character as that of Lady C——, and that you have found a way to reconcile contempt and compassion: these might not be her words, but this was the sense of them; I don't believe she had it from the doctor.

I rejoice (in a weakly way you may be sure, as I have not seen him some years, and am in so different a way of life), but I rejoice to hear of any accession to Mr. Hurd's fortune,<sup>2</sup> as I do not believe he will be anything the worse for it. Forester<sup>3</sup> (whom I perceive you can still remember) is removed from Easton<sup>4</sup> to a better living by his patron Lord Maynard, on purpose to get rid of him; for Easton is his own parish, and he was sick to death of his company. He is now seated just by his brother Pulter,<sup>5</sup> and they are mortal foes.

Mr. Brockett<sup>6</sup> has got old Turner's professorship, and

genteel, and her face rather smaller than one could wish, considering the height that it is placed, and her dress appeared more in the style of an opera-dancer than an English lady of quality. Lady Di. Egerton and Mrs. Selwyn appeared either of them fully as pretty to my eyes, with the addition of great modesty." The expression "so frail a character" alludes to the general rumour at the time, that Lord Bolingbroke had been too much in the good graces of the Countess.—*From Mitford.*

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Dr. Rutherford, Regius Professor of Divinity, for whom see vol. i., p. 160, n. 2; vol. ii., p. 64, n. 4; *ib.*, p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hurd had the sinecure rectory of Folkton, near Bridlington, Yorkshire, given him by the Lord Chancellor (Earl of Northington), on the recommendation of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, November 2, 1762.—*Mitford.*

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 338, n. 6, where for 1759 read 1769

<sup>4</sup> Near Dunmow, Essex, the seat of Lord Maynard.—*Mitford.*

<sup>5</sup> His brother, "*Poulter Forrester.*"—*Mitford.* If Mitford is right, the father's name was also *Poulter.*

<sup>6</sup> Lawrence Brockett, see on Letter CLVII., p. 1. Macaulay says ("Earl of Chatham," Essay II.): "When the author of the 'Bard' and of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' ventured to ask for a professorship, the emoluments of which he much needed, and for the duties of which he was, in many respects, better qualified than any man living, he was refused, and the post was bestowed on the pedagogue under whose care the favourite's son-

Delaval has lost it.<sup>1</sup> When we meet I have something to tell you on this subject. I hope to continue here till March; if not, I shall inform you. How does the peace agree with you? Adieu.—I am ever yours.

in-law, Sir James Lowther, had made such signal proficiency in the graces and in the humane virtues." There is some rhetorical exaggeration here; Gray was in no sense a poor man at this time.

<sup>1</sup> In a manuscript pocket-book of Gray's, at Aston, of the year 1762, I read the following entry:—"Nov. 4. Prof. asked of D. of N. by Lord P, and Sir F. B. D. (*i.e.* *Sir Francis Blake Delaval*).—Saturday, Nov. 1762. Heard for certain that professorship is given away, and not to D——l."—*Mitford*.

Observe that Gray does not apply to the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor of the University.



REMINISCENCES OF GRAY

BY HIS INTIMATE FRIEND THE

REV. NORTON NICHOLLS

NOV. 18, 1805.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It will be seen from the notes that Nicholls wrote rather from his affectionate memory, than from documentary evidence, at this date.

NORTON NICHOLLS was born in 1742, and educated at Eton, when Barnard was head master. He had also the advantage of voluntary tuition from Sumner at the same school. He went thence to Trinity Hall, and, at the age of eighteen or nineteen was introduced to Gray. Of this or a subsequent interview he has given an account; but Mathias adds that Nicholls was wont to express himself as awestruck at first by the "lightning glance" from the poet's eye. By Gray's advice he travelled in France, Switzerland and Italy. Whilst he was abroad he formed a friendship with Count Firmian, the Austrian minister at Milan, and through him gained admission to distinguished society in more than one foreign country. Nicholls, Mathias says (and his testimony here is unimpeachable), was an excellent Italian and French scholar. Ere he returned from the continent his friend and adviser was no more. After this he lived in the main at Blundeston, four miles from Lowestoft, and not far from the two Suffolk livings which he held, and there he had built a villa, and laid out grounds, of which Mathias thought men ought to speak with the reverence (whatever that may amount to) which is attached to Shenstone's Leasowes. We learn from the same authority, that he was a good economist, and maintained his house and grounds and exercised hospitality, only upon the income of his two livings, supplemented by a modest patrimony. He was also a justice of the peace, and discreet and diligent in what Mathias calls "the unbought defence of civilized society." Of his observations abroad he seems, after the example Gray set and recommended, to have kept a record, which perhaps has never been published. Like Gray he was a model of filial affection; his mother lived with him, and he was buried in the same grave with her. He was of delicate constitution, but by care and regimen he lived to his sixty-eighth year, and died Nov. 22nd, 1809. (More about him will appear in his correspondence with Gray. In the above brief notice I have epitomized the letter of Mathias written upon his death and prefixed to vol. v of Mitford's Gray.)

## REMINISCENCES OF GRAY.

DURING the latter part of the life of Mr. Gray I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of living more in his society than any other person whom I recollect, and on a footing of the greatest intimacy; during that precious time, never, alas! to be recalled, it scarcely occurred to me that I might lose him, and I neglected to commit to writing opinions and conversations, of which, though I remember some after an interval of thirty-four years, yet many have faded away from my memory and are gone. It is a small atonement for this neglect, but the only one in my power, to write now the little which I still can recal with certainty, and I promise not to hazard a syllable of which I am not certain. I shall begin with what I knew of his moral character. Ability, talents, genius, the highest acquisitions of science and knowledge, were, in his opinion, of little account compared with *virtue*, which, he often used to quote to me from Plato, is nothing but "the exercise of right reason." I remember, in the early part of my acquaintance with him, saying, that some person was "a clever man;" he cut me short, and said, "Tell me if he is good for anything." In the choice of his acquaintances he certainly often preferred persons of excellent moral character to those of superior ability; and had an aversion for those who were vicious, profligate, and unprincipled, which no admiration of their genius could subdue, or even soften. The great object of his detestation was *Voltaire*, whom he seemed to know even beyond what had appeared of him, and to see with the eye of a prophet in his future mischiefs; he said to me, "No one knows the mischief that man will do." When I took my leave of him, and saw him for the last time, at his



lodging in Jermyn Street, before I went abroad, in the beginning of June, 1771, he said, "I have one thing to beg of you, which you must not refuse." I replied, "You know you have only to command; what is it?" "Do not go to see Voltaire;" and then he added what I have written above. I said, "Certainly I will not; but what would a visit from me signify?" "Every tribute to such a man signifies." This was when I was setting out for Switzerland, to pay a visit to Mons. de Bonstetten, in which he would have accompanied me if his health had permitted. I kept my word, for I passed a month at the chateau d'Aubonne, near Lausanne, with Mons. de Tcharner, bailiff of the district, and did not go to Ferney. This aversion to the moral character of Voltaire did not prevent Mr. Gray from paying the full tribute of admiration due to his genius. He was delighted with his pleasantry; approved his historical compositions, particularly his "*Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle*;" and placed his tragedies next in rank to those of Shakespeare. He said that the fame of Voltaire would have been higher if he had published nothing but his tragedies; in which, I remember, when I mentioned this to Mr. Gibbon, he agreed. He had an aversion to Hume for similar reasons; he thought him irreligious, that is, *an enemy to religion*; which he never pardoned in any one, because he said it was taking away the best consolation of man, without substituting anything of equal value in its place. He thought him likewise an unprincipled sceptic, refuted and vanquished (which the philosopher will not allow) by Beattie; and beside this, in politics, a friend to tyranny. In the contest for the high stewardship at Cambridge, between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, Mr. Gray took a warm and eager part, for no other reason, I believe, than because he thought the licentious character of the latter candidate rendered him improper for a post of such dignity in the University. His zeal in this cause inspired the verses, full of pleasantry, which have been published since his death. He disliked Dr. Johnson, and declined his acquaintance; he disapproved his style, and thought it turgid and vicious; but he respected his understanding, and still more his goodness of heart. I have heard him say that Johnson would go out in London with

his pockets full of silver, and give it all away in the streets before he returned home.

After this, without endeavouring to arrange what I remember under heads, or in any order, I shall set down what occurs to me as it occurs.

I asked Mr. Gray if he recollected when he first perceived in himself any symptoms of poetry; he answered that he believed it was when at Eton he began to take pleasure in reading Virgil for his own amusement, and not in school-hours, or as a task. I asked Mr. Bryant, who was next boy<sup>1</sup> to him at Eton, what sort of a scholar Gray was; he said a very good one; and added that he thought he could remember part of an exercise of his on the subject of the freezing and thawing of words, taken from the *Spectator*, the fragment is as follows:

. . . . "pluviæque loquaces  
Descendêre jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber."

I will set down after this another little fragment, two verses made by Mr. Gray as we were walking in the spring in the neighbourhood of Cambridge,

"There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there  
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

I asked him how he felt when he composed the *Bard*. "Why, I felt myself the bard."

Spenser was among his favourite poets; and he told me he never sat down to compose poetry without reading Spenser for a considerable time previously. He admired Dryden, and could not patiently hear him criticised. *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, and *Theodore* and *Honorina*, stood in the first rank of poems in his estimation; and Dryden's plays, not as dramatic compositions, but as poetry.

<sup>1</sup> Bryant himself says, in a letter which Mitford has printed in the *Life of Gray* in Moultrie's edition of the *Poems*, that Gray was four or five boys below, and Walpole as many above him. Perhaps Bryant's correspondent, whom Mitford could not fix, was Norton Nicholls. The letter contains the answer to the question which Nicholls asked, and the verses on the thaw. Nicholls may be writing from memory. Bryant does not say that the theme was from the "*Spectator*." It is in fact from the 254th "*Tatler*," which number was the joint production of Addison and Steele—and a charming paper.

He placed Shakespeare high above all poets of all countries and all ages ; and said that the justest idea of the historical characters he treated might be taken from his plays. He shewed me a manuscript which he had copied from the Museum, containing the Report of the Commissioners appointed and sent by king Henry VIII. to endeavour to prevail with Queen Catherine to lay aside the title of Queen, and to assume that of Princess Dowager of Wales, which agrees not only with the sentiments, but sometimes with the words used by the same persons in Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII. He thought the comedies of Cibber excellent ; and commended his *Apology*, giving it as an instance of an author writing well on a subject he perfectly understood. I asked him why he had not continued that beautiful fragment beginning

“As sickly plants betray a niggard earth ;”

he said, *because he could not* : when I expressed surprise at this, he explained himself as follows, that he had been used to write only lyric poetry, in which, the poems being short, he had accustomed himself, and was able to polish every part ; that this having become habit, he could not write otherwise ; and that the labour of this method in a long poem would be intolerable : besides which, the poem would lose its effect for want of chiaro-oscuro ; for that to produce effect it was absolutely necessary to have weak parts. He instanced in Homer, and particularly in Milton, who, he said, in parts of his poem, rolls on in sounding words that have but little meaning. He thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. I was with him at Malvern when he received the *Deserted Village*, which he desired me to read to him ; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, “This man is a poet.” He allowed merit to Churchill. He disliked Akenside, and in general all poetry in blank verse, except Milton. He thought Thomson had one talent beyond all other poets, that of describing the various appearances of nature ; but that he failed when he ventured to step out of this path, and particularly when he attempted to be moral, in which attempt he always became verbose. He was much pleased with Gawen Douglas,

Bishop of Dunkeld, the old Scotch translator of the *Æneid*, particularly with his poetical prefaces to each book, in which he has given liberty to his muse, but has fettered himself in the translation, by the obligation he has imposed on himself of translating the whole poem in the same number of verses contained in the original. The *Spleen*, a poem in Dodsley's Collection, by Mr. Green, of the Custom-house, was a great favourite with him for its wit and originality. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* likewise. The fault of Young in his *Night Thoughts*, he said, was redundancy of thought. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* stood very high in his estimation; and when he heard it criticised as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, and not giving a just idea of the poet's style and manner, he always said, "There would never be a translation of the same poem equal to it." He liked the poetry of Pope in general, and approved an observation of Shenstone, that "Pope had the art of condensing a thought." He said of his letters, that they were not good letters, but better things. He thought that Pope had a good heart, in spite of his peevish temper.

Talking of Dr. Middleton's style, the elegance of which he admired, he mentioned it as an object of consideration, whether style in one language can be acquired by being conversant with authors of a polished style in another; whether, for example, Dr. Middleton could have acquired his flowing diction from great attention to and study of the writings of Cicero.

He placed Lord Clarendon at the head of our historians, and indeed of almost all modern historians; though I have heard him say that Macchiavelli's *History of Florence* is written with the simplicity of a Greek historian. He disliked Hume, as I have said before, and his political principles; but besides this, he looked on his *History of England* as meagre in facts, as well as full of misrepresentations; in short, not a proper source of information. Rapin's he looked on as the only general history of England; and he said that by consulting the copious and excellent marginal references, and referring to the original and contemporary authors, to the memoirs, state papers, and various authentic and curious documents, they indicate a still better history

might be formed with the advantage of a more agreeable and brilliant style. That of Algernon Sydney he admired, particularly in the delightful letters he wrote from Italy.

I think Warburton was not a great favourite; he said his learning was a late acquisition, and did not sit easily on him; that he had a *ὑστερομαθία*.

He thought Mr. Harris a very dull man; and on my saying that I had just read his *Hermes*, Mr. Gray replied, "Yes, that is what I call the shallow profound." He dissuaded me from reading Butler's *Analogy*, and said he had given the same advice to Mason. I believe he liked Wollaston's *Religion of Nature*. He was surprised that Bishop Sherlock, who has given some specimens of pulpit eloquence which are unparalleled in their kind, should have given no more<sup>1</sup>; and he was more surprised that Dryden should attribute the style of his prose writings to the study of that of Tillotson. He thought the prose of Dryden almost equal to his poetry. Speaking of and criticising the architecture of Sir John Vanbrugh, he said his plays were much better than his architecture.

He thought there was good writing and good sense in the Sermons of Sterne, whose principal merit, in his opinion, consisted in his pathetic power, in which he never failed; this he often did in his attempts at humour. *Wit*, he said, had gone entirely out of fashion since the reign of Charles II. Of the poetry of Mason, *Caractacus* was his great favourite, in comparison with which he said *Elfrida* was the work of a child. On my saying that much of Mason's poetry appeared to me to be without force, and languid, he said, No wonder, for Mason never gave himself time to think, but imagined that he should do best by writing hastily, in the first fervour of his imagination, and therefore never waited for epithets if they did not occur readily, but left spaces for them, and put them in afterwards. This Mr. Gray said enervated his poetry, "for nothing is done so well as at the first concoction." He said, "We think in words." He thought Mason a bad prose writer, and disliked the letters

<sup>1</sup> Surely sixty-three discourses are enough. This is the number I find in an edition of 1774.

published with Elfrida.<sup>1</sup> He mentioned the poem of the Garden to me with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it. He said Mason had read too little and written too much. The last four lines of Mason's epitaph on his wife were written by Gray; *I saw them in his handwriting, interlined in the MS. which he shewed me*, and the words of Mrs. Mason, when she had given up all hope of life :

“Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,  
’Twas e’en to thee; yet the dread path once trod,  
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.”

I do not now remember the lines of Mason which were effaced and replaced by these, which have the genuine sound of the lyre of Gray. I remember that they were weak, with a languid repetition of some preceding expressions. Mr. Gray said, “That will never do for an ending, I have altered them thus.”

There is no doubt, however, of Mason being the author of the *Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers*. Palgrave, who probably derived his information from the source, *affirmed it*. Dr. Burgh, Mason's great friend, told me “he knew the author;” and Mason himself, many years ago, when he was supposed to have taken particular offence at the K—— reflecting on him with severity on some occasion, I said, “That is a trifle for you to say, who are the author of the *Heroic Epistle*.” Mason replied instantly, in a surly, nasal tone, which was not unusual to him, “I am told the K—— thinks so, and he is welcome.” In spite of this admirable work, and Caractacus, his mind certainly had not been strengthened and armed for poetry in the temple of Apollo. He had not, like Gray, turned over and ruminated upon the “*exemplaria Græca*,” nor made his own

“What the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence.”

It is not pedantry but truth to say that the minds of those are best cultivated who have cultivated them by

<sup>1</sup> From the manner in which Nicholls speaks of these, I think it may be concluded that they were not addressed to Gray.

Greek literature; more vigorous writers have written in that language than in any other and the language itself is the best vehicle that has yet existed for the highest and noblest ideas of which the mind of man is capable. Mr. Gray thought so; and had read and studied every Greek author, I believe, of note or importance:—Plato perhaps more than any other person. He lost all patience when he talked of the neglect of his favourite author at the University.—He was astonished that its members should in general read and admire Cicero, and yet not think it worth while to pay any attention to him whom Cicero called “*Divinus ille Plato*.” What he admired in Plato was not his mystic doctrines, which he did not pretend to understand, nor his sophistry, but his excellent sense, sublime morality, elegant style, and the perfect dramatic propriety of his dialogues.—I was reading Plato to him one evening, and stopped at a passage which I did not understand, he said, “Go on, for if you stop as often as you do not understand Plato, you will stop very often.” He then added, that, finding what he did understand so admirable, he was inclined to think that there might be a meaning in the rest which at this distance of time, and for want of proper *data*, we might not be able to reach. He was a great lover and studier of geography, as the ample collections in his MS. common-place books prove. He placed Strabo with reason at the head of all geographers; and when, with a kindness and condescension to which I owe all that is not bad in every part of my character, he undertook to be my *guide* and *friend*, long before I had arrived “*al mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*” he plunged me into Greek, which I had not before entirely neglected; and said, “When you have got through the volumes of Strabo, then I’ll talk to you further.” He advised me to miss the two first books and begin with the description of Spain; Strabo led the way,—Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, &c. followed. When I expressed my astonishment at the extent of his reading, he said, “Why should you be surprised, for I do nothing else.” He said he knew from experience how much might be done by a person who did not fling away his time on middling or inferior authors, and read with method. He congratulated himself on not having a good

verbal memory; for without it he had imitated too much; and if he had possessed such a memory, all that he wrote would have been imitation, from his having read so much. He had a memory, however, which served him accurately as to facts, and guided him infallibly to the source from which the information he wanted was to be drawn. From the deficiency of verbal memory he seldom quoted; but the spirit of classic authors was always present to him, and breathed in every thought and word of his compositions. He was a great admirer of Tacitus, the result of whose deep thought strikes the minds of *such readers as understand* in pointed expressions which *must* be felt. Besides this, he possesses in equal perfection a power of a very different kind, that of painting a scene, by judicious detail, as if it were on canvas. Mr. Gray thought the narrative of Thucydides the model of history. He valued Herodotus as its father; as an author of great veracity, as far as he had the means of information himself, and never fabulous except when he gave the relations of others, which he carefully distinguishes from that he relates on his own authority.

For Socrates he had an almost religious veneration; and esteemed the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon as one of the most valuable books of morality. La Bruyère likewise stood high in his estimation, and the *Essays of Bacon*. And I remember part of a line among some juvenile MS. verses in his common-place book of advice to West, in which he recommends to him to rise early and

“—read Plato, read Bruyere.”<sup>1</sup>

My first acquaintance with Mr. Gray was one afternoon drinking tea at the rooms of Mr. Lobb, a fellow of Peter House. The conversation turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, “The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon,” &c. when I ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante, “*Mi ripingeva la dove il sol tace*,” Mr. Gray turned quickly round to me and said, “Sir, do you read Dante?” and entered into conversation with me.

<sup>1</sup> The verses are really West’s—“*Ad Amicos*”—transcribed by Gray into his Commonplace-Book. See “*Gray and his Friends*,” p. 171.



He had a perfect knowledge of the Italian language and of the poets of Italy of the first class, to whom he certainly looked up to as his great progenitors, and to Dante as the father of all: to whose genius, if I remember right, he thought it an advantage to have been produced in a rude age of strong and uncontrolled passions, when the muse was not checked by refinement and the fear of criticism. He preferred the *Gierusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, as a poem, to Ariosto.

*Petrarca*, he said, appeared in his poetry to be *two distinct persons of contrary characters*; the one simple, natural, and tender; the other full of conceits and false thoughts; after this, though it can scarcely be necessary, it may not be improper, in order to obviate the possibility of any misconstruction or undue extension of the preceding criticism, to add that Mr. Gray was a decided and zealous admirer of *Petrarca*. He permitted me to copy from his edition the marks which he had used to distinguish the different degrees of merit which he assigned to the poems and even single verses of this poet.

When I found in the *Purgatorio* of Dante the verses from which the beginning of the *Elegy* is imitated,

“s’odi squilla di lontano  
Che paia ’l giorno pianger che si muore;”

he acknowledged the imitation, and said he had at first written “tolls the knell of *dying* day,” but changed it to *parting*, to avoid the *conceitto*. He thought that Milton had improved on Tasso’s devil by giving him neither horns nor a tail. He admired Racine, particularly the *Britannicus*. He disliked French poetry in general; but was much pleased with Gresset, and extremely with his poem of the *Vert-vert*. The sly, delicate, and exquisitely elegant pleasantry of La Fontaine he thought inimitable, whose muse, however licentious, is never gross; not perhaps, on that account, the less dangerous. He thought that Prior, in the same kind, would not bear the comparison with La Fontaine.

He liked the *Art de Peindre* of Watelet: *Hudibras*, I think, he did not like. He was much struck with the glowing eloquence, acute observation, and deep reflection of

Rousseau; and thought the *Emile*, a work of great genius; though mixed with much absurdity, and that it might be productive of good, if read with judgment; but considered it as ridiculous and impracticable as a *system of Education*; to adopt it as such he said "you must begin a new world."

His contempt for the NOUVELLE HELOISE is sufficiently known. He thought the story ill composed; its incidents improbable, the characters unnatural and vicious, and the tendency immoral and mischievous: and such faults as these could never in his judgment be redeemed, atoned for, or even palliated by any, the most eminent, and brilliant beauties of sentiment and diction, or interest of circumstances and situation. Very different indeed was his judgment of the *Clarissa* of Richardson. He said "he knew no instance of a story so well told," and spoke with the highest commendation of the strictly dramatic propriety, and consistency of the characters perfectly preserved, and supported from the beginning to the end, in all situations and circumstances; in every word, action, and look. In the delineation of the character of Lovelace alone he thought the author had failed, not having lived among persons of that rank, it was impossible for him to give the portrait from the life of a profligate man of fashion. On the subject of Richardson, I remember Mr. Gray was pleased with an opinion of Dr. Johnson, related to me by Davies the player, to whom Johnson had given it, on being asked by him, what he thought of the different and comparative merits of Richardson and Fielding; Johnson answered, "Why, Sir, Fielding could tell you what o'clock it was, but as for Richardson, he could make a clock, or a watch." One could follow, and describe the motions of the human passions, but the other could trace their springs and origin. He allowed great, but inferior merit to *Sir Charles Grandison*.

When Boswell published his account of Corsica, I found Mr. Gray reading it, "With this" (he said) I am much pleased, because I see that the author is too foolish to have invented it."

He expressed regret at his want of mathematical knowledge, and declared to me that he had still serious intentions of applying himself to the study of it. At the same time he lamented that in the University it was usually

studied to serve the purpose of taking a degree honorably, and generally laid aside afterwards, instead of being applied to the attainment of those useful and sublime sciences to which it is the only guide and conductor.

I had few opportunities of seeing Mr. Gray in large mixed companies; but in the year 1770, when I travelled with him through a part of England and South Wales, we went to Malvern, with the situation of which place, and the extensive command of the two counties of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, from the summit of the hill, (particularly the latter,) he was delighted; but certainly not so with the numerous society assembled at the long table, where we dined every day; though he stayed there a week, most obligingly on my account, as I found some acquaintances whom I was glad to meet. He had neither inclination to mix much in conversation on such occasions, nor I think much facility even if he had been willing. This arose, perhaps, partly from natural reserve, and what is called shyness, and partly from having lived retired in the University during so great a part of his life, where he had lost, as he told me himself, "the versatility of his mind." In fact, except during his travels he had *never lived much* (as the phrase is) *in the world*, and even at that time the total want of congeniality and similarity of disposition and pursuits between him and his companion, and the vanity, conceit, and airs of superiority in the latter, never forgetting that he was son of the first minister, could not inspire with much gaiety a mind not naturally prone to it, and probably contributed to depress his spirits. When I once endeavoured to learn from him the cause of his difference with and separation from Walpole, he said, "Walpole was son of the first minister, and you may easily conceive that, on this account, he might assume an air of superiority," (I will not answer for the *exact expression*, but it was to this effect,) "or do or say something which perhaps I did not bear as well as I ought." This was all I ever heard from him on the subject, but it is instead of a volume to those who know the independent and lofty spirit of Gray. Without considering the particular cause of difference mentioned above, I agree with Mr. Mason, who once said to me, that it was more surprising that two per-

sons of characters so opposite to each other should ever have agreed, than that they should finally have separated. A letter to West, dated Florence, April 21, 1741, corroborates what I have said with respect to the effect which Mr. Gray's travels had produced on his spirits, "You must add, then, to your former ideas, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles than is thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swam before my eyes for some time; *a want of love for general society, indeed an inability to it.*"

In London, when I knew him there, he certainly lived very little in society; he dined generally alone, and was served from an eating-house near his lodging in Jermyn Street.

In one of the visits he made me at Blundeston, he was extremely embarrassed because I had at that time with me an old relation and his wife, who were so entirely different from anything that could give him pleasure, that I thought it impossible he should reconcile himself to their conversation, or endure to stay with me. I think he perceived this, and determined to show me that I had mistaken him, for he made himself so agreeable to them that they both talked with pleasure of the time they passed with him as long as they lived. Whenever I mentioned Mr. West he looked serious, and seemed to feel the affliction of a recent loss. He said, the cause of the disorder, a consumption, which brought him to an early grave, was the fatal discovery which he made of the treachery of a supposed friend and the viciousness of a mother whom he tenderly loved; this man, under the mask of friendship to him and his family, intrigued with his mother, and robbed him of his peace of mind, his health, and his life.

After I had quitted the University, I always paid Mr. Gray an annual visit; during one of these visits it was he determined, as he said, to offer with a good grace what he could not have refused if it had been asked of him, viz. to write the Installation Ode for the Duke of Grafton. This, however, he considered as a sort of task, to which he submitted with great reluctance; and it was long after he first mentioned it to me before he could prevail

with himself to begin the composition. One morning, when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed with a loud voice,

“Hence, avaunt ! 'tis holy ground.”

I was so astonished, that I almost feared he was out of his senses ; but this was the beginning of the Ode which he had just composed.

When one sees and considers the persons who are *in fashion* in the world, caressed, courted, invited to dinners and suppers, as wits, authors, and men of letters, and then reflects on the neglect in which Mr. Gray lived, “*facit indignatio versum.*” Nature requires no effort, it is spontaneous, involuntary.

Mr. Bryant, talking to me of Mr. Gray, seemed to think that he had taken something ill of him, and founded this opinion on some circumstance which appeared to me frivolous, and which I have forgotten. I never heard Mr. Gray mention him but with respect, regretting only that he had turned his great learning into a wrong channel. What would Mr. Gray have said if he had lived to see him endeavour to destroy, with a stroke of his pen, the famous city which, besides a ten years' siege, has stood that of so many centuries since ?<sup>1</sup>

One day, when I entered his apartment, I found him absorbed in reading the newspaper. This was the first letter which appeared of Junius. He thought that the abundance of Dictionaries of different kinds was a bad symptom for the literature of the age ; because real and profound learning is never derived from such sources, but drawn at the fountain-head ; and they who are content to pick up the scanty and superficial information which can be acquired by such means, have neither the spirit nor the industry *to study a subject through* in the original authors ; nor, indeed, have they any further demands on literature than for a sufficient supply to satisfy their vanity. He

<sup>1</sup> Bryant's several writings on Troy and the Trojan war began, I believe, in 1791, and went on till 1799.

thought the French *Encyclopedie* best in its beginning, but carelessly executed afterwards. Though I have mentioned that Mr. Gray regretted his want of mathematical knowledge, yet he would never allow that it was *necessary*, in order to form the mind to a habit of reasoning or attention. Does not Locke require as much attention as Euclid? And what cause should prevent the mind unexercised in Euclid from severe attention to Locke? or from applying the powers it possesses to any other branch of knowledge? The study of mathematics certainly requires strict attention but does it *exclusively* produce the habit of it? and is not that habit to be acquired by application of any other sort?

I asked Mr. Gray what sort of a man Dr. Hurd was; he answered, "The last person who left off stiff-topped gloves."

Mr. Gray's love of and knowledge in Gothic architecture are well known; he contended particularly for the superiority of its effect in churches; and, besides, admired the elegance and good taste of many of its ornaments. I remember his saying, though I have forgotten the building to which the observation was applied, "Call this what you please, but you must allow that it is beautiful." He did not make the distinction, which it seems now the fashion to make, between *Saxon* and *Norman*; I never heard the latter term from him. And, indeed, those who make this distinction have never, to my apprehension, explained the difference. He said, that he knew no instance of a *pointed* arch before the reign of King John; in which, I understand, Carter, the great Gothic critic, agrees with him. All round arches, since the age of Roman architecture, he called *Saxon*, with their zig-zag and other well-known appropriate ornaments, and these he attributed to a period not more recent than the reign of King John. He was pleased at first with Strawberry Hill; but when Mr. Walpole added the gallery, with its gilding and glass, he said, "he had degenerated into finery." The house of the late Mr. Barrett, at Lee, near Canterbury, will, I hope, remain longer than the frailty of its materials promises, a monument of the superior and perfect taste of Mr. James Wyatt, in spite of malicious and envious criticism, in that beautiful

species of architecture ; which, though not bound to certain rules, like that of Greece, affords an ample space for taste and fancy to range in.

Mr. Gray disapproved the additions of Sir Christopher Wren (the two towers) to Westminster Abbey.

## APPENDICES.

### APPENDIX I.

#### GRAY'S REMARKS ON THE LETTERS PREFIXED TO MASON'S ELFRIDA.<sup>1</sup>

##### LETTER I.<sup>2</sup>

Dear sir<sup>3</sup>—very bad; I am yours—equally bad: it is impossible to conciliate these passages to nature and Aristotle.

*“Allowed to modern caprice.”*—It is not caprice but good sense that made these alterations in the modern drama. A greater liberty in the choice of the fable and the conduct of it was the necessary consequence of retrenching the Chorus. Love and tenderness delight in privacy. The soft effusions of the soul, Mr. Mason, will not bear the presence of a gaping, singing, dancing, moralising, uninteresting crowd: and not love alone, but every passion, is checked and cooled by this fiddling crew. How could Macbeth and his wife have laid the design for

<sup>1</sup> See Mason's "Works," vol. ii., pp. 177-193.

<sup>2</sup> From a careful comparison of these remarks with the letters to which they refer, I have come to the conclusion that Mason's original correspondent was other than Gray, and possibly a man of straw. The letters in the edition of 1811 are five, and bear date Pembroke Hall, 1751. If they were simply reprinted in 1811, then, even in 1752 they were published after these criticisms by Gray had been received. They were at first *four* in number, if the numerals which Mitford gives are those of Mason's letters; for Gray's note under IV. refers to a passage in Letter V. of Mason's printed text. And in the printed Letter III. Mason, it will be seen, has availed himself of what Gray says under the same number.

<sup>3</sup> In consequence of Gray's banter, Mason omits these prefaces and endings. He had said that, according to his design in *Elfrida*, "everything was to be allowed to *modern caprice* which *nature and Aristotle* could possibly dispense with." For "*modern caprice*" the printed text has "the present taste."



Duncan's murder? What could they have said to each other in the hall at midnight not only if a chorus but if a single mouse had been stirring there? Could Hamlet have met the Ghost or taken his mother to task in *their* company? If Othello had said a harsh word to his wife before *them*, would they not have danced to the window and called the watch?

The ancients were perpetually crossed and harassed by the necessity of using the Chorus, and, if they have done wonders notwithstanding this clog, sure I am they would have performed still greater wonders without it. For the same reason we may be allowed to admit of more intrigue in our drama, to bring about a great action—it is often an essential requisite; and it is not fair to argue against this liberty for that misuse<sup>1</sup> of it which is common to us, and was formerly so with the French, namely, the giving into a silly intricacy of plot, in imitation of the Spanish dramas. We have also, since Charles the Second's time, imitated the French (though but awkwardly) in framing scenes of mere insipid gallantry; but these were the faults of the writers and not of the art, which enables us, with the help of a little contrivance, to have as much love as we please, without playing the petits maîtres or building labyrinths.

I forgot to mention that *Comedy* continued to be an odd sort of farce, very like those of the Italian theatre, till the Chorus was dismissed, when nature and Menander brought it into that beautiful form which we find in Terence. *Tragedy* was not so happy till modern times.

## II.

I do not admit<sup>2</sup> that the excellences of the French writers are measured by the verisimilitude or the regularities of their

<sup>1</sup> Certainly this is in answer to what Mason says in Letter III. "Hence [through the absence of the chorus] secret intrigues become (as Mr Dryden gravely calls them) *the beauties of our modern stage*. Hence it is, that incidents, and bustle, and *business*, supply the place of simplicity, nature, and pathos; a happy change, perhaps, for the generality of writers, who might otherwise find it impossible to fill *cette longue carrière de cinq actes*, which a writer, sufficiently experienced in these matters, says, *est si difficile à remplir sans Episodes*." Mason perhaps modified, instead of expunging, the original passage in consequence of Gray's criticism.

<sup>2</sup> Mason (Letter II. of printed text) says: "In France, the excellence of

dramas *only*. Nothing in them, or in our own, even Shakspeare himself, ever touches us, unless rendered *verisimile*, which, by good management, may be accomplished even in such absurd stories as the *Tempest*, the witches in *Macbeth*, or the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and I know not of any writer that has pleased chiefly in proportion to his *regularity*. Other beauties may, indeed, be heightened and set off by its means, but of itself it hardly pleases at all. *Venice Preserved* or *Jane Shore* are not so regular as the *Orphan*, or *Tamerlane*, or *Lady Jane Grey*.

their several poets is chiefly measured by their standard [the construction of the fable]. And amongst our own writers, if you except Shakspeare (who indeed ought, for his other virtues, to be exempt from common rules,) you will find that the most regular of their compositions is generally reckoned their *Chef d'œuvre*; witness the *All for Love* of Dryden, the *Venice Preserved* of Otway, and the *Jane Shore* of Rowe." Gray is unquestionably right in asserting that Otway's "*Orphan*" is more *regular* than his "*Venice Preserved*." It would be possible, however, to maintain that in spite of its repellent plot, it is really the better play. And in "*Venice Preserved*" the nauseous character of Antonio—a burlesque of Shaftesbury—is not only *irregular*—that is an objection of slight importance, though Mason might have pressed it. It has not, *pace* Taine, Roden Noel, and others, the effect of Shakspeare's humorous scenes in relieving tragedy;—it is simply disgusting, it is too obviously a contemporary satire, a solitary incongruity, which blots the tragic picture instead of enhancing it by contrast. Rowe's "*Tamerlane*" is more regular, as regards the unities of place and time, than his "*Jane Shore*" or his "*Lady Jane Grey*." Whilst in both these last there is very little change of scene, there is perhaps more in the first than in the second of them. In "*Jane Shore*" there is an admitted interval of two days; and if the course of events in "*Lady Jane Grey*" really presupposes a much greater lapse of time, the fact is almost disguised, and the action is made to seem continuous.

In his scorn of a pedantic advocacy of the unities of time and place Gray anticipates the strong common sense of Johnson's Preface to *Shakspeare* in 1768. We note that he makes no reference to Dryden's "*All for Love*"; he might admit what Mason says of this, after disposing of the argument in other instances. "*All for Love*" is certainly one of the very finest of Dryden's plays, though of course it would have had no existence but for "*Antony and Cleopatra*"; and it is unquestionably advantaged by its concentration and unity of place (the scene is laid entirely in Alexandria). But the more modern writers approached the Aristotelian regularity, at least as much through stage necessities as through deference to theory;—the absence of scenery made all demands upon the imagination equally daring but also equally possible to Elizabethan dramatists.

## III.

*Modern Melpomene.*<sup>1</sup>—Here are we got into our tantarems! It is certain that pure poetry may be introduced without any Chorus. I refer you to a thousand passages of mere description in the Iambic parts of Greek tragedies, and to ten thousand in Shakspeare, who is moreover particularly admirable in his introduction of pure poetry, so as to join it with pure passion, and yet keep close to nature. This *he* could accomplish with passions the most violent and transporting, and this any good writer may do with passions less impetuous; for it is nonsense to imagine that tragedy must *throughout* be agitated with the furious passions, or attached by the tender ones: the greater part of it must often be spent in a preparation of these passions, in a gradual working them up to the light, and must thus pass through a great many cooler scenes and a variety of *nuances*, each of which will admit of a proper degree of poetry, and some the purest poetry. Nay, the boldest metaphors, and even description in its strongest colouring, are the natural expression of some passions, even in their greatest agitation. As to moral reflections, there is sufficient room for them in those cooler scenes that I have mentioned, and they make the greatest ornaments of those parts, that is to say, if they are well joined with the character. If not, they had better be left to the audience than put into the mouths of a set of professed moralists, who keep a shop of sentences and reflections (I mean the Chorus),

<sup>1</sup> As it appears in ed. of 1811 the passage runs: "But whatever *these play-makers* may have gained by rejecting the Chorus, the true Poet has lost considerably by it. For he has lost a graceful and natural resource to the embellishments of picturesque description, sublime allegory, and whatever else comes under the denomination of *pure poetry*. Shakspeare, indeed, had the power of introducing this naturally, and what is most strange of joining it with *pure passion*. But I make no doubt, if we had a Tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler instances of his high poetical capacity, than in any single composition he has left us."

It is clear that Mason here *follows* Gray, taking advantage of his comment. In the same Letter III. I note that he has some inkling of the truth, that the "unities" really arise out of the *fixity* of the Chorus—the primary element of the Greek Drama, anterior to the introduction even of a single actor. But of this historic fact he makes no use worthy of comment.

whether they be sages,<sup>1</sup> as you call them, or young girls<sup>2</sup> that learnt them by heart out of their samples and primers.

There is nothing ungracious or improper in Jane Shore's<sup>3</sup> reflections on the fate of women, but just the contrary, only that they are in rhyme; and, in like manner, it is far from a beautiful variety when the Chorus makes a transition in the — from plain iambics to high-flown lyric thoughts, expressions, and numbers, and, when their vagaries are over, relapse again into common sense and conversation. A *confidante* in skilful hands might be a character, and have both sense and dignity. That in Maffei's *Merope*<sup>4</sup> has as much as any Chorus.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the passage referred to now is: "A *confidant* or servant has seldom sense enough to impress on the spectators a moral sentiment properly, never dignity enough to make it regarded. Instead therefore of these, the ancients were provided with a *band of distinguished persons*, not merely capable of seeing and hearing, but of arguing, advising and reflecting." Hence Gray's defence of the *confidante*,—a device which he has himself adopted in the fragmentary "Agrippina."

<sup>2</sup> An obvious allusion to Racine's "Esther" and "Athalie," originally written for the girls of Saint Cyr (see vol. i., p. 226, n. 1).

Mason, in what is now Letter V., replying to the suggestion of his unknown correspondent that he should get the Odes in *Elfrida* set to music with a view to the stage, says: "Think only on the trial made by M. Racine, in a nation whose taste for probability and decorum in theatrical diversions is much before ours. In his two last tragedies, you know, he has fully succeeded in the very thing I aimed at; and has adapted a noble imitation of ancient simplicity to the taste of his own times; particularly in his *Athalie*, a poem, in which the most superb and august spectacle, the most interesting event, and the most sublime flow of inspired poetry, are all nobly and naturally united. Yet I am told that neither that nor the *Esther*, retains its Chorus, when represented on the French theatre."

Gray does not mean to disparage the Chorus either in Racine or in ancient tragedy; he simply derides Mason's claim for it as necessary to moralize the scene.

<sup>3</sup> At the end of Act I. of Rowe's play—

"Such is the fate unhappy women find," etc.

(Whether Mason originally made any reference to this, I cannot say.) Similarly, the most famous plaint of women in Greek Tragedy is found, not in a choral passage, but in the speech of Medea in the play of that name by Euripides (l. 230 sq.)

<sup>4</sup> Maffei was still alive when this was written. He died in 1755. In his literary character he was not unlike Gray, inasmuch as he combined the poet with the archaeologist;—his "*Verona Illustrata*" (1731-2) is a work

The Greeks might sing better than the French, but I'll be burnt if they *danced* with more grace, expression, or even pathos. Yet who ever thought of shedding tears at a French opera?

## IV.

If modern music<sup>1</sup> cannot, as you say, express poetry, it is not a perfection, but a deterioration. You might as well say that the *perfectionnement* of poetry would be the rendering it incapable of expressing the passions.

of great importance. But he was superior to him in productiveness and energy; and had been a fighter in his youth. His "Merope" appeared in 1713; it was commended, and adapted by Voltaire, and is said to have influenced Home's "Douglas," but it is remarkable, like the younger Pitt's juvenile tragedy, for having no love-story. It followed upon the efforts of the "Arcadians" of Rome to abolish the Chorus, and give greater freedom to the Drama.

<sup>1</sup> Mason (in Letter V. of present text) attributes the rejection of the Chorus in "Athalie" and "Esther" "to the refinement of our modern music. This art is now carried to such a pitch of perfection, or if you will of corruption, as makes it utterly incapable of being an adjunct to poetry. *Il y a grand apparence que les progrès que vous avez faits dans la musique ont nui enfin à ceux de la véritable tragedie. C'est un talent, qui a fait tort à un autre,* says M. Voltaire with his usual taste and judgment. Our different cadences, our divisions, variations, repetitions, without which modern music cannot subsist, are entirely improper for the expression of poetry, and were scarce known to the ancients."

Here, as elsewhere, Mason does not know how to use his authority. What Voltaire means is, unquestionably, that music in alliance with drama, instead of subserving the dramatic purpose, worked on lines of its own, and dissipated instead of concentrating the attention of the audience. That this was inevitable Voltaire does not say, and, at any rate, such a notion was soon to be disproved. In Gluck's "Orfeo," produced in 1762, the music is everywhere made to minister to characterization; and in the dedication of his "Alceste," 1767, he says: "I shall try to reduce music to its real function, that of seconding poetry by intensifying the expression of sentiments and the interests of situations without interrupting the action by needless ornament. I have accordingly taken care not to interrupt the singer in the heat of the dialogue, to wait for a tedious *ritornel*, nor do I allow him to stop on a sonorous vowel, in the middle of a phrase, in order to show the nimbleness of a beautiful voice in a long *cadenza*." When "Alceste" was unfavourably received in Paris, and Gluck exclaimed "Alceste est tombée," Rousseau is said to have replied, "Oui, mais elle est tombée du ciel." (See Dr. Hueffer, art. Gluck in "Enc. Brit.")

## APPENDIX II.

"Gray's Letters," vol. ii, p. 132, note 3. The matter is elucidated by Col. Prideaux, in "Notes and Queries," 9th Series, xii, 401.

"The audacious young widow who thus set her cap at an elderly duke in a gallant attempt to provide for her fatherless children was Harriet, a natural daughter of General Charles Churchill, and relict of Sir Everard Fawkener, Knt. The object of her pursuit was William FitzRoy, third Duke of Cleveland and second Duke of Southampton, who was born 19 February 1697-8, and was consequently in his sixty-third year at the date of this assault. He died 12 May, 1774, and his dukedoms expired with him. The "old Lady Darlington" was his sister Grace, the wife of Henry Vane, Lord Barnard, who was created Earl of Darlington in 1754. The Dukedom of Cleveland was revived in the person of their grandson in 1833, and has again become extinct.

"Sir Everard Fawkener was a well-known character in the days of George II, and is frequently mentioned in the 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' who was connected with him in a left-handed manner, his natural sister Lady Mary Walpole having married a brother of Lady Fawkener. Sir Everard belonged to a merchant's family in London, and was born in 1684. Up to his fiftieth year he was engaged in commerce. In 1735 he was knighted, and nominated ambassador to Constantinople. In 1745 he was appointed secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and accompanied him to Scotland when the duke proceeded to that country in command of the troops employed in the suppression of the Rebellion. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records that on 19 February, 1747, he married Miss Churchill, daughter of the late General Churchill, with £30,000. About a month afterwards he gave evidence at the trial of Lord Lovat, and, as Walpole records, when the latter was asked if he had anything to say to Sir Everard, he replied, 'No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife.' Lady Fawkener was born about the year 1726, and was therefore twenty-one at the time of her marriage, but she had

entered society some years previously. Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann dated 2 November, 1741, when she was only fifteen, said of her that she was prettyish and danced well. She was therefore about thirty-four when she made her advances to the Duke of Cleveland, and doubtless merited Gray's description of her as 'a fine young widow.' Sir Everard had been appointed Joint Postmaster-General with the Earl of Leicester, 28 May, 1745, and after having in this capacity afforded an opportunity for a joke to George Selwyn (Walpole to George Montagu, 3 December, 1752), he died peaceably at Bath on 14 December, 1758. His widow, finding her attempts on the higher branches of the peerage fruitless, was content to marry a commoner. On 3 August, 1765, she espoused at Chelsea Thomas Pownall, who, having been Governor of Massachusetts, was universally known as 'Governor Pownall.' She died 6 February, 1777, aged fifty-one, and was buried on the north side of the Lady Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral, where her monument remains to this day. Her husband survived her twenty-eight years."

### APPENDIX III.<sup>1</sup>

#### ON THE WHARTON FAMILY.

Preface, vol. ii, p. xxvi.

"His son either acquired or inherited Old Park.' He inherited it. Old Park had been bought by the father of the famous physician in 1620."

Vol. i, lxxv, p. 158, n. 1, and lxxix, p. 168, n. 2.

"Thomas Wharton's wife was Margaret, daughter of Anthony Wilkinson, of Crossgate, Durham."

Vol. i, cxxiv, p. 279, n. 2, and vol. ii, p. 29, n. 3.

"The child born in 1755 was a daughter, Deborah, afterwards wife of the Rev. Thos. Brand, B.D., Rector of Wath in the North Riding of Yorkshire. She is buried in the churchyard of S. Mary in the South Bailey, Durham. A son (Robert) was born in 1760, and another (Richard) in 1764."

<sup>1</sup> I owe to a kind correspondent these notes on my text.

Vol. i, p. 288, n. 4.

"Alderman Wharton, of Durham, Thomas's father, died in 1752. Thomas's brother Richard had been an alderman, but had resigned in 1753—he was re-chosen alderman, but not till Jan. 16, 1756."

Vol. ii, p. 110, n. 1, and p. 212, n. 3, and p. 245, n. 2, and p. 248, n. 5.

"Jonathan was Thomas's brother. Alderman Robert Wharton of Durham (1690-1752) had three sons—Thomas, Richard, and Jonathan—and two daughters, who became Mrs. Ettrick and Mrs. Leighton respectively, and are both mentioned in the letters."

#### APPENDIX IV.

Preface, vol. ii, p. xxxii.

"He concludes for bits of Gothic copied from old altars, such as those at Durham."

"Gray's words are (p. 239): 'From the high altar suppose or the nine altars.' But in Gray's day the nine altars would have been removed from the Nine Altars Chapel. We usually say here 'The Nine Altars,' or 'The Galilee,' omitting the word Chapel, and I think Gray uses the expression thus. One might have expected capital letters of course, but he is erratic in that respect. An Order in Council in Elizabeth's reign ordered the removal of all but the high altar, and as the Dean (Whittingham) and his wife (Calvin's sister) were distinctly iconoclastic, it is hardly likely the order was evaded. 'Rites of Durham,' written in 1593, implies that the nine altars had disappeared; it speaks of them in the past tense. Dr. J. T. Fowler, the editor of 'Rites,' tells me he considers it as quite certain that the nine altars were removed in Elizabeth's reign."



## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Vol. ii, p. xxv, after "Gray" in verses. In the "Diary" of Dr. John William Polidori, Byron's physician, there are several references to Bonstetten, described as a "bonny, rosy seventy-yearred man." See also Mr. Herbert Vaughan's "Life of the Countess of Albany" ("Guardian," Sept. 22, 1911).

P. xxvi, l. 13, after "a trade." In the "Compleat Angler" (c. 1, 1653), I. Walton says he met with much "of what he has been saying about fish in a conference with Dr. Wharton, a dear friend that loves both me and my art of Angling." "The Compleat Angler" was first printed in 1653. (From the Rev. W. C. Green.) There is a ring belonging to this famous doctor in the possession of the Vicar of Helmsley, a great-grandson of Gray's friend, also a picture of him at the Wharton home, on the outskirts of Durham, which now belongs to Mrs. Darwin, the daughter of the Rt. Hon. John Lloyd Wharton, a descendant of Richard Wharton. (From Mrs. Ellershaw.) The same correspondent tells me that Walton's "dear friend" attended Bishop Cosin in his last illness.

P. xxvii, par. 3, l. 15, "Elvet-House." "There are two streets here, Old Elvet and New Elvet. Old Elvet is still a good street, New Elvet a slum, but had fine houses once, and I think Wharton may have lived there. A house in one part of the street would be quite shut in at the back and with no view in front—just what one gathers from Gray's Letter" [v. i, no. 80, endorsed by Wharton, 1747]. (Kindly communicated from Durham by Mrs. Ellershaw.)

P. xxxi, l. 24, "Old Park, Durham." In 1774 a nephew of Thomas Wharton [son of his brother Richard] in a letter to a friend, described Old Park thus: "The building is Gothic, doors, windows and passages all arched and venerable. Old Park is no longer in the possession of Wharton's descendants, the direct male line having failed; the place is now merely a farm-house, but a staircase and panelling from the old home are in Saint William's

College at York" (Mrs. Ellershaw). Wharton's "Old Park" was pulled down in 1900.

P. xxxiii, l. 25, "Miss Deborah." This is Wharton's eldest born, and I am, I think, mistaken in speaking of her elder sister. The *earliest* Miss Wharton of the correspondence is her aunt, subsequently, I think, Mrs. Ettrick or Mrs. Leighton. See Index.

"Debo's 'Hortus siccus' is still preserved in the University Museum at Durham, and a similar collection of dried plants made by 'Peggy' and 'Betty,' also beautifully-coloured drawings by 'Betty' of fungi found in the neighbourhood of Old Park, are still in existence in the Wharton family" (Mrs. Ellershaw).

P. 17, n. 3, add: But I am often in doubt whether the Wood of whom Mason speaks is not his *quondam* curate.

P. 20, l. 16 of n., "Is *Boulter* there?" The nineteenth century has, however, outdone the eighteenth. A famous Dean is said to have ended a sermon in praise of our English divines with the words: "May I live the life of a *Taylor* and die the death of a *Bull*."

P. 34, l. 9. For "classes" Dr. Garnett conjectures "glasses," i.e., glazed presses.

P. 81, n. 2. *Not* I think "Palmyra" Wood, but the Mr. Wood who acted as Mason's curate.

P. 88, l. 5 of n. 1, "sore-throats." (?) Diphtheria.

P. 90, n. 2 *ad fin.* It is probably now at South Kensington.

P. 105, n. 2 *ad fin.* Isaak Walton more than once quotes him in the "Compleat Angler."

P. 109, end of n. 3. Mitford has somewhere given specimens of Plumptre's false quantities, but I cannot find the place.

P. 119, l. 3 from bottom. Perhaps for "changed" we should read "continued."

P. 124, end of n. 2. Philip Francis (afterwards the reputed author of "Junius") went on this embassy. See Mahon's History, v, 220.

P. 125, n. 1 *ad fin.* See Boswell's correspondence with Temple for an account of an interview with this old gentleman.

P. 158, n. 1, "queues." I think, however, that it was Barnard's predecessor who committed this crime.

P. 160, n. 4 *ad fin.* Dr. Garnett wrote to me: "I think that the Dean G. who is represented as in expectation of a Bishopric must certainly have been the Dean of Lincoln; there are numerous letters from him to the Duke of Newcastle in the Newcastle papers at the Museum, indicating that he was on a confidential footing with his Grace."

P. 179, n. 4, "liquid brightness." It is amusing to note that "Satan" Montgomery, ridiculed by Macaulay in his famous essay, writes:

"And the bright dew that on the bramble lies  
Like *liquid rapture* upon beauty's eyes."

P. 201, end of n. 1. Hill appears to have written "The Inspector," and also "The Impertinent," though what these were I do not know. In them he provoked Smart, who retorted with a scurrilous satire, "The Hiliad," 1753, given in Anderson's *British Poets*, v. xi. Hill became Sir John Hill.

P. 215, l. 6 from bottom, "your nephew." Son of Richard Wharton, Thomas Wharton's brother. "Later, in 1769 and 1770, we learn from Gray's Letters that the boy has been admitted at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was afterwards the Rev. Robert Wharton, Archdeacon of Stowe and Chancellor of Lincoln. Letters of his, still preserved by his descendants, give many an interesting picture of Old Park and his cousins there, whom Gray had known as children" (Mrs. Ellershaw).

From the same kind correspondent I have the following account of Richard Wharton:

"A few months after Gray's visit in 1753, Thomas Wharton was involved in some trouble on behalf of his brother Richard, at the time an Alderman of Durham, who seems to have been a hot-tempered man, in that respect a great contrast to all we know of Thomas. The story has some amusing elements. Gyll tells us ['Diary,' Surtees Society] that Richard Wharton had sent a challenge to Sir Robert Eden to meet him and fight with sword and pistol on the Leezes or any other place Sir Robert should appoint, for an affront received from Sir Robert as was pretended.' The affair was brought before the Justices at the Quarter Sessions, and Richard had to enter 'into a recognisance of £2,000 himself, with his brothers Dr. Thomas Wharton and Jonathan Wharton in £1,000 each, to appear at the next assizes; and in the mean time to keep the peace towards all persons and especially towards Sir Robert Eden.' Richard Wharton then resigned his office of alderman 'in a huff' (according to Gyll); he was, however, rechosen alderman in January 1756, and a few years later was Mayor of Durham."

The second Robin inherited Grinkle Park, Yorkshire, from the family of his paternal grandmother as a young man (before his father's death) and in consequence was known as Robert Wharton

Myddelton, for which name see Index. He lived chiefly at Grinkle and did not distinguish himself in public life.

Richard ("Dicky") went to Pembroke, and was afterwards M.P. for Durham.

Robert, the son of Richard Wharton, Thomas Wharton's brother, became Archdeacon of Stowe and Chancellor of Lincoln. He corresponded largely with Brand, who became Debo's husband. Brand, writing to Robert, gives him a description of the Grande Chartreuse which he had visited, but breaks off saying that Robert had probably been there himself. To which Robert replies: "I was never there but with Mr. Gray"—referring doubtless to the description in the Letters, and perhaps to the Alcaic ode.

In a letter from this Robert to Brand (Oct. 24, 1774) we find: "I return to-morrow morning to Old Park, where lives an uncle of mine who has five fine daughters who regret your not coming down: Have as you will, it is true. I told them you were a Botanist, a naturalist, an Entomologist and an Ornithologist; they longed, they wished to see you, to talk with you." (This leads up to the union with Debo.) "The building is Gothic, doors, windows and passages all arched and venerable—but were all monasteries as well furnished, I know not but I should turn Friar."

*Postscript.* With respect to the Antrobus family an obliging answer from Somerset House assures me that Mary and Dorothy Antrobus are *distinctly* named in the poet's will as his *second* cousins, and my notes on the subject are only guesses at an insoluble problem.

P. 246, n. 3, l. 18, on 1764. The date of the publication of the "Vicar"; but Forster considers the reference to the musical glasses to be evidence that the tale was in hand 1761 and 1762 ("Life of Goldsmith," vol. i., pp. 417, 418 n.).



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